

PHOTOPLAY

March 31

25
CENTS



Jean
Harlow

1C 2 2

ROMANTIC STORY of LUISE RAINER'S SURPRISE MARRIAGE
N ROBERT TAYLOR ESCAPE HOLLYWOOD'S LOVE RACKET?

By Adela Rogers St. John

**PRESENTING THE
GLAMOUR ENSEMBLE**

in a single thread of Fragrance

Gemey

Linger in castle corridors on court nights in London. Dance on a Budapest balcony high above the blue Danube. Seek romance and youth and laughter in the gay capitals of five continents... and there you'll find the beguiling perfume that is... fragrance Gemey.

For fragrance Gemey is world-beloved... preferred by the smart women of 75 lands. And now in America you may share their intimate secret. Inquire at your favorite perfume counter for this glamour ensemble by Richard Hudnut... gala beauty fundamentals in a single thread of fragrance... Gemey!

"ABSOLUTELY WIZARD, this fragrance Gemey," they say today in London.

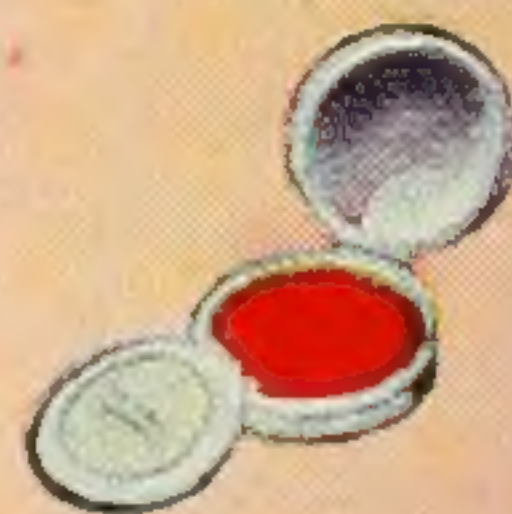
FACE POWDER gossamer soft, a boon to sensitive skins. In six true flesh tones. Face Powder in fragrance Gemey... One dollar.

CONTINENTAL BEAUTIES adore the warm loveliness of Tablet Rouge in fragrance Gemey. Eight blush-tones. Seventy-five cents.

WAKE YOUR LIPS to radiant beauty... keep that youth-soft feel with this luscious lipstick in fragrance Gemey. Colors frankly daring. Seventy-five cents.

A COMPLEXION CARETAKER—this fragrant liquid facial that cleanses, soothes and conditions your skin. Cucumber lotion in fragrance Gemey. One dollar.

STEP FROM YOUR BATH into a cloud of this luxury dusting powder. Feel how smooth and soft your skin; revel in its glamour-fragrance. Bath Powder in the fragrance Gemey. One dollar.



Fragrance Gemey
In crystal clear fla-
cons \$2.50, \$4.50, \$15.

by **RICHARD HUDNUT**
New York - Paris

London... Toronto... Buenos Aires... Mexico City... Berlin... Budapest... Capetown
Sydney... Shanghai... Rio de Janeiro... Havana... Bucharest... Vienna... Amsterdam

How Career Girls overcome the greatest handicap to success

BUSINESS . . . the stage . . . teaching . . . other professions . . . each is a field sizzling with fierce competition in which no quarter is asked and none given.

Who has the better chance of getting ahead — a girl whose breath is sweet and fresh or one whose breath is a continual offense to others?

* * *

Be Ever On Guard

Common sense gives you the answer. Today only the dull and stupid fail to recognize the threat of halitosis (bad breath) and the harm it can do. The fastidious, the intelligent appraise it for what it is — a constant menace that may be present one day and absent the next. They are continually on guard against it.

There has always been one *safe* product especially fitted to correct halitosis pleasantly and promptly. Its name is Listerine, and it is the pleasantest tasting, most delightful mouth wash you can use.

When you rinse your mouth with Listerine here is what happens.

Four Benefits

- (1) Fermentation of tiny food particles (the major cause of breath odors) is instantly halted.
- (2) Decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.
- (3) Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.
- (4) The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

Imitations Fail

Many imitations of it have failed either because they could not do what Listerine does; because they did not meet standard requirements for an antiseptic; or because they were too strong, too harsh, or too bitter to be tolerated.

Of the imitations that remain, a very large number lack Listerine's speedy action and efficiency.

Don't Offend Others

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, use Listerine. Use it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend. *Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.*



For HALITOSIS



use LISTERINE





*Their Romance Rocked the
Foundations of an Empire!*

THE MOST *Powerful* LOVE STORY EVER FILMED! ...Of a Patriot Who Lost a Country When He Found a Woman

You thought "San Francisco" was exciting—but wait! You'll be thrilled to your finger-tips when this mighty drama comes thundering from the screen. A fiery romance with your two favorite stars!...**CLARK GABLE**—courageous, masterful leader of a fighting nation...

MYRNA LOY—the bewitching beauty in whose arms he forgot the pain of leadership...

Answering the call of millions of picture-goers M-G-M has brought them together in the most dramatic heart-stabbing love story of our time!

CLARK GABLE • MYRNA LOY

IN

PARNELL

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production based on the great stage play that thrilled Broadway for months, with **EDNA MAY OLIVER**, **BILLIE BURKE**, and a great M-G-M cast. Directed and produced by John Stahl.





PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES
RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

HIGH-LIGHTS
OF THIS
ISSUE

Last Chance to Vote for the Best Picture of 1936	8
Fan Experiences with the Stars	16
"Gone With the Wind" Indeed!	Kirtley Baskette 21
Can Robert Taylor Escape Hollywood's Love Racket?	Adela Rogers St. Johns 24
Protecting the Future of the Greatest Little Star	Michael Jackson 26
Hollywood All at Sea	Eric L. Ergenbright 32
Three Cornered Love	Frank Small 34
Why George Raft Settled That Contract Fight	Katharine Hartley 36
Young Love—Hollywood Style	Hart Seymore 45
Hollywood Honeymoon (Second Installment)	Foster Collins 46
They're Off at Santa Anita	48
The Romantic Story of Luise Rainer's Surprise Marriage	Leonard Hall 50
The Adventurous Life of Spencer Tracy (Second Installment)	Howard Sharpe 56
Cutting a Figure for Yourself	Madame Sylvia 72
At the Lubitsch Party	74

NEWS,
VIEWS
AND REVIEWS

Boos and Bouquets	4
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures	6
Close Ups and Long Shots	13
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood	28
The Shadow Stage	52
We Cover the Studios	James Reid 58
Photoplay Fashions	Kathleen Howard 61
Photoplay's Hollywood Beauty Shop	Conducted by Carolyn Van Wyck 71
On the Air in Hollywood	Muriel Babcock 76
Fashion Letter for March	Kathleen Howard 79
Complete Casts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue	115

On the Cover—Jean Harlow, by Sverre Grebliffe

Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. • Bernarr Macfadden, President • Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer • Wesley F. Pape, Secretary • General Offices, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. • Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y., Curtis Harrison, Advertising Manager • Charles H. Shattuck, Manager, Chicago Office • London Agents, Macfadden Magazines, Ltd., 30 Bouverie St., London, E. C. 4 • Trade Distributors Atlas Publishing Company, 18, Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4 • Yearly Subscription: \$2.50 in the United States, its possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana. \$2.50 in Canada and Newfoundland. All other countries \$3.50. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order • CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you • While manuscripts, photographs, and drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by 1st class postage. But we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter. Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879 • Copyright, 1937, by Macfadden Publications, Inc

BOOS and Bouquets

1st PRIZE \$15.00

THE WINNER!

WHAT the world would be without "movies" I can't—or would rather not—imagine. However, at times I come away feeling that either humor, or drama or beauty have been pressed upon me with such lavishness, I never seem to have any use for my own imagination or the joy of poking about to see what I myself might find. Ah! There is "Winterset." Subtle beauty hidden behind squalor, dark corners and incessant rain. It was like hunting for May flowers deep under the rooted leaves of a past Autumn.

I came away from "Winterset" feeling I had some definite part in seeking out its poignant loveliness. Its grace of speech touched something deep that few movies ever reach, and the tender and delicate interpretation of Margo and Burgess Meredith left me feeling I had found something very lovely by hunting beneath all the dark tragedy and wretchedness that lay like leaves over something fragrant and beautiful.

MRS. G. G. GARDNER,
Washington, D. C.

A grab shot of Jeanette MacDonald on the set for an opera sequence in "Maytime." Do you like her page-boy bob?



2nd PRIZE \$10.00

TAKE A BOW, JIMMIE!

I have seen many a boy unhappily go his way because he was "small town" and "didn't fit." He lacked sophistication. His carriage was slightly gawky. He majored in social blunders.

Blessings on thee, James Stewart. You have gracefully and nobly brought about a complete appreciation of that boy—the one who asks stupid questions, who stutters his sentiments, and gets around clumsily; the lad who stares at tall buildings, is more at home in a flivver than a Lincoln, who falls over his own feet and loses theater tickets, letting it shatter his poise, if he has been blessed with any. Your excellent portrayals of that boy have brought before the public his genuineness. May success always be with you.

DIANE SANDERS,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

3rd PRIZE \$5.00

A DRAMATIC HIGHLIGHT

To me the highlight of the wholly enjoyable "Big Broadcast of 1937" was the symphonic interlude with Leopold Stokowski and his Symphony Orchestra.

It was to be expected that this genius of the musical world—to put it flippantly—would "turn in" an outstanding performance, but it was a pleasant and thrilling surprise to witness the intelligent and sensitive way in which the director of the picture (Mitchell Liesen) presented him:

The dramatic fight glimpse of the forceful quivering hands of Stokowski; the clear singling out of each different instrument as it contributed to the main theme of the composition. Such a presentation enabled the most musically unschooled of us to listen with appreciation to the complex and beautiful hidden melodies of symphonic music. It is also proof that movies are the ultimate in popular entertainment to influence for good or evil the cultural tendencies of their audiences.

L. R. HOFFMAN,
Long Beach, Calif.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best eight letters received each month: \$15 first prize, \$10 second, \$5 third, and five \$1 prizes. We suggest that your letters be brief, but there are no specific rules—any and all opinions on pictures and players will be considered. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address: Boos & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St. New York City

RUSSELL PATTERSON'S MONTHLY HIT PARADE

His "passport bride" sicks the Mexican gendarmes on Cary Grant

Grace's husband-in-name-only takes his marriage too seriously



GRACE MOORE

Heads Hit List in New Song-Filled Triumph, "When You're In Love"

TWO thousand dollars for a husband! That's the fee Louise Fuller, famed opera star, paid a total stranger to marry her. And that's the start of one of the most scintillating, side-splitting romances I've ever laughed through—Grace Moore's stunning new hit, "When You're In Love", with Cary Grant.

Of course, any film of Grace's is aces with me. But "When You're In Love" is even several notches better, to my way of thinking, than "One Night of Love" or "The King Steps Out".

The star who started a new style in song-films hits some new vocal highs in music numbers by Jerome Kern and Dorothy Fields, which include the soon-to-be-famous "Our Song".

The cast is loaded for comedy with such notables as Cary Grant, Aline MacMahon, Luis Alberni, Henry Stephen-

son, Catherine Doucet, and Thomas Mitchell.

Robert Riskin, as I've already hinted, delivered a fun-packed, fast-moving screen play, and followed it up with the smartest kind of direction, in collaboration with Harry Lachman. And Columbia Pictures have treated their talented star to an elaborate production that hits scenic highspots from New York to Mexico.

You can say I said that Grace Moore in "When You're In Love" is my favorite amusement of the month. It's way out in front of the February hit parade.

By RUSSELL PATTERSON



he
now
the
ene

"Whis-
g Boy"
iber is
eligh-
novelty

This patio scene is
one of the show's
big musical thrills

Advertisement

BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT PICTURES

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and ★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE
Save Your Time, Money and Disposition BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED



Here's a seafaring crew to keep your eye on! Spencer Tracy, Freddie Bartholomew and Lionel Barrymore are together in Kipling's dramatic tale of the fisheries, "Captains Courageous"

★ **AFTER THE THIN MAN**—M-G-M.—Bill Powell, Myrna Loy and Asta the pup return in a masterly comedy mystery guaranteed to give you laughter and shivers galore. Powell in his original rôle solves with immense finesse the disappearance of his cousin-in-law. Myrna is lovely and poised as usual. The cast is splendid. A "must see." (Feb.)

ALONG CAME LOVE—Paramount.—A homey and amusing comedy with an unexpectedly dramatic climax, concerning a salesgirl's (Irene Hervey) love for her ambitious doorman boy friend (Charles Starrett) who is studying to be a baby doctor. (Dec.)

★ **A WOMEN REBELS**—RKO-Radio.—Beautifully produced but trite and dragging story with Katie Hepburn as an English girl of the eighties who fights convention, has a baby, but refuses happiness with devoted Herbert Marshall. You'd better see it anyway. (Jan.)

★ **BANJO ON MY KNEE**—20th Century-Fox.—Barbara Stanwyck and Joel MacCrea alternately love and hate each other throughout this Mississippi shanty boat musical. Meanwhile Anthony Martin, Walter Brennan and Buddy Ebsen sing and dance. Mischievous and amusing. (Feb.)

★ **BELOVED ENEMY**—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.—Exquisite Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne play a touching love story against the seething dramatic background of the Irish Rebellion in 1921. Both stars are brilliant. Karen Morley, Henry Stephenson, David Niven and Jerome Cowan are intelligent support. Highly recommended. (Feb.)

★ **BORN TO DANCE**—M-G-M.—Eleanor Powell's starring picture elaborately produced and filled with swell songs and dances. Eleanor is a talented country girl who joins a Lonely Hearts Club, finds Jimmie Stewart. The outstanding cast includes Virginia Bruce, Una Merkel, Sid Silvers, Frances Langford, Buddy Ebsen. A treat. (Jan.)

★ **CAMILLE**—M-G-M.—The famous story of the Parisienne courtesan's love and renunciation directed with subtlety and glamour by George Cukor. Garbo more vivid and alluring than ever; Bob Taylor is an ideal Armand. Outstanding cast. (Jan.)

CAN THIS BE DIXIE—20th Century-Fox.—This hodge-pod couldn't be Dixie though there is an old Colonel (Claude Gillingwater), a villain (Donald Cook), a Southern belle (Helen Wood) and above all Jane Withers and Slim Summerville. Emphatically—No Good. (Jan.)

PICTURES REVIEWED IN THE SHADOW STAGE THIS ISSUE

	PAGE
Black Legion—Warners.....	53
Fire Over England—London Films- United Artists.....	106
Good Earth, The—M-G-M.....	106
Green Light—First National.....	52
Holy Terror, The—20th Century- Fox.....	54
House of Secrets, The—Chesterfield	55
Join the Marines—Republic.....	54
Larceny on the Air—Republic.....	106
Laughing at Trouble—20th Century- Fox.....	55
Maid of Salem—Paramount.....	52
Melody for Two—Warners.....	55
Mighty Treve, The—Universal....	106
Mysterious Crossing—Universal....	55
Off to the Races—20th Century-Fox	54
One in a Million—20th Century-Fox	52
Penrod and Sam—First National...	55
Plough and the Stars, The—RKO- Radio.....	53
Quality Street—RKO-Radio.....	53
Stowaway—20th Century-Fox....	54
She's Dangerous—Universal.....	106
Under Cover of Night—M-G-M....	54
We're on the Jury—RKO-Radio...	106
Without Warning—20th Century- Fox.....	106
Woman Alone, The—GB.....	55
Woman-Wise—20th Century-Fox..	54

CASE OF THE BLACK CAT—Warners.—A complicated and unsatisfactory version of Erle Stanley Gardner's mystery about a rich old man with heir trouble. Ricardo Cortez exceptionally good; June Travis, Craig Reynolds and the rest of the cast do well too. (Dec.)

★ **CHAMPAGNE WALTZ** — Paramount.—A charming and melodic love story of modern Vienna. Fred MacMurray brings a jazz orchestra to town, upsets Gladys Swarthout's musical life until Cupid and Jack Oakie fix things up. Gladys' singing is delightful; MacMurray is grand. You'll love it. (Jan.)

COLLEGE HOLIDAY—Paramount.—A bit of hysteria set to music, this has an imposing list of names, little else. Newcomer Ben Blue steals the fun from Jack Benny, Martha Raye, Burns and Allen, and Mary Boland. Johnny Downs and Eleanor Whitney are a clever dance team. (Feb.)

★ **COME AND GET IT**—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.—Edna Ferber's novel superbly produced, excellently directed and beautifully cast. Edward Arnold outstanding as the lumber king; Joel MacCrea does well as his son, and Frances Farmer is sensational in a double rôle. Put this on your "must see" list. (Jan.)

COME CLOSER, FOLKS—Columbia.—James Dunn as a racketeer salesman talks his way out of jail into a job in a department store where Marion Marsh is manager. Romance and honest ambition clash when his pals turn up. You'll laugh. (Feb.)

CONFLICT—Universal.—Jack London's story about a prize fighting lumberjack who turns from shady associations when love comes along in the person of Jean Rogers. Lots of action but little else. John Wayne is the pugilist. Send the youngsters. (Feb.)

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN—Republic.—A clever little comedy depending on the laugh team of Olsen and Johnson, a pair of high-powered promoters who sell worthless stock, but opportunely save their necks after some funny gags. Nice supporting cast. (Jan.)

CRACK UP—20th Century-Fox.—This exciting air drama concerns spy Peter Lorre's efforts to secure plane blueprints from adventuring pilot Brian Donlevy, who walks away with acting honors. Ralph Morgan, Helen Wood and Thomas Beck are good support. (Feb.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

SING! SWING! YOUTH HAS ITS FLING!



Ruby
KEELER



Lee
DIXON



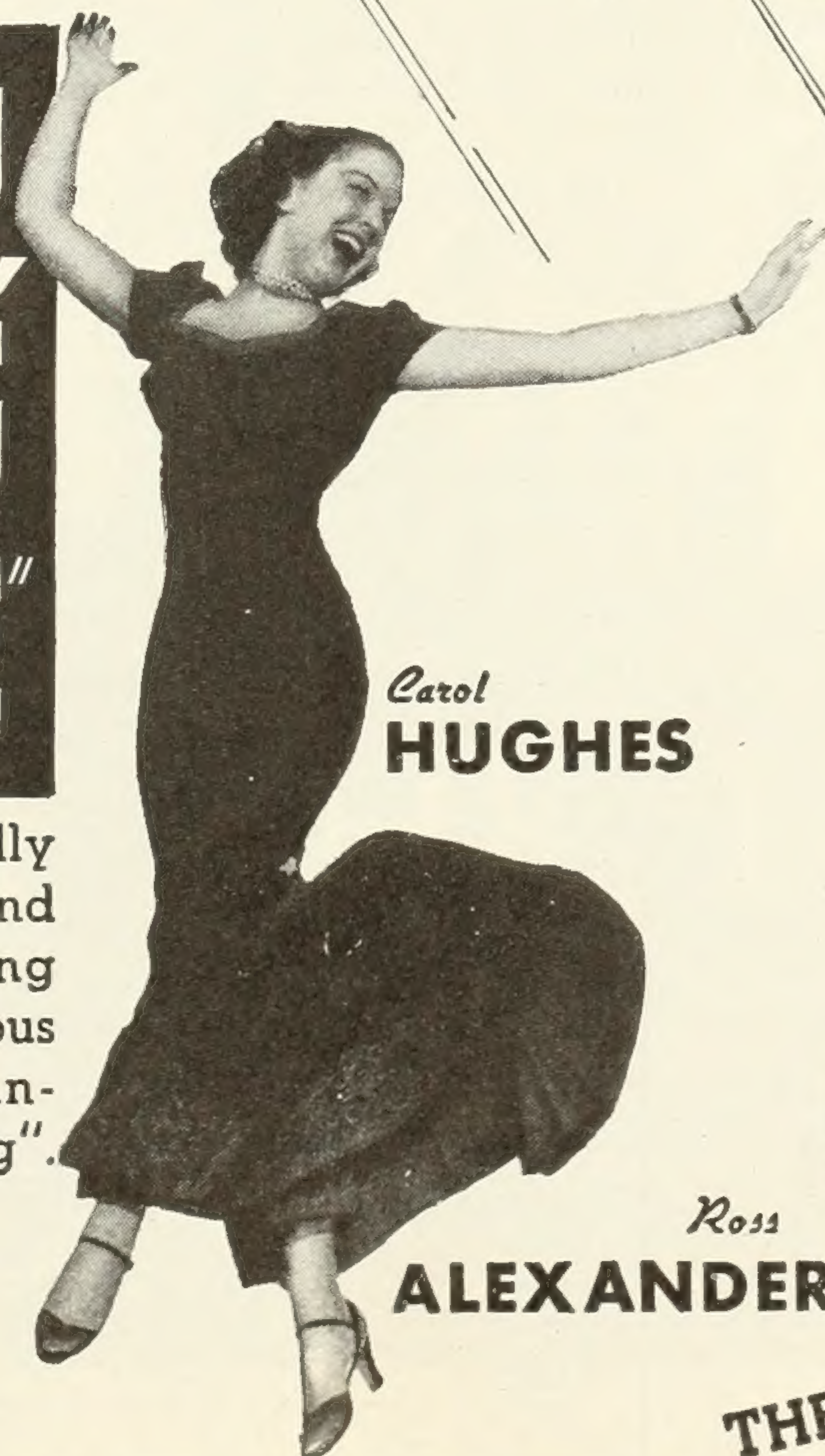
Louise
FAZENDA

★
Salute a stunning new musical joyride produced with all the smartness and variety and zest Warner Bros. are famed for! ...A grand all-round show ...new dances...new song hits...and girls galore! A side-splitting story as new as the New Year! ...with a star cast of favorites willing and able to either sing it or swing it! This riot of rhythm and fun easily takes the screen honors of the month.

"READY, WILLING and ABLE"

Ray Enright directed...Bobby Connolly arranged the dance ensembles... And Johnny Mercer and Richard Whiting wrote the 3 song hits—"Too Marvelous for Words", "Sentimental and Melancholy", and "Just a Quiet Evening".

Warner Bros.



Carol
HUGHES



Allen
JENKINS



Winifred
SHAW



Teddy
HART

Ross
ALEXANDER



THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH ★★

LAST CHANCE

TO VOTE FOR THE BEST PICTURE OF 1936



Outstanding Pictures of 1936

Ah, Wilderness	M'Liss
Anthony Adverse	Modern Times
A Tale of Two Cities	Moon's Our Home, The
After the Thin Man	Mr. Deeds Goes to Town
Big Broadcast of 1937, The	My Man Godfrey
Captain Blood	Nine Days a Queen
Captain January	Petrified Forest, The
Charge of the Light Brigade, The	Poor Little Rich Girl
Come and Get It	Poppy
Country Doctor, The	Ramona
Craig's Wife	Reunion
Devil Is a Sissy, The	Rhythm on the Range
Dodsworth	Road to Glory, The
Fury	Romeo and Juliet
Gay Desperado, The	Rose Marie
General Died at Dawn, The	San Francisco
Girls' Dormitory	Showboat
Ghost Goes West, The	Sins of Man
Gorgeous Hussy, The	Small Town Girl
Great Ziegfeld, The	Story of Louis Pasteur, The
Green Pastures, The	Swing Time
Let's Sing Again	Theodora Goes Wild
Libeled Lady	These Three
Little Lord Fauntleroy	To Mary—With Love
Lloyds of London	Trail of the Lonesome Pine, The
Magnificent Obsession	Under Two Flags
Mary of Scotland	White Angel, The
Milky Way, The	

THIS is your last chance to cast your ballot in one of the biggest contests of the year—the award of PHOTOPLAY'S GOLD MEDAL for the best picture of 1936. All ballots must be in by March 1st. The polls definitely close on that day.

Which picture do you think should win this prize as Hollywood's most meritorious achievement during the past year?

There were more stirring, fascinating, and generally heroic pictures in 1936 than ever before in screen history. An enormous amount of very superior acting, directing, and producing talent went into the making of these films. Which one did you like best?

The list of pictures which we print here to jog your memory is not all inclusive. Space does not permit us to list every picture.

If your own particular favorite is not here, that makes no difference. Send in your vote anyway. You may use the ballot below, or you may write your choice on a slip of paper and mail it to the Editor of PHOTOPLAY, Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAY makes no recommendations. As the votes fall, so they are counted.

The picture which wins the most of our readers' votes wins the Gold Medal. This citation of yours, the only motion picture award given by YOU, the public, is most important to the screen colony. It is an honor they vie for, and believe to be a notable recognition of their efforts to please you in the past year. SEND IN YOUR VOTE NOW! DON'T DELAY! Remember, your ballot must be in by March 1st.

PREVIOUS GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

1920	"HUMORESQUE"
1921	"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922	"ROBIN HOOD"
1923	"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925	"THE BIG PARADE"
1926	"BEAU GESTE"
1927	"7TH HEAVEN"
1928	"FOUR SONS"
1929	"DISRAELI"
1930	"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931	"CIMARRON"
1932	"SMILIN' THROUGH"
1933	"LITTLE WOMEN"
1934	"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET"
1935	"NAUGHTY MARIETTA"

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

GOLD MEDAL EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
CHANIN BUILDING, 122 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1936.

NAME OF PICTURE

NAME

ADDRESS

DELIRIOUSLY, MAGNIFICENTLY MAD!



The same mad-cap, riotous spirit that set "My Man Godfrey" apart from any other picture makes this spectacular musical DIFFERENT from anything you've ever seen! It tops them all!

Giant cast!... Sparkling personalities!... Seven songs by that never-miss hit team, McHugh and Adamson!... Breath-catching gowns!... Fun, frivolity, frenzy!... Music, mad-waggery, mirth and magnificence!



THE NEW UNIVERSAL PRESENTS

TOP OF THE TOWN

With a glittering galaxy of stage, screen and radio favorites including:

Doris Nolan • George Murphy • Hugh Herbert • Gregory Ratoff • Gertrude Niesen • Ella Logan • Henry Armetta • Ray Mayer • Mischa Auër • The Three Sailors • Peggy Ryan
Gerald Oliver Smith • Jack Smart • Claude Gillingwater • Ernest Cossart

Directed by Ralph Murphy • Associate Producer Lou Brock

CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer

THE SCREEN HAS NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT

GO WHERE THE CROWDS ARE GOING...
Now you can see

**THE LOVE STORY WHICH CHANGED THE DESTINY OF AN
 EMPIRE! THE PICTURE THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR!**

... Direct from its sensational \$2.00
 runs in Hollywood and New York!

**"LIAR! TRAITOR!
 BETRAYER!"**

**I AM EVERYTHING YOUR
 HUSBAND CALLS ME!"**

Hail
A NEW STAR!
 Handsome,
 appealing
 Tyrone Power...
 today's screen
 sensation!

LLOYDS OF LONDON

THE BELL OF LLOYDS



"Ring Twice
 For Good News!
 Ring Once
 For Disaster!"

The critics agree... it's ringing TWICE
 for you!

"Hittrraction!" cheers Walter Winchell!

"Huzzahs for 'Lloyds'!" shouts N. Y. Sun!

"Exciting as a bugle call!" applauds Time!

starring

Freddie **BARTHOLOMEW** *and* *Madeleine* **CARROLL**

with

SIR GUY STANDING · TYRONE POWER

C. Aubrey Smith · Virginia Field

AND A MAMMOTH CAST

Directed by Henry King

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan

Darryl F. Zanuck
 In Charge of Production



WHEN THIS TRADE-MARK FLASHES ON THE SCREEN...

WHERE 20TH CENTURY-FOX HITS ARE SHOWING!

The smartest musical ever filmed!
The grandest songs ever written!



"SLUMMING ON PARK AVENUE"
"YOU'RE LAUGHING AT ME"

Dick
POWELL

IRVING

"ON THE AVENUE"

Madeline
CARROLL

with
ALICE FAYE

ALAN MOWBRAY

THE RITZ BROTHERS

CORA WITHERSPOON

STEPIN FETCHIT

GEORGE BARBIER

SIG RUMANN

Directed by Roy Del Ruth • Associate Producer Gene Markey
DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production • Music and Lyrics by Irving Berlin

The tops in swank! • The smoothest in rhythm!
The greatest in stars! • The newest in love!
The fastest in dancing! • The last word in entertainment!
It's full of Boom-Boom and Go-Go!

New York's latest
real-life romance set to
Irving Berlin's music in a
show as big as the town . . .
as good as the songs!

IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST IN ENTERTAINMENT!

Alice Faye

BELIEVES "PRINCE CHARMING" WILL LIKE HER BEST IN LUXABLES

"I get hopping mad if anybody dares to wash my things with anything but Lux flakes," says Alice Faye . . .

Don't miss this Fox star in
"On The Avenue"



"Luxable play clothes are perfect under the California sun. After a 'workout' they go straight into rich Lux suds. Of course, they come up smiling, colors bright as new. My nice cottons, like my nice silks and rayons, never get rubbed with cake soap," says Alice.

Advertisement



"THERE'S an aura of daintiness about freshly Luxed wearables that always appeals to men," Alice Faye declares. Hosts of admirers affirm she's right. And when "the" man comes along . . .

"It wouldn't be hard to live in a cottage," she says. "Money is nice, but I know how to get along without a lot."

"When I was in the chorus, I learned to keep clothes lovely at very little expense. Lux was my stand-by. I found I could afford beautifully sheer stockings if I Luxed them every night. That way I hardly ever got runs. Naturally I insist all my washables be cared for in the very same way now!"

Clever Alice! Cake-soap rubbing and harsh soaps that may contain harmful alkali often fade colors—wear nice things out too soon. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux!

Specified in the leading Hollywood studios

Designer ROYER, of Fox Studios, says: "Caring for costumes properly is as important as their original creation. All the washable costumes on the lot are Luxed. Lux protects colors, keeps costumes new longer!"

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

By RUTH WATERBURY

VERY personal reflections . . . A New York burlesque house calls its show "Gone with the Windsor" . . . Hollywood would never dare do that . . . Hollywood is in a blanketed state of ignoring that whole marvelous story . . . I don't mind missing the filming of the story so much as I miss those two potential great stars. . . . Anyone who listening to the King's voice as he tiredly said "At long last" and noted thereafter his timing on that most touching of addresses, knew he was by nature a very fine actor . . . and think of the interviews Mrs. Simpson could give in Hollywood. . . . "How to be Alluring Though Frankly Forty." "Sex Appeal is Not A Mere Matter Of Youth". . . . And best of all "My Secrets of Charm." . . .

No one will admit the Hollywood ban on this but the reason is easy to figure . . . no producer is going to risk getting in wrong with the English Church and State . . . they'll just make films on Spain instead . . . there's nobody there even to get in right with. . . .

THAT Zanuck has done it again . . . dug himself up four stars while everybody is moaning about the need of them . . . His "One In a Million," starring Sonja



Wallis Warfield Simpson, a great star—lost for financial reasons

Henie, is doing smash business . . . that girl is an impossible combination . . . an ingenue with glamour . . . more graceful than Fred Astaire . . . with the slumberous quality of Dietrich . . . at the same time very pretty and very young.

THEN there's Tyrone Power, Jr. . . . he will be terrific now that "Lloyd's of London" has been generally released . . . very handsome, fatally young and with that sincerity which slays you. . . . It was nice seeing him at a glittering cocktail party given for him and Sonja Henie by Fox in New York . . . he was more than a little bewildered . . . when he left New

York for the Coast he was practically broke . . . he had gone through a terrific struggle . . . in Hollywood things hadn't been too easy . . . but here was New York kowtowing to him . . . it must be a glorious feeling at twenty-two . . . or forty-two for that matter.

Zanuck has created Simone Simon too . . . out of twenty four sheets, newspaper columns and a pout . . . but there is no doubt that the younger generation, particularly the high school kids, have taken her to their hearts. . . . Zanuck likewise has Don Ameche, who appears better than ever in "One In a Million" . . .

four unknowns made in to million dollars investments . . . that's smart business.

The screen is in desperate need of new girl names . . . except for the two listed above the only other new feminine starlet who means anything is Frances Farmer . . . maybe Metro will begin to treat Luise Rainer properly after they release "The Good Earth" and they claim to have a new star in Tilly Losch—but that remains to be seen. . . .

THE cleverest new move the business has made is in the creation of the so-called "Bureau of New Plays" . . . directed by Theresa Helburn, that very intelligent head of the Theatre Guild in New York. The "Bureau" is aimed at the young writers still in college . . . offers prizes for the best play in each division submitted . . . melodrama, farce, comedy, social theme . . . gives scholarships to those who seem worthy of them, on the basis of the plays submitted . . . gives fellowships, too . . . also provides play doctors and collaborators when those are needed . . . in other words, gives every encouragement to young writers showing any talent whatsoever. . . . All this is financed and supported by the Hollywood producers . . . they will get the benefit of the stories for movies . . . the writers will get the plays produced or filmed . . . or both.

The dynamic Miss Helburn says that farces aren't coming in . . . she thinks that is because the screen has done them so superbly as witness "My Man Godfrey" that writers know they can't surpass them . . . that melodramas are limp for the same reason . . . that plays with social significance . . . strikes, the depression and such are numerous and good . . . but that love stories just do not seem to be submitted at all . . . she doesn't know the answer to that one but has her suspicions. . . .

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE, that marvelous actor . . . you must remember him in "Nine Days a Queen" and you must see him in "Green Light" . . . has the most intelligent explanation against Shakespeare being screened. . . . Sir Cedric points out that Shakespeare wrote his plays to be listened to . . . not to be looked at . . . the Elizabethan stage had poor lighting



A million dollar star on skates and at the box office

. . . the female rôles had to be played by men . . . they had almost no stage settings . . . so the great dramatist made up for this by the beauty of the language he used. . . . Sir Cedric argues that when you screen Shakespeare it is like screening an opera without the music . . . you lose all the value of the original and produce a bad substitute . . . which seems the right answer to why "Romeo and Juliet" for all its beauty and fine acting has been a box-office disappointment to Metro . . .

OUR personal thanks . . . to Warners for their courage in making "The Black Legion" . . . to Metro for the laughter in "After the Thin Man" and for making marriage thereby seem so very delightful . . . to Madeleine Carroll for being so sheerly beautiful . . . and to Joan Crawford for her letter to us in which she denied for all time those false rumors about herself and Franchot.

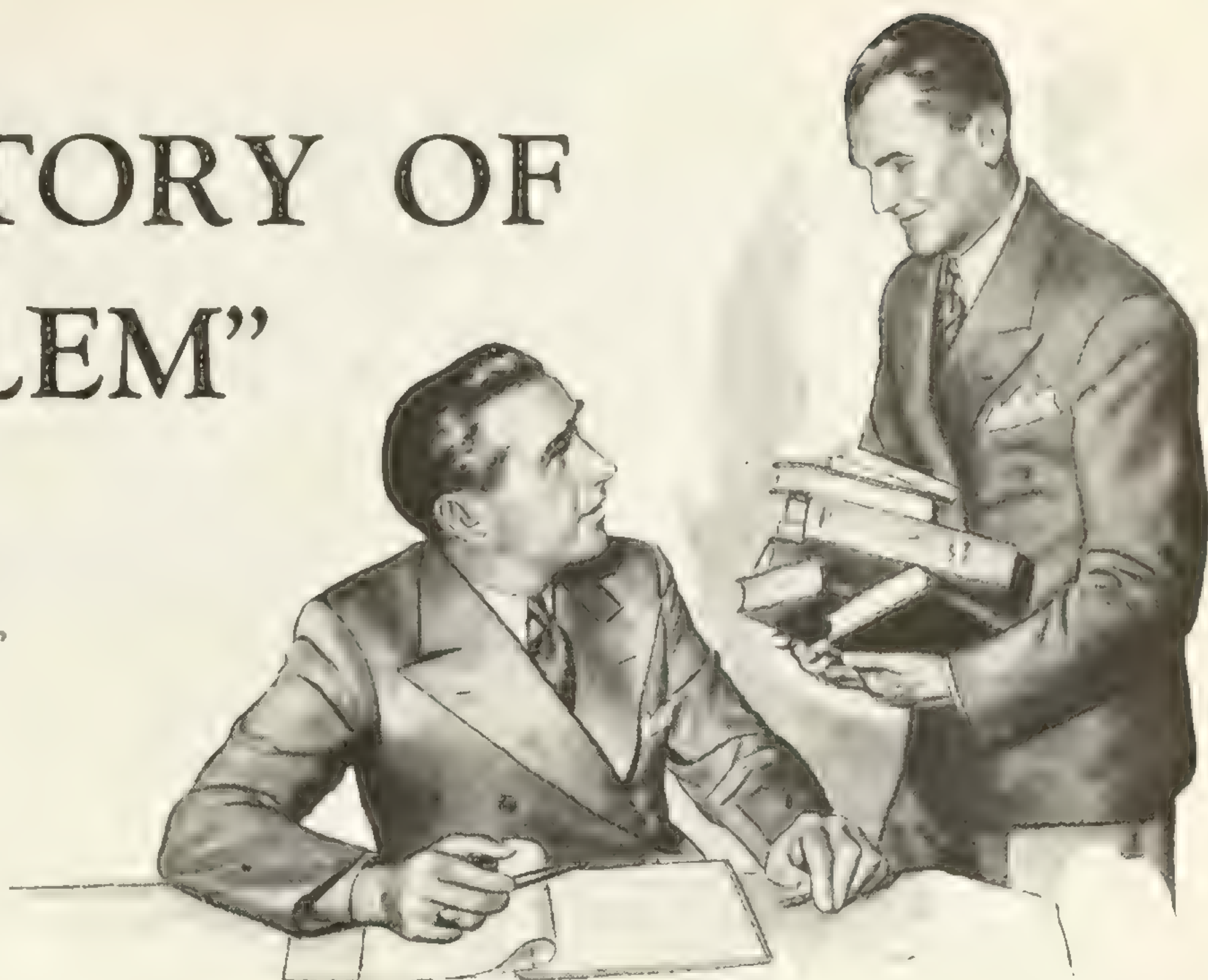


Watch out for this other discovery of 20th Century-Fox

THE INSIDE STORY OF "MAID OF SALEM"

By FRANK LLOYD

(Director of "Cavalcade", "The Sea Hawk",
"Mutiny on the Bounty")



Frank Lloyd looking for a new screen yarn.

NATURALLY, ever since "Mutiny on the Bounty" swept the country, I've been on the lookout for another yarn with the same sweep and power to bring to the screen. I wanted a story with plenty of drama and with plenty of chance for me to direct big out of doors scenes, the kind I get the most kick out of.

» Well, to make a long story short, I found just such a yarn . . . "Maid of Salem". Here is the story of a young girl and a young lad who have the nerve to fight off a whole town of fanatics who try to break up their love . . . a story with the same drive and surge of "Mutiny". For here love and courage face the fanatic venom of a whole mob of Captain Blighs.

» But finding a story is only half a director's battle. The next thing was to find stars able to play the parts. I had recently directed Claudette Colbert in "Under Two Flags" and knew what she could do in a highly emotional part. Fortunately, I was able to cast her as the

stout-hearted little "Maid of Salem". A hero? I needed a swashbuckling, hard-boiled lad who could carve his way with a cutlass through an armed mob, with a grin on his face . . . I found him. Fred MacMurray, I honestly believe, does as fine a job in this picture as any of the heroes of my big adventure pictures. The girls are going to say it's Fred's swellest part.

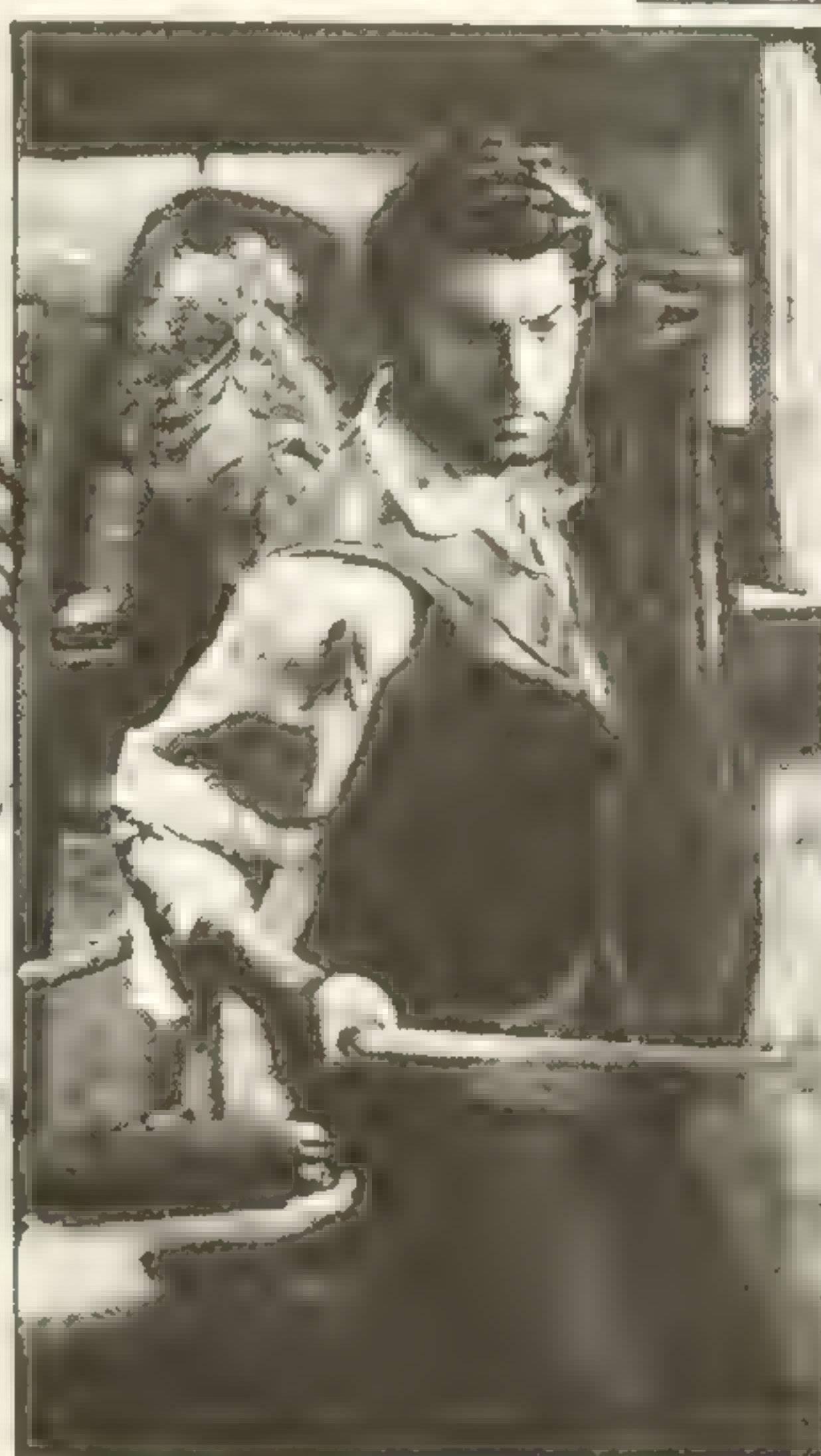
» Last but not least a producer-director has got to have freedom to make a picture his own way. I, personally, want my pictures absolutely authentic. If it's an historical picture, I want my history correct. Well, let me say, right here and now, Paramount has made this, my first picture for their company, the easiest I have ever worked on. For they have told me to spare no expense to make "Maid of Salem" the most authentic, the most powerful of my productions. So I think when you see "Maid of Salem" you will agree with me that it tops them all for sheer entertainment.



Frank Lloyd on the set with Claudette Colbert as the cameras start cranking for "Maid of Salem"



A typical Lloyd action scene, a bunch of hard-boiled vagabonds pitting their strength against the courage of one tough lad and his stout sword arm (Advertisement)



Fred MacMurray in his first big historical role since "The Texas Rangers", as a swashbuckling Southern gentleman who can carve his way through any mob with his good sword . . .



Claudette Colbert in her greatest part, as the young New England girl who dares the wrath of a whole countryside for the love of her dashing Southern hero .

FAN EXPERIENCES WITH THE STARS

Have you ever had an interesting experience with a Hollywood star? If so, PHOTOPLAY would like to know about it. If it's the most interesting one to reach the editors before March 10th, 1937, we will pay you \$10.00 for a description of it. It might have been through personal contact, by telegram or by letter. But it must have been your OWN experience, authenticated by documents if possible. Think back over the years, and set down in direct, simple style, your most exciting adventure with a movie star. Send it to Ruth Waterbury, Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.

TWO one dollar bills in my pocket—and a date with Frances Langford . . .

All of the fellows at school and the theater (I'm an usher) were ribbing me. "Do you think Frances Langford would give a lanky eighteen-year-old school boy a date?" they laughed.

I was determined to get the date, but even if I did what would I use for money?

I had been writing for the *Jacksonville Journal*, so I called the city editor and asked if he could use a story about her. "Sure, bring it up and if it is any good I'll give you a couple of bucks," he answered.

I told him I was trying to get a date with her and needed the money in advance.

"Are you crazy? Trying to get a date with a star and with only two bucks—wait a minute," he hesitated, "that sounds like a good feature article. Come over and get the money."

I managed to meet Miss Langford and after talking about everything from the weather to football I finally generated enough nerve to ask her for the date. After I had explained that all I had was two dollars she smiled and replied, "Well, A. C., I'm afraid you'll just have to spend your two dollars."

The date was set for 6:00. I was there at 5:00. As we started from the hotel lobby she asked if I wanted to use her car. I was too nervous to drive and suggested a dime cab.

"We'll walk and save our money," was her reply. Going past the door I had one of the dollar bills changed for her to get weighed—ninety-eight pounds to the ounce.

Several blocks of walking and we were at a cafeteria. Frances (she asked me to call her Frances)

carefully budgeted our finances. Going through the line she asked the prices of food and added, aloud, making sure not to exceed our allowance. The checks came to \$1.10 and a dime tip, added to the penny for Frances to weigh, left us with seventy-nine cents.

As we wiggled our way through the autograph hunters it started raining. With no money our only alternative was the theater. I had passes. I bought a paper and hailed a dime cab. Twenty-five cents more gone. We went next door to

the theater and bought a dime's worth of salted peanuts and a package of gum. While paying the cashier a nickel dropped through my fingers and rolled. Frances and I looked but it was gone—and as bad as we needed that nickel!

A photographer was taking pictures of an automobile on display in the theater lobby and asked us to pose. During the stage attraction they announced Frances was present. The audience went wild.

After the show we went next door for a chocolate soda. Only four cents left. As it happened Guy Kenimer, my boss, passed and asked if he could drive us to the hotel. At the hotel Frances took one of my pennies and weighed again. This time she registered 103 pounds and it was on the same scales that she had weighed the first time. She gained five pounds during the date.

"I had more fun than if we had spent *two hundred* dollars," she laughed.

As you have probably gathered from this article Frances Langford is a real sport—she's a honey. And I'm saving those three pennies for souvenirs.

P. S. Did I fall for her—what do you think?

I dated a Star on \$ 2.00

A. C. LYLES, JR.
Jacksonville, Fla.





"Souls at Sea" will be Gary Cooper's last picture for Paramount. He's been there since 1926. After years of being called just a personality, Gary has de-

veloped into one of our best actors. He moves over under Sam Goldwyn's wing where he expects to make "Marco Polo" first planned for Doug Fairbanks



When Beverly Roberts stepped into the part left vacant by Bette Davis in "God's Country and the Woman," she stepped into her best rôle to date. She came to

the screen only a year ago via the night clubs where she sang. She has a great sense of humor, drives a motorcycle, has no particular heart interest—just work



Miriam Hopkins speaks French and Spanish like a native—adores to travel—dotes on fortune tellers—loves dogs—is famous for her southern dinners. Back

from England where she made a picture, she divides her time between Austin Parker, her ex-husband, and Anton Litvak, who will direct her new picture



In color you can really see Gloria Stuart as she is—one of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood. After one unhappy experience, she is now happily married to

Arthur Sheekman, the writer. They have a little daughter. Gloria loves bridge and golf, writes poetry, and her great ambition is to edit a newspaper



B y K I R T L E Y B A S K E T T E

Call out the riot squad! A new Civil War is raging! Who will play the principals in the world's best seller?

TIME was when you could call a man a rat in Hollywood and get yourself a stiff poke in the nose. But now what you get is—"Rhett? Rhett Butler? Well—I don't know about that 'profile like an old coin' stuff, but I've been told I am rather masterful, and—"

Yes, and there was a day when you could call a woman scarlet in this town and find yourself looking into the business end of a male relative's shotgun. But now it's—"Scarlett? Scarlett O'Hara? Oh, do you really think so? Well, I wish you'd say that around Mr. Selznick. Of course, my eyes aren't exactly green, but unless they use Technicolor—"

Ever since that very small but very un-Reconstructed Rebel, Mistress Peggy Mitchell, of the Atlanta Mitchells, wrote a book called "Gone With the Wind," which went like a seventy-mile gale over the country and whipped up a grade-A tornado, a civil war, the like of which Jeff Davis never dreamed, has been raging uncontrolled 'way out in Hollywood.

Houses are divided, brother against brother, husband against wife, butler versus pantrymaid.

"Why, Judge," a woman told the court the other day, "this bum says the only man to play Rhett Butler is Warren William. How can I go on living with a cretin like that?"

"Yeah," countered the defendant, "and, Your Honor, she embarrassed me before my friends plugging for Ronald Colman. Ronald Colman—imagine! My business dropped off."

"Divorce granted," murmured the court, "although per-

sonally I've always thought Gary Cooper would be a natural for the part."

What is considerably worse, actors and actresses who have never been South of the Slot in San Francisco or below Twenty-third Street in Manhattan, whose closest tie to Dixie in fact, is a faint resemblance to Virginia ham, wander around calling people "Honey" in a languid, molasses manner. Mugs who always thought Pickett's charge was a labor demonstration, now demand real mint in their grog. Even the high yellows down on Central Avenue are brushing up on their southern accents.

It's really pretty awful.

Of course if you haven't read the astounding book that has leaped clear out of the ordinary fiction league to become the marvel of modern American literature, all this may leave you as dizzy as a six-day bicycle rider. In that case, all I can say is that if you're around number sixty-seven on the waiting list and sound of wind and limb there is still hope.

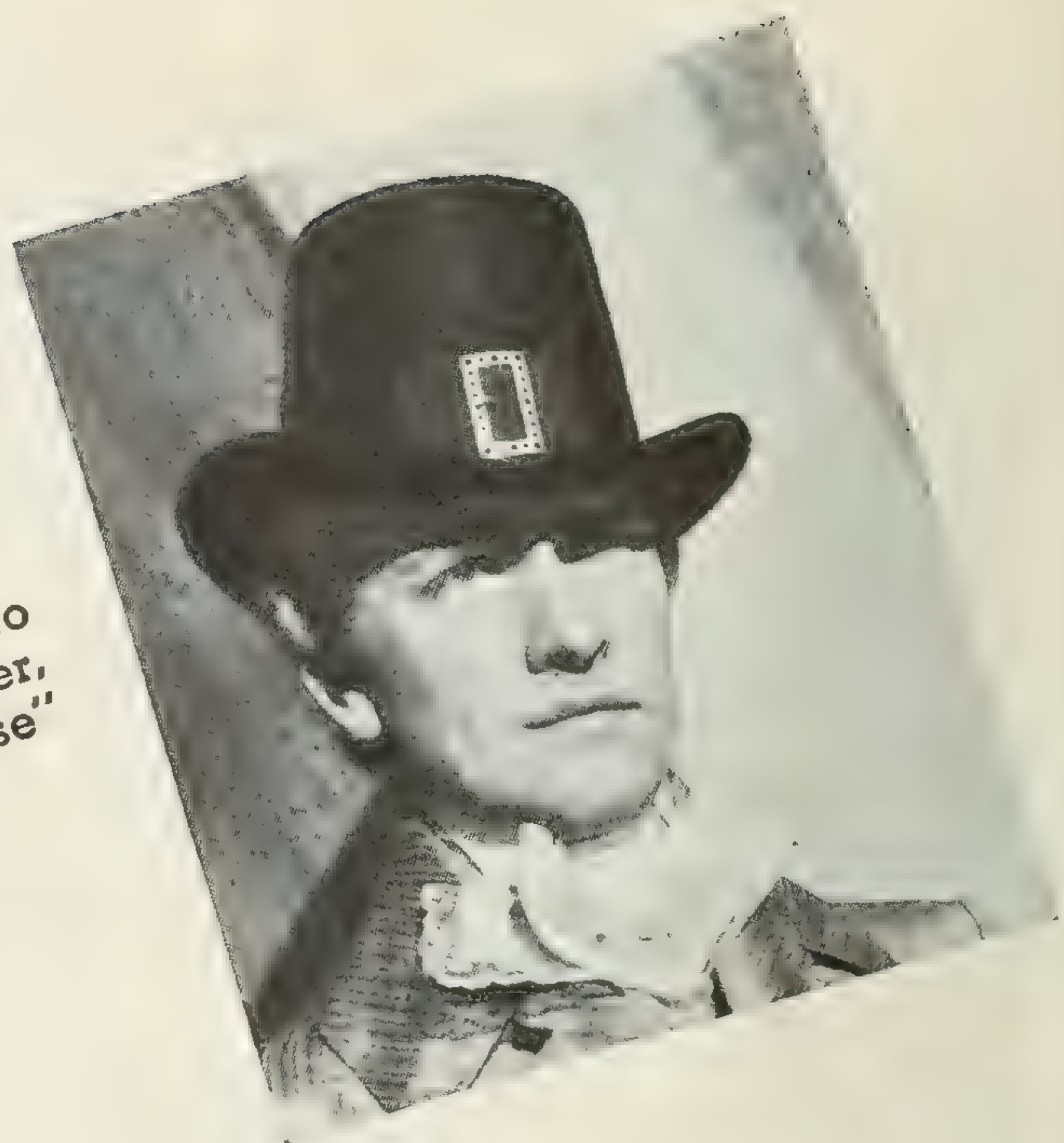
But if you have, you'll understand why nerves are snapping from Burbank to Brentwood as the two juiciest parts in the history of Hollywood dangle like ripe luscious cherries just above tiptoe reach. For "Gone With the Wind" is all set to be made into the greatest moving picture of all time (they admit it). Only there isn't any *Scarlett O'Hara*. There isn't any *Rhett Butler*. The suspense is terrific.

Furthermore, the curious effect of this book, which now hovers around the million sales mark, is that the minute a gentle reader closes the back cover with the wistful hope that *Scarlett* will get another crack at *Rhett* someday, a crusading, militant, in fact belligerent one-man casting department is born. Yes Ma'am, and with a lusty squall.

So look what happens. Sixty thousand letters, wires, communications of all sorts, sent direct or forwarded by critics, columnists and radio commentators have poured in and keep pouring to sweep the excitement higher and higher. The result



Clark Gable, everybody's choice, everywhere — but tied up



Freddie March, hero of one best seller, "Anthony Adverse"

RHETT BUTLERS

is the biggest screen sweepstakes of modern movie history. The prize: fame, fortune and the greatest eager, ready-made audience any star ever dreamed about.

Who will win? Well—here are the favorites, complete with clockings, handicaps, and pole positions. You pays your money and you takes your choice:

Ladies first, which means *Rhett Butler*—

Clark Gable is the odds on favorite. He probably will play the part. If he doesn't there may be a Revolution. The nation-wide choice, by a wide margin, he runs neck-and-neck with Warner Baxter in the South, which, incidentally, will have plenty to say about the casting of this picture. Gable is also the big Hollywood favorite, although if you can't see him you can't see him *at all*. It's that way. Letters have poured in threatening boycotts and reprisals (honest) if he's cast as *Rhett*. The same if he isn't.

Clark is the right age, the perfect build, the effective sex quotient. On a very touchy point—whether or not he can put on a southern accent and wear it becomingly—he is doubtful. He would give a year of his life to play *Rhett*—why not? It would be the biggest monkey gland his career could conceivably manage.

But—Gable is among the most jealously hoarded of M-G-M stars. And Selznick International, not M-G-M, copped this prize story of the century. M-G-M turned it down! Selznick International means John Hay Whitney and David Oliver Selznick. But again—David Oliver Selznick is married to Louis B. Mayer's daughter. Would Gable be available? What do you think?

Fredric March is the only factor so far officially tested for *Rhett*. Was the early choice, but seems to have faded in the back stretch. Would be available, eager and willing to play *Rhett* on a moment's notice. Runs about third in the terrific straw balloting which in-



Warner Baxter has amazing support. Enough sex appeal?



Ronald Colman, a strong contender—but he has handicaps



Tallulah Bankhead
as southern as corn
whiskey. Too blasé?



Miriam Hopkins, red
hot choice, has a
margin in her favor

creases every day. Is regarded by millions as a great actor—many others do not agree. Played the other great sensational best seller title part, "Anthony Adverse." Consensus of opinion is that Fredric would be an adequate *Rhett* but that's all. Lacks the sinister sex considered absolutely essential to a great performance.

Warner Baxter has surprising support from Atlanta and the deep South. Is the best "sympathy" actor in the race. His recent sock hit in "To Mary—With Love" is considered an apt build-up. Warner has the strong support of all who picture *Rhett Butler* as a man who suffered and suffered. Is keeping his fingers crossed day and night because if he landed it would be "In Old Arizona" all over again for him. His contract, of course, is with Twentieth Century-Fox, which makes him eligible. Darryl Zanuck who is a borrower of stars in the talent market wouldn't dare bite the hand that feeds him and keep him locked up in the closet. Warner, too, is about the right age, a little on the oldish side. His weakness, too, is no powerful sex appeal.

Ronald Colman popped into the running through an erroneous press dispatch. But once in has remained a strong contender. Chief advantage is his spot as long term contract star with Selznick International, his decided romantic charm, suavity, age and sympathetic personality. Chief disadvantage his ever-lovin' Britishness, hard for the folks down South to swallow when the story is almost a sectional issue.

Those are the favorites. But Cary Grant, Basil Rathbone, Edward Arnold haven't given up yet.

Now gents—it's your turn.

For *Scarlett O'Hara*—

Tallulah Bankhead—shared the same bum steer announce- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

SCARLETT O'HARAS



Bette Davis, Holly-
wood's choice, but in
the dog house now



Margaret Sullavan,
a success in a former
Civil War drama

WHEN I was a cub reporter on the Los Angeles Herald, at the ripe age of seventeen, I had a city editor who belonged to the old "go-get-it-and-don't-come-back-without-it" school of journalism. In his service I climbed in bathroom windows, hid in dark cemeteries and once went to jail for stealing pictures.

As W. C. Fields would say, "Those were the good old days."

I nursed, for said city editor, combined feelings of fear, hatred and undying admiration. And he made my young life a thing of sound and fury.

But he wrote certain things indelibly upon my conscience and one of them was that any story which didn't tell "Who—How—Why—When—and Where," as soon as possible, belonged in the waste basket no matter if its literary flavor approximated that of Keats and Shelley.

(This, as you can see, would already be reposing on the city room floor.)

The point is that in this particular piece those terms are all a little hard to define but in obedience to my early training I will do my best.

The Who is certainly young Mr. Robert Taylor, of Hollywood.

How: How about his getting married?

Why: Why, because he's the foremost matinee idol in the world today.

When: When is he going to make up his mind or has he?

Where: Where the fierce spotlights of public glory and fame beat upon Hollywood's hills and mammoth studios.

On a recent flying visit to California, I discovered that the kingdom of Motion Pictures is as much concerned about the problem of Hollywood's Crown Prince and his marriage as any

other place would be about the marriage of its Crown Prince.

Young Mr. Taylor a few years ago—such a very few years ago—when he was just a young college student at Pomona, might have stepped out and married the prettiest co-ed in the place, or a widow with six children, or a Cinderella from behind the counter of a drug store and it would have been entirely his own business.

That is not, and cannot, be true any longer.

Whom he marries is of vital importance to a great industry.

Whether he marries at all is a question which interests millions of people.

The diplomatic effect of his marrying or not marrying is considered by experts in public reaction.

And whether, in the event of his marrying, it will be possible to make a success of it or whether it will follow Hollywood history and be a major disaster ending in divorce or tragedy—as most matinee idols' marriages have done—is something that occupies great executives' brains as well as the tongues of the entire picture colony.

When I landed at the Burbank, California airport three days before New Year's, all this was already in my mind.

CAN ROBERT TAYLOR Escape HOLLYWOOD'S LOVE RACKET?



Studios always seem to see to it that there's a camera around whenever a rising star dates a girl. Metro tried to give "the romantic build-up" as it's called, to Taylor and Jean Parker, then to Bob and Janet Gaynor





Irene Hervey and Bob were really in love when Bob just hit fame. Why did he stop seeing her to be seen constantly with Barbara Stanwyck?

*Will he, like Edward the VIII,
find himself prevented from
marrying the woman he loves?*

**By ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS**

When I climbed back into a United Air Lines plane on New Year's night it had somehow touched my emotions, awakened many old memories, brought to my thoughts many phases of Hollywood life that I have been observing for quite a while.

I had seen Mr. Robert Taylor and Miss Barbara Stanwyck—the lady with whom he is most frequently seen and whose engagement to him has been a consistent rumor for some time. More than that, I had seen them together.

I do not pretend to be clairvoyant. But I'm a woman and I am also a reporter, which means that whatever natural intuition I possess has been trained for years in observation and in attempting to judge from appearances what lies underneath.

Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck say they are not going to get married, even now that Barbara's divorce from Frank Fay is final. They say it long, and loud, and clear. They deny definitely that they are in love and insist that they are just "good friends."

Maybe they're right. Or maybe they don't know themselves. But if they aren't in love they are better actors than they have ever given us reason to believe on the screen.

AND that brings us right up against what is really a definite psychological problem. It might be done under some such title as the price of fame.



The truth of the matter is that Hollywood—which is a very indefinite term but which means the consensus of those who think they know about what the public wants and doesn't want—Hollywood believes that Robert Taylor shouldn't get married. They tell each other so and they have told young Mr. Taylor so. They have impressed it upon him—and brilliant and successful as he may be, Mr. Taylor is still very young and undoubtedly impressionable.

And the reason they say it is that matinee idols shouldn't be married because the public doesn't like it. Added to which even if the public doesn't like it, it can't and won't work.

It's all pretty complicated, but we can try to find out as much about it as we can, because I think it's by all odds the most interesting story of the moment.

When "they say" that the public doesn't want Robert Taylor to get married, they mean that he will lose some of his glamour, some of his romantic appeal, if he is somebody's husband. If the girls and women who sit in the audiences all over the world and watch him make love to the beautiful screen star opposite him—whether it be Garbo or Stanwyck—think that he's going home to his wife, they will have more difficulty in thinking of him as their own Prince Charming.

Marriage, in other words, destroys some of that illusion which goes to make matinee idols.

There are cases on both sides. Unquestionably Jack Gilbert's greatest romantic appeal came when he wasn't married—during the years of his great and ever exciting and glamorous love affair with Greta Garbo. Rudolph Valentino, who still has never been topped as a screen lover, enjoyed his greatest fame and favor when he was single—he never came back to the heights after he married Natacha PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80]



PROTECTING THE FUTURE OF

The Greatest Little Star

Here, finally, is the truth—and nothing but the truth—about Shirley Temple today

By MICHAEL JACKSON



IN 1929, Admiral Byrd was discovering the South Pole for the Newsreels. The Duke of Windsor had not yet met Mrs. Simpson and people were whistling "If I Had A Talking Picture of Yoo-oo." Spangler Arlington Brugh, who later changed his name to Robert Taylor, was mixing studies with amateur dramatics, and Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor were still Hollywood's favorite screen lovers. There was, if you remember, something called "The Crash."

Also, in 1929, Shirley Temple was born.

Today, a little more than seven years later, Shirley is one of the ten most famous people in the world. In her tiny span, so far, she has made more money than 10,000 average people make in a lifetime. Directly and indirectly, she supports countless people, from cameramen and directors on the set, to theater ushers and doll salesmen in far-off countries.

She is Big Business. Shirley is as much a national commodity as Lux soap, Post Toasties or Coca Cola. She is translated into strips of cellu-

loid, packed in cans, and shipped from Omsk to Oshkosh. Shirley is the reason a little girl in Worcester, Mass. wears a certain kind of print dress. She is the song-plugger who introduced the melody that is heard at three A. M. in a smoky New York night club. Shirley is the driving force behind a thriving toy concern, and a Shirley Temple book has been on the best-seller list for two years.

Shirley Temple is now beginning her fourth big year. It was on December 19, 1933, that she appeared with some 149 other little girls for tests for the rôle in "Stand Up and Cheer." Since that time she has been playing tiddle-de-winks with box-office records and now 20th Century-Fox executives estimate that her screen shadow has sung and danced to 240,000,000 people—or more than twice the number that there are in these United States. If figures mystify, then take it this way: Shirley's box-office stature is twice that of Garbo's.

BUT what about Shirley herself? How has all this affected her? How has it affected her family—a typical American group plucked from the pleasant obscurity of placid routine living in Santa Monica, twenty miles from Hollywood, geographically, and as distant as Mars in environment.

When Shirley first dimpled her way to fame, her father was an assistant bank manager. Shirley's mother, who up to this time had never employed a maid, was busying herself with buying groceries, running a small home and playing occasional neighborhood bridge. Shirley's two older brothers, Jack and George, were plodding their unnoticed way through an education.

Today, Mr. Temple no longer works for a bank. Mrs.

position to know quite a lot, and all that I know is accurate.

To say, as is often said, that Shirley is just like any other pretty little girl is just as accurate as saying that Joan Crawford is just like any other good-looking woman.

I have never known anyone just like Shirley, and never expect to. She is, if a baby may be called so, a supreme individualist.

In private, she has two outstanding traits: astounding poise and staunch good humor. It is almost impossible to upset her poise and her humor is disturbed only when she rightly feels she has been duped. Then she will protest for her rights.

I remember the time we took the Abbe children, authors of that best-selling book, "Around the World in Eleven Years," out to Shirley's bungalow. The kids were playing around in the back yard and swinging and chasing after Shirley's rabbits. Without spoiling their fun too much, we tried to get a few speed-shots of them. Shirley was perfect in all of the shots, but Patience Abbe happened to move in a couple of them. The cameraman interrupted their play to take a few more. And though Shirley was on her recess time, she gladly consented to more posing. Then someone thought of another angle and I asked Shirley, "Could we have just one more shot and then that will be all?"

"Sure," she said.

Just as we were to leave, however, we thought of another picture that would be ideal.

"No," said Shirley. "You said one more would be all and that is all."

That is where you learn the first [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]



An outline of Shirley in five pictures. At the foot of the opposite page, the baby of the "Baby Burleskes"; above, with her brothers and her particular pet rabbit; on this page, the modest home from which Shirley started her amazing career and (bottom), Shirley's most recent portrait

Temple is the head of that Big Business, which is Shirley. Jack and George are pointed out on the campus as the brothers of a motion picture star.

A picture, some wise man said, is worth a thousand words. Shirley has been snapped, posed and unposed, for more than ten thousand pictures. But the amount of wordage that she has inspired far surmounts anything that has been done pictorially. Unfortunately, most of what has been written about Shirley is appallingly misrepresented.

I have heard from reliable sources—most of them not from Hollywood and none of them from inside a studio—that Shirley is spoiled, overworked, overpaid, a genius, and a midget. Some tell me that Shirley lives in a guarded palace. From others I hear that she still lives in the house where she was born. Some say that her parents are living riotously on the money she has made. Then again, from someone in Alaska, I learn that the Temples have saved every cent that Shirley ever made.

I'd like to tell you, as well as I can, all that I know about Shirley and I am fortunately in a





ROBERT TAYLOR got himself into a mood the other day. Life, he felt, was getting too full of cameras and executives and Duesenbergs and svelte sirens. He longed, suddenly, for the good old days when he was Spangler Arlington Brough and worried about whether he had time enough to cram for an exam out at Pomona College.

On impulse he jumped into his car and headed for the sleepy little California town. He felt ordinary and democratic as all heck, so much so that he picked up a hitchhiker on the way.

"Just call me Arlington," he told the awed man.

At Pomona he left his car and went wandering onto the campus, vaguely determined to hunt up some of his old friends and chat with them.

A co-ed saw him and there was immediately a minor riot. He bought a cup of coffee in the local cafe, but wasn't

allowed to drink it. He spent an entire hour autographing notebooks and term theses. The dean and several professors cornered him and had a group picture taken in the school library. Crowds of girls surrounded him, making remarks.

So after awhile Spangler got somehow into his new Packard phaeton, mopped his forehead, and headed once more for sophisticated but considerate Hollywood. He picked up no hitchhikers on the way back.

THE bravest man in Hollywood—or maybe in America—today is George Cukor, ace director, who is uninterested in leaving well enough alone.

To the porte cocher of his home the other noontime drove a closed limousine. From it Garbo stepped, rang the bell, entered.

Another sleek car came purring to the

entrance; and from it Tilly Losch (Metro's newest excitement) undulated, and went into the house.

Finally a station wagon roared up, Katharine Hepburn barged lankily in.

Mr. Cukor introduced them in the hall. The world's greatest enigma, American's greatest a to b gamut-runner, and Hollywood's most exciting siren shook hands with a general freezing air of bewilderment, and went icily in to lunch. What happened during that momentous meal only the four and a servant know.

Anyway we'll bet you George Cukor is still chuckling quietly under his eyebrows.

WE nominate for the best gag-puller in the town of Hollywood—Mr. Clark Gable. The story told us recently by Joan Crawford wins him the award in nothing flat.



Cal York's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

New Year's Eve! And everybody was out. Opposite page, right to left, top to bottom, Ann Dvorak and her spouse, Leslie Fenton; Natalie Draper and Tom Brown; the Robert Youngs; Anna Sten. In Joan Crawford's party, Betty Furness, Cesar Romero, the George Murphys, Franchot Tone. This page, Frances Langford, Ken Nolan. Below, Erman Pessis, Renee and Raquel Torres, Stephen Ames; Manuel del Campo and Mary Astor





Cal York's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

CONTINUED

It's a well-known fact that Crawford is hipped on the subject of music on the set. Bennett, the chauffeur, spends half his time putting on and taking off records for Joan between scenes. In her collection of Victrola records are some of the finest symphonies and operas.

One day, during a recent picture together, Clark walked over to Joan's Victrola, lifted high the pile of records and screaming, "I'm damned sick and tired of this music," threw them on the floor.

There was one sickening crash as the records broke in a thousand pieces.

Pain, horror, amazement spread over Joan's face as her hand flew to her forehead. "Oh, Clark," was all she could moan while the cast stood about in silence.

Loud, raucous, roaring laughter broke from Clark's lips. And then Joan caught on. He had simply substituted a pile of old discarded records of his own for Joan's costly ones.

"And all day long," Joan said, "every time he looked at me and remembered the expression on my face, he roared with laughter.

"If I live to be ninety I'm afraid I can never top that one." Joan laughed

THE loneliest, most unhappy man in all of Hollywood today is Ramon Navarro.

With plenty of money and leisure to roam the world, Ramon wants to be back in movies and won't be satisfied till he gets there.

"I'll do anything," he told a friend. "I'll start at the bottom, I'll be an extra, anything at all to get in."

THEY call Simone Simon's new dressing room on the set of "Seventh Heaven" the padded cell.

The walls are completely covered in padded blue satin.

A wag, who claims to know, insists the studio made it that way to keep Simone's screaming tantrums a secret from the rest of the cast.

FOR two years Al Jolson, following a strange hunch, has bet on a certain race horse.

Always the nag made a good showing, but somehow managed to tail in out of the money.

It got so finally that Jolson could write the amount of money he had lost on that horse in four figures.

Ruby Keeler solved the problem.

She bought the horse for Al—and they retired it to a pasture!

ROCHELLE HUDSON goes for the men who fly high, wide and handsome. Anyway she's been heartbeating steadily with a flying lieutenant stationed at March field, and is praying nightly that another flying lieutenant, now in

Honolulu, won't find out about the March field lieutenant, who doesn't know about the Honolulu lieutenant. You may have to re-read this five or six times before it makes sense, but the situation's just as involved for Rochelle.

HUGH HERBERT stopped at the studio post office for his fan mail, got his car, and drove (at his usual fifteen miles an hour pace) up into the Verdugo hills. There the car, of its own volition, stopped. Hugh looked at the gas gauge. It registered empty.

Preparatory to getting out and walking to a service station, he felt in his pockets to find how much money he had.

You're right. He didn't have a cent. So, typically, he settled back in the front seat and began to read the large pile of fan mail.

Anything to pass the time away.

In the last letter a fan had enclosed ten cents for a photograph.

Hugh made a bow to Fate, found a telephone, and called his wife.

ONE of the last stories told about Director Boleslawski; an assistant director took Boleslawski's absence from the set as an opportunity to be officious.

"Now let's get this next scene right," he screamed at the extras. "Get some pep into it. Let's show that Russian blankety blank what we can do."

There came a light tap on his shoulder.

The assistant director whirled around. It was Boleslawski.

"Polish blankety blank," Bolly corrected him.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]



More New Year celebrants, (opposite page) Jack Benny, Babe Marx, Mrs. Benny; Charles Winninger and Joe Penner. (This page) Simone Simon, that firebrand, with William Wyler; Janice Jarrett, Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck (her divorce is final now!) Cary Grant greeting Dodo, the cigarette girl—pretty? Ralph, the headwaiter at the Troc, seats the John Barrymores. (They had their big fight that night;) (at the right) David Hirl with Claire Trevor



Hollywood



*Yachting, the newest movie vogue,
seas and million dollar laughs*

CAN you distinguish between a yawl and a ketch; between a sloop and a bugeye? Can you box the compass, or trim a jib; can you lay a course, coil a painter or reef the mainsail?

If you can't, steer clear of Hollywood, for Hollywood, with the dramatic flourish peculiarly its own, has gone nautical. And nutty.

Hollywood has always been susceptible to fads, but never within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, has there been a fad that caught like this current craze for boats.

There was a shameful era of ignorance when Hollywood thought of the ocean as a mere photographic background for Mack Sennett's Bathing Girls. In those remote days, you could give us a foaming surf, a towering rock and an eyefull of Gloria Swanson, or Phyllis Haver, or Marie Prevost, clad in a little something before and a little less behind, and you could keep the rest of the Pacific. But now Hollywood wants the entire ocean for its week-end cruises. But what goes on is, in its own way, as funny as those Sennett comedies

CONSIDER, for instance, the memorable cruise of that sterling mariner, Warren William, who on a recent Friday afternoon, sallied forth from Los Angeles Harbor in his trim little schooner and laid a course for Ensenada, Mexico, some two hundred miles south. The combination of a blustery southwest wind and a high sea made it an afternoon to challenge the virility of any yachtsman, but never a whit cared

Buck Jones (top) is a fine sailor but read what he does to the Coast Guard; the two silliest salts in all Hollywood are those pals, Bill Powell and Dick Barthelmess; the author of this story; Lee Tracy; and Bill French (bottom) had a goofy adventure



all at Sea



means golden sails, emerald

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

Warren or his guests. Virility? Why, anyone in Hollywood can tell you that no one is more virile than an actor who has taken up yachting.

About twenty miles south of Los Angeles Harbor, with all the sails spread and dusk falling, Warren turned the wheel over to one of his guests and clambored out into the martingale guys, under the bowsprit, to reef the jib. And while he was there, hanging on for dear life, the schooner fell off into the trough of the sea, and he received a thorough ducking, which is carrying virility a bit too far.

"Bring her up into the wind!" shouted Warren, clinging to nautical phraseology as desperately as he was to the bowsprit.

"Aye, aye, sir!" answered the wheelsman pro tem, who may have been a few sheets in the wind himself by then. And with that, he spun the wheel over so enthusiastically that he brought the boat completely about, and dumped his host most thoroughly.

Well, Warren, spitting salt water and invectives, went below to change his sodden clothes and when he came back on deck, what with the conviviality and the darkness, he completely forgot the change in course.

Taking turns at the wheel, he and his pals sailed all night and at dawn found themselves within sight of port.

"It's a record trip!" announced Warren with justifiable pride.

"But that doesn't look like Ensenada," objected one of the guests.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

Warren William learned, unwillingly, how to sail rapidly—and get nowhere. Below and across the top of the pages, Hollywood's favorite yachts riding peacefully at anchor near San Pedro. The beauty (first right) is Lewis Stone's pride and joy



A strange triangle of young romance, unrequited affection and possible heartbreak—involving a famous male star and two of your favorite actresses

By FRANK SMALL

SOMETIMES, when things are dull, the crazy Fates toss all their carefully constructed patterns into the air and let them fall willy-nilly, cackling gleefully the while.

That happened in Hollywood not long ago.

The patterns belonged to Jimmy Stewart, Virginia Bruce and Eleanor Powell.

This is a story of young romance and unrequited love and maybe of heartbreak. It concerns two very beautiful and famous young women, and one very appealing and famous young man; some of them in love and all of them a little unhappy on account of it. The outcome depends on their hearts and on their intelligent facing of a situation that has arisen through no fault of anybody's.

The blame, maybe, can be laid to the incredibly beautiful background for romance that California flaunts in the faces of young lovers; or to the pace of the gay, glamorous movie city; or to impulsive youth. Anyway—



THREE CORNERED LOVE

A woman and a man sat over lunch in a smart Hollywood restaurant the other day. Jimmy Stewart and Virginia Bruce came in and were shown to a nearby table.

The woman (she is well-known, she is not a gossip. She scorns to insinuate, she knows everyone and what they do and how they think) said, "Aren't they nice together?"

"Mmm," the man said. "D'you think they'll be married this year?"

"They'll never be married."

The man grinned. "You mean he's not in love with her?"

"Don't be ridiculous," said the woman. "Look at him—does he *look* as if he didn't care for her? I know he does. As a matter of fact, he's told me so often enough."

"Well then—"

"It takes two, you know. She's mad for him," added the

woman in the extravagant Hollywood wordage; "she adores him. But—she's not in love with him. Eleanor Powell is."

There was a long silence. The man, his luncheon forgotten, frowned in his attempt to understand the setup. "You mean Eleanor's crazy for Jimmy, and Jimmy likes her but is crazy for Virginia? Then—then what about Bruce? Whom does she love?"

The woman shrugged. "That's whatever you want to think. Some people will tell you it's a young artist she knows and is very mysterious about. I doubt that. She's told some of her friends that the memory of Jack Gilbert holds too much for her; that after a man so colorful, so insanely interesting, she's having a hard time discovering a substitute."

At which point I got up from the next table and wandered hazily forth into the sunshine, pondering deeply. The situation, expounded so brutally by the woman in the cafe, represented a story decorated with young emotions and poignant hope

JIMMY first met gorgeous Virginia Bruce, accepted by most of Hollywood as the most beautiful girl in the industry, at the now famous bachelor establishment he shared for so long with Henry Fonda.

They had just arrived from New York, these latter two clutching a batch of new picture contracts that meant for them a promise of prosperity and fame and success. The housing problem they settled by leasing a rambling, secluded Monterey farm house (with sixty by one-hundred-foot farm attached) and dividing it up into two suites.

Hank had just been divorced from Margaret Sullavan and Jimmy was unattached anyway; so the next problem was the eternal one of girls. This was resolved by sending for a caterer and bar equipment, wrangling an introduction to most of the single, good-looking actresses in town, and inviting them all (with escorts) to dinner.

One of these was Virginia

Jimmy and Hank discovered her simultaneously, with delight. After dinner the party gathered in the playroom, with its built-in bar and its billiard table and its phonograph; record-enthusiast Jimmy Stewart found almost immediately that Virginia liked records, too.

Mr. Fonda immediately developed an intense, if brand new, interest in the little wax discs.

Squatting on the floor the three shuttled through the balanced tower of music and chose, with some haggling and no little argument about precedence, the tunes to be played for the assembled guests. Swing had just been ushered into its own on the winged notes of that brain-teasing thing called "The Music Goes 'Round," and the first part of this evening became a jam session, with Louis Prima and Benny Goodman crashing forth from the loud speaker. As the night wore on the flavor of the music changed subtly, so that jazz was exchanged for blue-sweet melody and high laughter for murmuring.

At some time during the party, Jimmy, apparently, lost his heart to the lovely Virginia.

From that time the race was on between Hank and Jimmy for her favours. She divided them equally, dancing with Fonda one night and dining with Stewart the next. When they were both insistent she made a date with both, and kept it; this was usually on preview nights, and Hollywood theater goers were amused to see Virginia, sleek and slim and blonde always, trotting under the marquees between two attentive top coats, with two equally attentive hats inclined toward her. Afterward they supped gaily at the smarter clubs and seldom danced, to avoid argument.

Later the threesome was seen less and less. Hank and Virginia appeared occasionally together but more often it was Jimmy who towered beside the slender Bruce girl as she stepped from running board to sidewalk, from table to dance floor

You saw them, sometimes, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]

Virginia Bruce is generally considered Hollywood's most beautiful girl. Eleanor Powell is the most vivid new star. What, and about whom, will debonair Jimmy Stewart decide?





Why

GEORGE RAFT SETTLED THAT CONTRACT FIGHT

WHEN one star walks out on a picture in which, for the first time, he has to share top billing with another star of the same sex, Hollywood has only one explanation of the case: the star wanted to be "it" or he wouldn't play!

That's what all Hollywood thought, nine weeks ago, when George Raft walked out on "Souls at Sea," the picture in which he was to co-star with Gary Cooper. What else could it think? George has a reputation for being a tough customer where parts and pictures are concerned, and he let it be known in no uncertain terms that his part in "Souls at Sea" was not to his liking. His belligerence was further interpreted as professional jealousy.

For six weeks George's hat was off the Paramount hook. It looked, for a while, that it might hang over at Sam Goldwyn's. Goldwyn wanted him for the lead in "Dead End," the play which made such a hit in New York this last year. He also talked business with Twentieth Century-Fox. In the meantime Paramount was what is known as "up a limb." There had been a great deal of advance publicity about "Souls at Sea," and its new co-starring team, and there was no one suitable, at the last minute, to take Raft's part. Then suddenly one afternoon George strolled in at Paramount, hat turned down, collar turned up, debonair and as sleek and menacing as one of his early screen characters.

Two hours later a new contract had been ironed out. It

The inside story of an amazing friendship that had its influence on Hollywood history

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

guaranteed him a raise of \$500 a week—from \$4,000 to \$4,500—and it was a fifty-two-week a year contract rather than the usual forty-week one. It promised him a rewrite of his part. It allowed him to go to Sam Goldwyn for the "Dead End" picture which he wanted to do. And it paid him \$24,000 back salary for the time he had been out! What a triumph for Raft!

And as though to point up his victory, on the afternoon that he returned to resume his rôle, he stood in the doorway of his dressing room which is directly opposite Gary Cooper's, and indifferently flipped a coin, as half of Paramount passed by.

Hollywood had never heard of a turnabout like this. Bad boy walks out . . . bad boy is begged back, at all on his own terms! "That Raft fellow is sure tough!" was the verdict around town.

Tough he is, on the surface, and as far as front-office matters are concerned . . . but that pose, that coin-flipping, that belligerence and battling for more salary, more weeks, more opportunity—that has nothing to do with the real George Raft. As he stood there in the doorway of his citadel, only those who know him well, could see him as he really was . . . worn and haggard, and thinner than he had been six weeks before.

But it was not the fight he had waged in the executive offices that had unnerved him. The thing that threw him off was purely sentimental. But [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]



No one can touch the gorgeous Crawford for consistent glamour. Perhaps it's because Joan continues to grow, mentally, and dramatically. Her newest enthusiasm

is music, and when she isn't running her home, playing the title rôle in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," or improving her badminton, she is learning operatic rôles



A Star is Born

Janet Gaynor's present personality (here): Janet's past, by ten whole years at the foot of the opposite page; Janet's reincarnation in the rôle of Diane in "Seventh Heaven" and in the person of Simone Simon at upper right. Amusingly enough, Janet plays a movie struck kid in "A Star Is Born" with Freddie March, just what she was when she made "Seventh Heaven"





Seventh heaven

Little Simone Simon, Janet's successor, is now in the language. You may like her or not (most people adore her), but certainly she's been put across with the smartest publicity and the cutest pout seen in many a day. That's Jimmy Stewart she's entwined around, the debonair Jimmy, playing the rôle of Chico "a very remarkable fellow" which Charlie Farrell originated in 1927



Here is Tilly Losch—M-G-M's newest star to be, in costume as Lotus, the second wife in "The Good Earth." The fascinating danseuse of the Vienna Opera, who

made her screen debut in "A Garden of Allah," is expected to be another Garbo. Well she may, with her most exotic personality and a perfect figure besides



Four years ago she was a Broadway musical star named Harriette Lake. Today she is Ann Sothern—and Mrs. Roger Pryor—one of the screen's most gifted comedi-

ennes. She is an expert pianist, loves to be interviewed, detests bridge, has to diet, raises canaries. RKO has Ann under contract. Her next is "When's Your Birthday?"

It's almost unbelievable that anyone could be as beautiful as Madeleine Carroll. Her girlhood ambition was to be a nun. A former schoolteacher, a star hockey player, a French scholar, she adores gardening, is superstitious about the number 26, prefers soup to anything, likes tennis, is wed to a wealthy Guard's officer who commutes from England to see her. In her new picture "On the Avenue" with Dick Powell, Madeleine will sing, and dance too



"Pennies From Heaven," Bing Crosby's latest, netted him a pretty penny too, for Bing put his own money behind it. It's a smash hit and enhances Mr. Crosby's reputation for being as shrewd as he's talented. The Groaner (pal Oakie's nickname for him) is slimmer these days. No wonder, what with playing golf daily (he's one of the best), backing his own horses at Santa Anita, buying an interest in a prize fighter, and making "Waikiki Wedding"





Young Love

HOLLYWOOD STYLE

Concerning the gay, modern marriage of Ann Sheridan and Ed Norris

By HART SEYMORE

THE Russians claim you can't write a love story without some tragedy in it. If it isn't sad then it isn't a very good story anyhow, is what they always say. But they might be wrong because —

All I've got is the story of a young, very charming, very lovely girl who cheated Hollywood and life out of heartbreak, and found success and love there in spite of everything; a girl named Ann Sheridan, who laughs at herself and with you, who in a short year and a half has reached stellar rating in pictures, who last summer met and married the man she loves. She is utterly, completely happy, and she stands every chance in the world of staying that way.

It just doesn't happen, people say in 1937 and in Hollywood. But this did.

I saw them first—Ann and Ed Norris, one of Metro's new white-hopes—at the Los Angeles County Fair in Pomona, on a blistering hot day last summer. Coat over his arm, shirt-sleeves rolled up, he ducked under the flap of a sideshow tent and held the flap open so that Ann could come out.

The show was a cheap burlesque, disarmingly frank, in which some three or four corn-fed beauties flapped unconcernedly through a disjointed dance and afterward went through the male audience to the back of the tent. They were coyly wrapped in cloaks, faces impassive, eyes harshly

alert. As Ann emerged from this pretty little display there was no school-girl blush on her face, nor yet the cynically amused half-smile of the wom-

an who knows many things and likes none of them.

She was frankly hilarious. "The one with the red hair," she snorted happily to Ed, "really had you going, didn't she?"

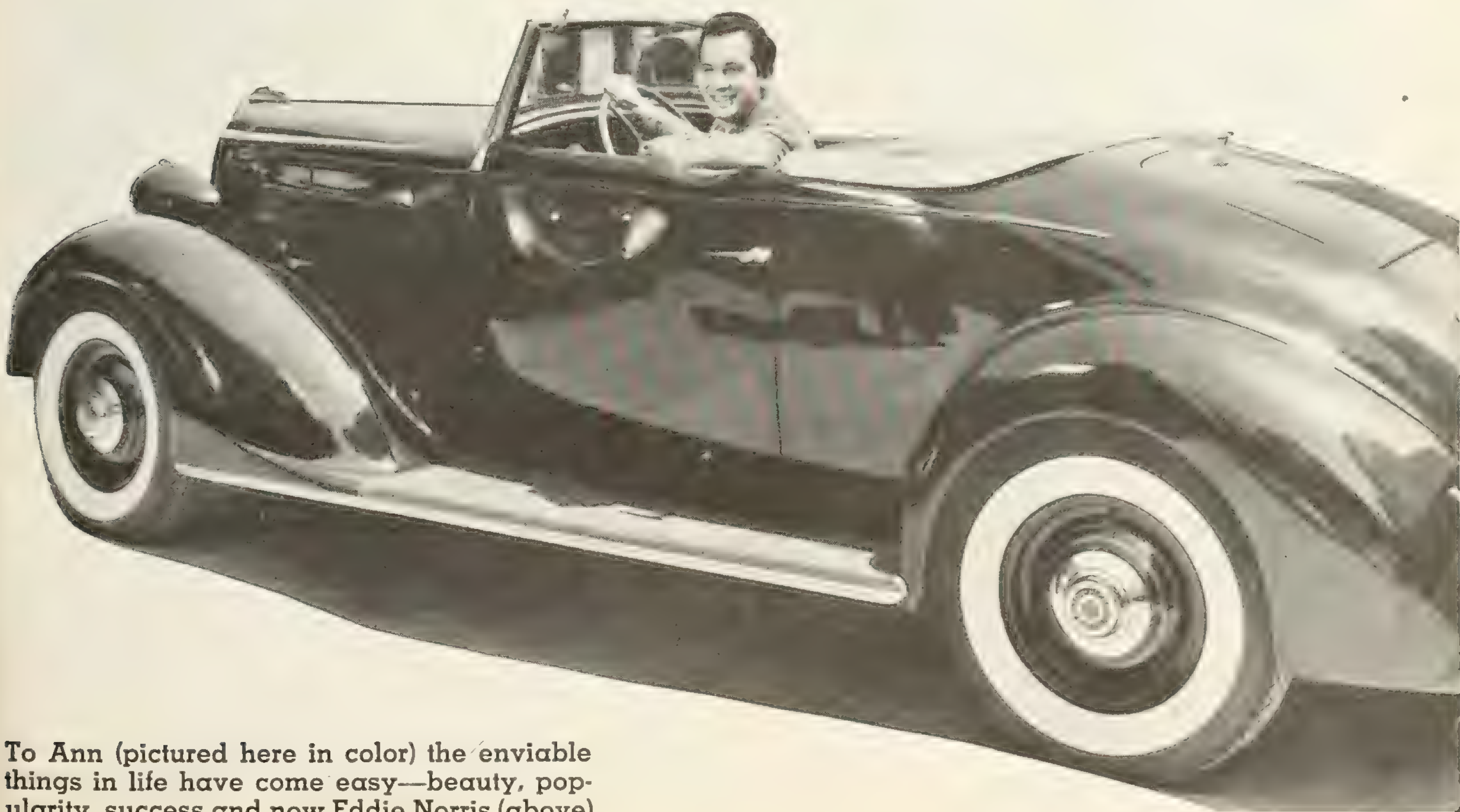
He didn't protest too much. "Mmm," he agreed. "She was a honey." He looked at Ann's own red hair, a shade unaided by packs and artifice, and grinned. "Let's go play the ponies," he said.

THEY met on a clean spring forenoon, after the last rain of the season.

Ann had rooms in an apartment house with one of those pretentious names apartment houses in California affect; this one was called the Canterbury, and looked it. She sat buffering her nails before the dressing table, preparatory to a shopping tour.

Today the constantly recurring thought of how impossible her current situation was returned again, stronger than ever. "It's too good," she thought. "Things like this don't happen to people like me."

She's only twenty one. She was born in Dallas, Texas, to Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Sheridan; and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



To Ann (pictured here in color) the enviable things in life have come easy—beauty, popularity, success and now Eddie Norris (above)



ILLUSTRATION BY PHIL BERRY

hollywood honeymoon

By FOSTER COLLINS

SYNOPSIS

Don Roberts, handsome young producer for Climax Films, took his crippled son, Lee, to New York, after his actress wife, Nina, had deserted him supposedly for another man, Gilbert Ross. The lovely young nurse, Kay Stevens, whom he hired to care for Lee, completely won the child's heart and made more progress with him than any doctor had. Don developed a severe cold which turned into pneumonia, and when, on his deathbed, he implored Kay to marry him so that she could always look after Lee, she consented to do so. A few hours after they were married she entered the sick room to find that Don had passed the crisis and was going to pull through. The story continues—

They turned suddenly and saw her husband watching them. "My apologies," Gilbert said suavely. "Circumstances beyond my control."

DON'S recovery was rapid after that. A week later, he sat at a window and watched the pale glints of wintry sunshine sparkling on the snow in Central Park. He was painfully gaunt, but sound. At the end of the second week his nurse left and he was able to walk around. Kay had assisted the nurse in his care. She felt a growing fascination, an unreasonable interest for this stranger who was her husband. Nothing had been said about the marriage. Both seemed to avoid the subject by some unvoiced agreement.

Under her care Lee was improving in health and spirits, and she had begun the task of daily lessons in elementary subjects. They were all couched in the terms of games, and Lee liked them.

"He can't grow up ignorant and undisciplined," Don approved, heartily, to Kay one night, "even if he does—remain a cripple. You're certainly working wonders with him, Kay."

They sat in the living room of the hotel suite. Lee was asleep, his red bandana tied around his fair, delicate head. Some morbid potency held Kay's eyes to Don's thin face. The thought persisted in marching constantly across her brain: "Your husband—this is your husband!" It seemed incredible; then the actuality, the finality of the fact, like the sense of death in life, appalled her.

She said: "I agree with Doctor Hess—I think the child has been tortured enough. It's a matter of muscles, almost atrophied from disuse. Surgery can't do much more. Perhaps incentive, the will to walk, will help him. The lessons help to interest him."

He nodded. His tired, brilliant eyes took in the trim severity of her uniform, which served to emphasize her youth, her cool, professional serenity. A face untouched, as yet, by the eternal war of the sexes. "I hope you're right," he said. "I don't believe I could stand any more surgery for Lee. I think I'd rather see him—"

"Please!" she interrupted swiftly. "Don't say it!"

He turned his eyes away and looked out of the window. Silence fell between them, portentously impregnated with one looming, unspoken subject. Kay sat stiffly on the edge of her chair and wondered what people did in situations like this. She felt restive. They would have to talk about it, sooner or later. The four walls of the quiet room proclaimed a certain intimacy. Don's face, unguarded, had a curious sadness. Was she supposed to broach the subject? They had broken bread and salt at dinner together; the hour, the room aggressively informed them that they were man and wife. The minutes ticked on and the atmosphere became charged with embarrassments.

Don said, looking at her flustered loveliness: "Kay—I suppose you're wondering what we're to do about our marriage?"

"I thought," she nodded, a little breathlessly, "that now—there being no further need—an annulment, perhaps—"

He avoided meeting her eyes and a frown came to his forehead. "I've been so damned lonely, Kay," he said, brusquely. "Why can't we go on? Isn't it the most sensible thing to do, under the circumstances? The press, the world, knows now that we're married. We needn't tell them all the circumstances, need we? Lee needs you tremendously. You know that. An annulment now would add to my many other embarrassments, gain us both a lot of unsavory publicity—speculation—innuendoes—"

"You—mean," she said, in abrupt, nervous challenge, "carry on this fantastic thing—and stay married?"

"I mean," he told her, "that it might suit all our particular needs. Lee needs you—therefore, I do, too. No one else can do with him what you've done. Your position, as my wife,

would carry some advantages perhaps. You'd never want for anything, and if any time in the future you cared sufficiently about someone to—well, we could arrange that then, couldn't we? Who knows—maybe, later—we'd both care to carry on. Meanwhile, I assure you, I'd never trespass on my husbandly rights. I know it's a curious—perhaps a selfish thing to ask of a young girl—but, my dear, we *are* married! I'll ask nothing from you except your guidance for Lee. In return you can live your own life, you'll have an assured position in Hollywood; and I'll make some adequate provision for you—"

SHE rose suddenly, her eyes searching his face. "I'm afraid," she said, stiffly, "I couldn't—do that. The advantages would mean nothing to me. It's true that I love Lee. If anything could influence me, it would be that; but, I chose my work because I love it. I'd like to go on with it—"

"You would be," he urged, instantly. "Who needs you more than Lee? The child's whole heart is wrapped up in you, Kay! He'd sink back into apathy without you. Please think it over."

"I'm sorry, but I couldn't do that," she said, and walked from the room. Her bed was in Lee's room. She watched the sleeping child for a few minutes, her serious young eyes flooded with dilemma.

The hours, it seemed to her, dragged slowly that night. Toward morning she fell into a restless sleep, peopled by disturbing dreams.

It was Lee, the next morning, who decided her. After his breakfast he fixed troubled eyes upon her and asked: "Will I have to go to the hospital again, Kay? I don't want to go. They do things that make you sick and hurt—"

"I should say you will not go!" she told him. "Not while I'm here!"

"Then—why did the doctor come? Dr. Cross—that's the one we have at home—he said I'd have to go if I wanted to walk—"

"You'll walk without that," she told him. "Any one who wears the red badge of courage can make his old legs work, I'll bet! And we'll never surrender, will we Lee?"

"No," he agreed, vigorously, shaking his tousled head. "Not us, Kay! When we go home, we'll play pirate out in the garden, huh? There's grass and flowers and birds—and sometimes, there's butterflies! And Pop comes out to read his book. And there's no snow."

A troubled shadow crossed her face. "Would—you be very disappointed, Lee, if I didn't go back with you?" she asked.

He stared at her, unbelievably. This horrible contingency had never occurred to him. His eyes were piteous with sudden tears, his mouth puckered and trembled.

"Lee! Darling!" cried Kay; and it seemed to Lee that she was suddenly frightened, for she took him in her arms and started to cry; and then he saw that Pop was standing in the doorway; and Pop said:

"Here! What's all this, old man? Are you making Kay cry?"

So he explained to Pop, who listened gravely and looked at Kay. And Kay wiped her eyes and shook hands with Pop, but they did not say anything. Grownups, he knew, had queer ways and were funny; but he wanted to know what Kay meant, so he said:

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

*An unkissed wife, new to the movie world's
glamour, what could her husband expect
when she met the screen's greatest lover?*

They're off -



Not the actors—the horses! But race days are star days too. Top left, Gail Patrick and her new husband, Robert Cobb, manager of the Brown Derby. And there, top right, is Al Jolson, Ruby Keeler, and their boss, Jack Warner

Among the horsey followers were Edmund Lowe and his wife, left, Betty (mad hatter) Furness getting a hot tip from handsome Allan Lane and Spencer Tracy and his wife. The Santa Anita routine is—you leave Hollywood about noon, have lunch, at the track (good too) and, if you are lucky and win, you buy drinks for your party

Blonde Anita Page (remember her?) strolls in with Busby Berkeley, Warners' dance director. George Raft is as interested in horses as prize fights, and of course he's with lovely Virginia Pine. The young idea is represented too in the persons of Mickey Rooney and Jackie Searle

Below left, Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald. Joe E. Brown gives Bing Crosby the horse laugh—Joe owns a string of ponies too



at Santa Anita!



THE ROMANTIC STORY OF

Luise Rainer's

SURPRISE MARRIAGE

AND so Luise Rainer and Clifford Odets were married—on Friday, January 8th, at her home in Brentwood. Married very quietly, as befits their sort of people—and what a tale hangs thereby!

When Luise Rainer, 25, actress, and Clifford Odets, 30, playwright, stepped up shyly to the Municipal Cupid of Los Angeles and asked legal permission to become man and wife, Hollywood, town of strange loves and losses, was treated to the happy consummation of a romance strange even to that moonstruck village which breakfasts on The Tender Passion, lunches on Crushes-and-Cream and then dines on Amour-with-Mushrooms!

For most of the movie colony's love affairs are played to the sweet or bitter end in the full glare of that great Klieg light called The Sun. Thousands of popping eyes see Love's coy beginning, note its palpitating progress at Malibu and the night-dens, and then watch the young folks jig up to the license bureau in swingtime—aided by a regiment of press agents, reporters, shutter-snappers and the general public.

How different—how shatteringly strange and unorthodox!—was the joining of the meltingly lovely little Viennese star and the young radical-minded actor who had turned playwright-with-a-message!

It began in the solitude surrounding two lonely and pretty unhappy young people, it progressed and flowered without benefit of studio hullabaloo, and it reached its orange-blossomed finale without a single brass band in sight! And withal, it is one of the loveliest and most truly romantic unions that Screen-town has ever known! The very fact that the thing did not follow the Hollywood rule book

in a single particular only gives it added charm and loveliness.

It began in loneliness and a strange sort of unhappiness—it came to flower in a joint resolution by the two high contracting parties to make happiness for two out of maladjustment, loneliness, frustration and loss. And let's put the highlight and the microscope on these two slightly strange young people who have decided to live it out together to the end. Only by studying them can we really know how the chemical explosion called love brought them to the man at the license wicket to ask for the document!

What manner of girl was, and is, the luscious Luise from Austria? She came to Hollywood as she might to Mars—a highly intellectual young actress who had been plucked from a highbrow Pirandello play by a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talent scout on the prowl in Europe. She arrived without English, or the most shadowy notion as to what would go when she arrived in that fabulous place where beautiful people get rich making faces at a camera. She'd never even been in a movie in the old country!

Moreover, she arrived in screenland with a trunk full of misery. She had left a dead love in Europe—a man, she hints only to intimates, high in the world of state. She was mourning him as she faced a strange new land. She possessed that strange dewy type of dark beauty which, when touched with sadness, is apt to break the heart even of a traffic cop. And she was so lonely!

And what of this Clifford Odets, the clever young playwright with the glasses, the slightly professorial look?

He, too, was toting a cross when he came to Hollywood.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

By LEONARD HALL

She was a beautiful star and he a brilliant playwright, yet they both knew bitter loneliness until love came along to unite them





★ ONE IN A MILLION—20th Century-Fox

A NEW star arises! Sonja Henie, ice-skating champion, glides onto a movie screen and with her charm, grace and skill, proves a sensation. Around her is built a corking story of an American show troupe adventuring in Europe. Adolphe Menjou, blustering manager, leads his frost bitten band of entertainers to a Swiss inn, managed by Jean Hersholt and daughter, Sonja Henie. Watching Sonja ice skate, Menjou is seized with a sizable idea: an elaborate ice-skating floor show. His idea almost costs Sonja her chance at the Olympic games but newspaper reporter Don Ameche saves the day and Sonja skates to glory. Arline Judge, as Menjou's wisecracking wife, delivers her saucy lines with plenty of snap. The Ritz Brothers prove an adventure in insanity and create one howl after another. The settings are novel, the songs pleasurable and tuneful, the skating of Henie a triumph.



★ GREEN LIGHT—Warners

ROBED in the white garb of a surgeon, dashing Errol Flynn is the hero of Lloyd C. Douglas' dramatic novel "Green Light" and gains fresh acting laurels.

The story concerns a young doctor who assumes the death blame in an unfortunate operation performed by his teacher Henry O'Neill. Devoted nurse, Margaret Lindsay, and bacteriologist, Walter Abel, object to his sacrifice, but Flynn seeks a bolstering faith in preacher Sir Cedric Hardwicke and in romance with Anita Louise, daughter of the deceased patient. When the girl discovers his true identity Errol flees to a mountain cabin where Abel is searching for a cure for spotted fever. Flynn discovers a serum which he tests upon himself with dramatic results. Overtalkative in spots the excellence of this picture is found in superior performances of an entire cast beautifully photographed.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



★ MAID OF SALEM—Paramount

If you possess an inherent hatred of bigotry and superstition, you will develop chronic spleen trouble after seeing this. It offers the most resounding diatribe against the abysmal ignorance of our puritan forefathers ever screened.

Laid in the tiny Massachusetts Bay hamlet of Salem, where once in truth the straightlaced villagers persecuted the innocent women they accused of witchcraft, the story rushes headlong into tense situations. Superbly directed and produced, it intrudes into the bleak existence of a young maiden, Claudette Colbert, the overwhelming events which accompany a townspeople gone berserk. She has vague longings for romance and laughter and finds them in the person of cavalier Fred MacMurray, fugitive rebel. Meanwhile little Bonita Granville, daughter of the town elder, in order to make herself important and to repay a grudge, claims she is bewitched and accuses a slave. Thus begins a conflagration which embroils everyone and causes the hanging of fifteen women. While MacMurray is away arranging for their mutual escape, sympathetic Claudette tries to protect a friend and is herself accused. The crescendo finale is at once a climax to love and a bitter lesson in the futility of repentance. Colbert has never done finer work. MacMurray is as dashing and charming as always and Bonita Granville is superbly hateful.

There is not a single performance that isn't noteworthy.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

THE GOOD EARTH	ONE IN A MILLION
MAID OF SALEM	THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS
BLACK LEGION	QUALITY STREET
GREEN LIGHT	STOWAWAY
THE HOLY TERROR	

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Luise Rainer in "The Good Earth"
 Paul Muni in "The Good Earth"
 Claudette Colbert in "Maid of Salem"
 Fred MacMurray in "Maid of Salem"
 Humphrey Bogart in "Black Legion"
 Errol Flynn in "Green Light"
 Sonja Henie in "One in a Million"
 Barbara Stanwyck in "The Plough and the Stars"
 Preston Foster in "The Plough and the Stars"
 Barry Fitzgerald in "The Plough and the Stars"
 Katharine Hepburn in "Quality Street"
 Franchot Tone in "Quality Street"

(Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on Page 115)



★ **BLACK LEGION**—Warner Bros.

WITH gripping, brooding intensity this story, exposing the horrors of secret societies bent on taking the government in their own hands, builds with terrifying calm to a smashing finish. Humphrey Bogart, a machine shop worker, is bitter over losing a promotion to a foreigner. Joining the Black Legion society, he aids in running the foreigner out of town. Caught in the turmoil of increasing terror by the legion, he is unable to extricate himself and his career is short and horrifyingly swift. His suffering and final confession in the court room is a stirring portrait of suppressed emotions.

The playing of Erin O'Brien-Moore is also a gem of under-acting. Dick Foran, as Bogart's friend, advances several steps as an actor of merit. Ann Sheridan, Robert Barrat, Helen Flint compose a splendid cast. Here is a picture that holds and grips by the very authenticity and boldness of story. Don't miss it.



★ **QUALITY STREET**—RKO-Radio

OLD maids and interfering neighbors live on this fashionable gossip street created by Sir James Barrie and brought to life by a perfect cast with Katharine Hepburn in the dual rôles of *Phoebe* and *Libby*. Franchot Tone is her lover.

This is Hepburn's best picture since "Little Women." She plays the difficult and diverse rôles superbly. Franchot Tone portrays the dashing young *Dr. Brown* who goes to war, and, returning in ten years falls in love with the real *Phoebe*, and not her mythical niece, *Libby*.

The handsome captain who had expected *Phoebe* to be the same gay school girl fails at first to recognize her in the old maid school teacher—she had apparently lost her beauty as well as her money. So, in defiance, the thirty year old spinster transforms herself into *Libby*, outwardly the image of her former self in curls and ruffles, inwardly a mischievous heartless coquette with whom everyone falls in love including *Captain Brown* who eventually penetrates the disguise.

You'll love the amusing situations that follow and the sparkling lines of this whimsical story.

Fay Bainter is remarkably well cast as *Phoebe's* spinster sister, the resigned but sympathetic *Susan*. Eric Blore as the sergeant and Cora Witherspoon who plays the cook are excellent, and so are the old maid *Willoughbys*. It is an exquisitely produced picture.



★ **THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS**—RKO-Radio

DON'T attempt to compare this with Director John Ford's previous masterpiece, "The Informer," because if you do you'll be disappointed. However this new portrait of a people strife-torn and emotionally unkempt is a brilliant one. Told very simply, the story is that of Preston Foster, a Dubliner, and of his wife, Barbara Stanwyck, during the 1916 Rebellion. Foster, in his best rôle to date, plays the soldier who vacillates between duty and love for Barbara, who cares little for the Cause and tries to make him stay at home. Both give intelligent, compelling portrayals—but the most exciting performances are those of Barry Fitzgerald, Abbey Theater import, in his rôle of the drunken *Fluther*; of Una O'Conner as the alcoholic mother of little Bonita Granville; and of the photographer, Joseph August, whose lighting and camera work are inspired.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T



☆
**THE HOLY
TERROR—**
20th-Century-
Fox



☆
STOWAWAY
—20th
Century-Fox

WHEN Jane Withers sets out to be the meddlesome harum-scarum of a naval air base the result is merry entertainment indeed. Anthony Martin and Leah Ray sing tuneful ditties, while Joe Lewis and Joan Davis clown friskily. John Eldridge and El Brendel help make this the best Jane Withers picture in a blue moon. Jane is splendid.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE fans will delight in the improved story and increased entertainment value of her new picture. A tendency to overact does not prevent Shirley from capturing all honors in this modern tale of an orphan, raised in China, who plays cupid for wealthy Robert Young and Alice Faye. Arthur Treacher, Eugene Pallette and Allan Lane are good.



**UNDER
COVER OF
NIGHT—**
M-G-M



**JOIN THE
MARINES—**
Republic

DEEPER and darker grow the murder mysteries with college professors going in for wholesale killings in this gory little epic. Detective Edmund Lowe proves his ability by trapping the real killer and saving the life of his sweetheart Florence Rice. Henry Daniell, Dean Jagger, Nat Pendleton supporting cast. A first class blood curdler.

THIS fast little comedy about marines in the South Seas has many laughs and surprise story twists. Paul Kelly, as an athlete who joins the marines only to fall in love with soldier hating June Travis, is outstanding. With his buddy Warren Hymer, Paul works hard to become a Lieutenant so he can quit service for a satisfactory climax.



**WOMAN
WISE—20th
Century-Fox**



**OFF TO THE
RACES—20th
Century-Fox**

DONE without inspiration, this unexceptional story of a sports editor who fights a promoter's racket and simultaneously attempts reform is only fair entertainment. Michael Whalen is miscast as the editor. Rochelle Hudson tries, as the girl he hires, to effect a change in Thomas Beck's life. You'll notice Alan Dinchart.

HERE is another of those Jones Family epics with almost the same cast as always. It's the best one so far. In it Slim Summerville, as lanky vague Uncle George, visits the mad clan and enters his horse Jerry in a trotting race. There is much suspense, with Russell Gleason courting the fair Bonny and Spring Byington excelling.

HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES



PENROD AND SAM—
Warners



MELODY FOR TWO—
Warners

THIS will have every youngster in America biting his nails during the Saturday matinee. Starring little Billy Mauch as the indefatigable *Penrod*, it follows the younger generation in a playtime war on crime. A little too honor bright for comfort. Billy is convincingly boyish. Spring Byington is amusing as *Mrs. Scofield*, Craig Reynolds leers as the menace.

CONSCIENTIOUS acting by a satisfactory cast including James Melton, Patricia Ellis, Craig Reynolds, Marie Wilson, and Fred Keating, fails to brighten this musical. The weak story concerns an orchestra leader who needlessly loses his contract and his girl. The fine comedy work of Marie Wilson and a song by Patricia Ellis "A Flat In Manhattan" satisfy.



MYSTERIOUS CROSSING—
Universal



LAUGHING AT TROUBLE—
20 Century-Fox

THE same old murder mystery about the cheeky reporter who solves the crime all by himself, scorning the aid of the police. You've seen it all before, but its fast-paced suspense and the determined presence of Andy Devine make it a good half of a double bill. James Dunn plays the reporter engagingly; Jean Rogers and John Eldredge fit their rôles nicely.

WHEN Jane Darwell, small town newspaper publisher, sets out to clear Allan Lane, boy friend of her niece, Delma Byron, of an unjust murder charge, she uncovers a scandal involving Sara Haden and Russell Hicks. Definitely a family picture, this unsophisticated offering pleases with its pleasant dialogue and sincere acting.



HOUSE OF SECRETS—
Chesterfield

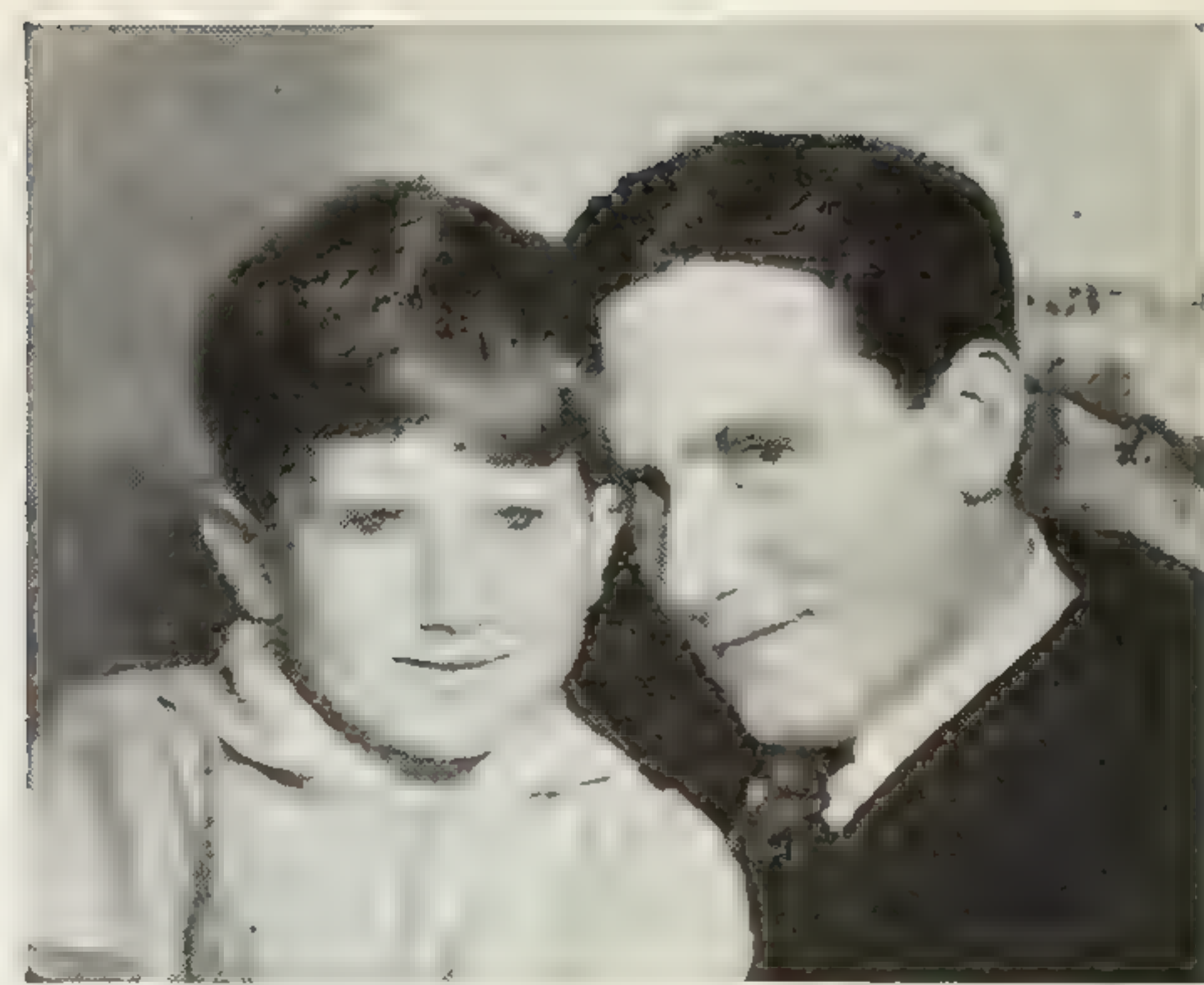


THE WOMAN ALONE—GB

ESLIE FENTON goes to England to take up residence in an estate he has inherited, only to be driven out by mysterious gangsters in this better than usual mystery yarn to come from an independent studio. Muriel Evans is satisfactory as the heart interest with Sidney Blackmer, Noel Madison, Claude King, and Morgan Wallace turning in convincing support.

THIS psychological study of an ignorant man's callousness to human suffering for the sake of money, and the effect, mental and physical, on his wife, is too finely drawn to be exciting. The story concerns the activities of a gang of terrorists in London and involves Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, John Loder and Desmond Tester.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



Above, Johnny, Spence's son whose handicap saddened his life. Left, his little daughter, Louise

THE ADVENTUROUS LIFE OF Spencer Tracy

By HOWARD SHARPE

Continuing the biography of the colorful star. His first job—his first love. He finds tragedy, and meets it like the man he is

WHILE America, and most of the world, jumped up and down and blew on horns on that eleventh day November, 1918, because the Armistice had been signed at last, ex-gobs Pat O'Brien and Spencer Tracy (the Peck's Bad Boy who was no longer bad, and no longer a boy) came morosely home to Milwaukee. At the station they separated.

"I still think," Spencer told Pat, as they shook hands, "that going to New York and crashing the stage is a swell idea."

Pat was too weary of remonstrances and protestations for further argument. He said, "I'll treat you to the best steak in the United States the day I see you on any stage, or me either."

At home, after the first embarrassing sentimentalities of his welcome, Spence called a family conference. "It's about what I'm going to do, now that the war is over," he told them. "I—"

"Now listen," John Tracy interrupted, inexorably. "You're only a kid. I've always said that you'd finish your education and be at least a gentleman before I allowed you to try anything new. And finish school you will!"

The ensuing storm lasted well into the night, to the accompaniment of hard-headed abuse from Spencer, bellowings from his father and tears from Mrs. Tracy, who alternately reproached and assisted both husband and son. In the end it

was a promise of cold cash which won the youngster over. The government had announced a compensation of \$30 a month to all volunteer soldiers who would return to school after the armistice, and John shrewdly offered Spencer control of every penny if he would come to terms.

In 1918, and to an eighteen-year-old boy, \$30 a month was wealth. Spencer had his choice of disobeying his parents and faring forth into a world already overrun with returning soldiers anxious for work, or of going to college and lolling in comfort. He was ambitious, but also sensible. He chose the easier course.

He went to Marquette Academy for a year, and then to famous Northwestern where he was allowed to wear a blue uniform; and finally the dean called him in and made the startling disclosure that somehow, in some manner, Spencer had collected enough credits to be graduated. This was triumph. In the throes of scholastic success he enrolled at Ripon University in Wisconsin, and decided to become a doctor.

He'd been there a few months when the thing happened that changed his entire life and eventually won for him that biggest steak in New York City.

ON this particular sultry summer day Spencer came walking down one of the halls in the Arts and Science Building, intent on getting out of the place as quickly as possible and buying a tall coke at the corner drug store. He'd had a bad morning, under the droning spell of an old professor whose only thought, apparently, was of osmosis and mutations; and when one Professor Boody, head of the English department, chose that moment to call to young Mr. Tracy from the door of his office, Mr. Boody didn't know what he was letting himself in for.

"Sit down, Tracy," said Boody casually, fiddling with a letter opener. "I want to talk to you about your grades in Literature 23B. It must be obvious to you that I can't continue to reconcile—"

"Listen," Spencer broke in, "I'll tell you why my grades have been bad."

And he did, explosively, citing cases and blasting in the process the professional good names of several teachers. When he had quite finished, Boody put down the letter opener and remarked calmly, "You've no place in a pre-medical course. We need you on the debating team! Such invective, such declamatory powers, such effective use of direct argument—it's a species of sin to waste them on convincing your teachers they should pass you when you haven't been to class for days."

Far from attempting satire, the old fellow was absolutely serious. So serious that, against all of Spencer's outraged protests, Mr. Boody transferred him into his own dramatic course the next day.

There Spencer learned what to do with his hands before an audience, what stage fright was and how to ignore it, how to memorize lines and deliver them convincingly. Before silent audiences of college students (the most critical group it is possible to foregather anywhere) he stood and, at first haltingly, later with more confidence, said, "Honorable Judges, Most Worthy Opponents, Ladies and Gentlemen—the question before us tonight is, Resolved: that the United States should have. . . ."

Eventually there was a school play, and a small part in it was unfilled at the last moment, and Boody remembered Spencer. Behind the scenes of the little college theater, while young hands hurried him into costume and extempore make-up, Spence had a momentary qualm of utter terror; then the insidious little bug of grease paint lodged itself in his brain—and from that time on he was lost.

He made an immense success of his

minor rôle. He organized several other plays in school, and played the leads, and came out commercially advanced. When he had saved enough money out of the \$30 a month, for train fare to New York, he cut one day and headed, full of great ambitions, toward the metropolis.

At the American Academy of Dramatic Arts a considerate committee heard his rendition of the Gettysburg Address and remarked that if he would study hard they probably could do something with him. He should begin as soon as possible and the tuition was such-and-such, in advance. Ecstatic, Spencer rushed home and confronted his father.

THIS time there was no orgy of clashing opinions, no involved build-ups, no promises or threats.

"I want to do this more than I have ever wanted to do anything else in my life," he told Mr. Tracy, simply. "And I'm going to do it."

His father smiled. "All right," he said. "I'll pay your tuition, but you'll have to live in New York on your \$30 a month. That won't be easy—"

He stopped. He had meant to explain how difficult it would be to exist on a pittance like that. But Spencer wasn't listening; he was already on his way to his room, to pack.

Young Tracy left Milwaukee and safety for New York and uncertainty, determined to be an actor and startle the world. He had been a problem child, less from neurosis than from a sort of congenital spirit which would not allow him to accept the conventions of a placid family world without argument. He had been a troublesome, bad little boy; a rebellious adolescent. He had fought with everyone who wouldn't run away, he had not only been aware of, but had tried to fulfil, all the useless ideals of his teens.

Now in New York he was no longer so young, nor troublesome. And since the guarding hand of his family no longer signalled Stop to his express desires, there was nothing left to rebel against. He was free, at last. But in escaping discipline he had also left behind him the irreplaceable security of the little room in the old Milwaukee house which had belonged to him for so long.

He was aware of his intense loneliness within an hour after he had walked out of Grand Central Station. Fighting panic, he stopped at a cigar store to buy a package of cigarettes.

A hearty, well-remembered voice shouted, "*Spence!*"

It was Pat O'Brien.

Their reunion was riotous, with much back-pounding and much asking of questions, and later, over lunch, the usual nostalgic remember-when? dialogue—so cementing to renewed friendship.

Pat, it seemed (and this he admitted sheepishly), had somehow managed to get into a school play too, at Marquette. After that the course to follow had been an inevitable one; a dramatics course, more plays, eventual graduation, and New York—where productions were productions and where young actors, good-looking and talented, might stand a show.

There had not been much encouragement so far, admitted young O'Brien. You had to tramp up and down Broadway an awful lot, and stand for hours on end in producers' offices. You got an occasional odd job, and paid your landlady with whatever it brought you. If there was anything left over, you ate

"But something will turn up pretty soon," Pat said seriously, as if he believed it. "I'm not worrying."

In the end they decided to take quarters together and thus save on rent. There was in each shrewd young mind another consideration; that there is nothing so consoling to a discouraged, broke New Yorker than a companion in misery—especially if [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

Louise Treadwell, his quiet and lovely wife. She rose triumphant over the severest test a wife can have



WE COVER THE STUDIOS

By JAMES REID

Our rambling news sleuth sees everything, hears everything and tells all that happens on this month's movie sets

ALL month, we have peered around sound-stage corners suspiciously. We have even looked inside sound-stages. And, beyond the penumbra of a doubt, the rumor is true. Prosperity *has* returned to Hollywood. Just when everyone was getting used to the Depression, too!

Major companies gave minor employees salary bonuses for Christmas, 1936. Two studios passed around a half-million dollars apiece. That was the first clue to the re-arrival. Now it looks as if they will be distributing million-dollar bonuses on Christmas Day, 1937. At least, the New Year is off to that kind of start.

20th Century-Fox, for example, is re-creating "Seventh Heaven" for a new generation of movie-goers—this time with Simone Simon and James Stewart as the lovers-in-a-Paris-garret.

It will be released in the Spring, just ten years after Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, then two unknowns, appeared as *Diane* and *Chico* and became the most popular love team in screen history. So popular, in fact, that they never quite convinced the public that they were not actually in love.

Janet could have played *Diane* again, if she had so desired. She had the chance, and turned it down with the enigmatic, poignant, purported statement, "I don't want to play 'Seventh Heaven' again—because I have found that there is no Seventh Heaven." (At the moment, instead, she is playing a movie beginner in the Selznick-Technicolor picture, "A Star Is Born." In which the script calls upon her to give a devastating imitation of Mlle. Simon, the little French girl who inherited the rôle of the little French girl named *Diane*.)

The sultry Simone, possessor at the moment of the world's most provocative pout, has a reputation for temperament. This set may be closed to visitors. But, no—it is wide open.

Simone, it seems, is verree happy. There are two reasons. (1) Jimmy Stewart, who is so effortless in his own acting that he puts *her* at ease. She likes him "verree much." There will be romance rumors any day now. (2) Her new portable dressing-room, gift of the studio.

This amounts to a padded satin cell. At least, the walls are of tufted ivory satin. The built-in day couch is of pale-green brocade, flanked by a tufted green damask chair. There are built-in bookshelves, radio, dressing-table, electric heater, hot-and-cold-water washstand, and reflected lighting. Simone's reaction: "It is too pretty for *me*."

The portable Simon chateau is parked in the only free corner of the big sound stage. The rest of the stage is a forest of vertical two-by-fours. The set is built up in the air.

We mount the stairs to *Chico's* quaint quarters. And we promptly descend again, along with some other visitors. Director Henry King tells us that Simone is about to do an undressing scene—and is embarrassed to have spectators. As we start down the stairs, we catch the eye of one of fifty prop men permitted to remain. He winks. Some people have all the luck.

If you remember the story, *Chico* is a Paris sewer cleaner who wants to become a street cleaner so that he can be in the sun—and who wants to have a good wife. Returning home one night, he rescues *Diane* from an older sister who is beating her and takes her to his seventh-floor rookery. There, to baffle the police, they have to pretend to be married. In her eyes, he is a god; in his eyes, she is a child.

This scene is the one immediately following their arrival. *Chico* has gone back down the long flight of stairs for a pitcher of water. *Diane*, in his absence, undresses and climbs into the tumble down brass bed.

When we are permitted upstairs, Simone is in bed, buried in patchwork quilts. Jimmy is to stomp up a few steps, open the door, walk over to a broken washstand with his pitcher, tossing his cap onto a shelf on the way, then peel off two shirts and wash himself. As soon as he opens the door, Simone—wide-eyed before—is to feign sleep.

The first time, Jimmy misses the shelf with his toss of the cap. He has to go down the stairs, stomp up again. This time, he encounters difficulties, peeling off his undershirt. In the midst of his struggle, a giggle is heard from the direction of the bed. As Jimmy's struggle continues, the giggle mounts. The "take" is ruined. As Jimmy puts on the rebellious shirt again, King begs the prop man to "cut two feet off the end of it." *Chico* is poor; he'll look all right in an amputated undershirt. So while they were cutting off the tail, I crossed to the set of "On the Avenue."

THIS started out as one of the better musicals—with music by Irving Berlin, and with Dick Powell, Madeleine Carroll, Alice Faye and the Ritz Brothers topping the cast. Now it also looms as one of the bigger musicals.

It still is in production and, because of its huge sets, is spreading over three sound stages. Today's set is supposed to be a theater stage, with the scenery a satirical conception of the dining room of the world's richest man. Everything is ornate and glittery, covered with dollar signs.

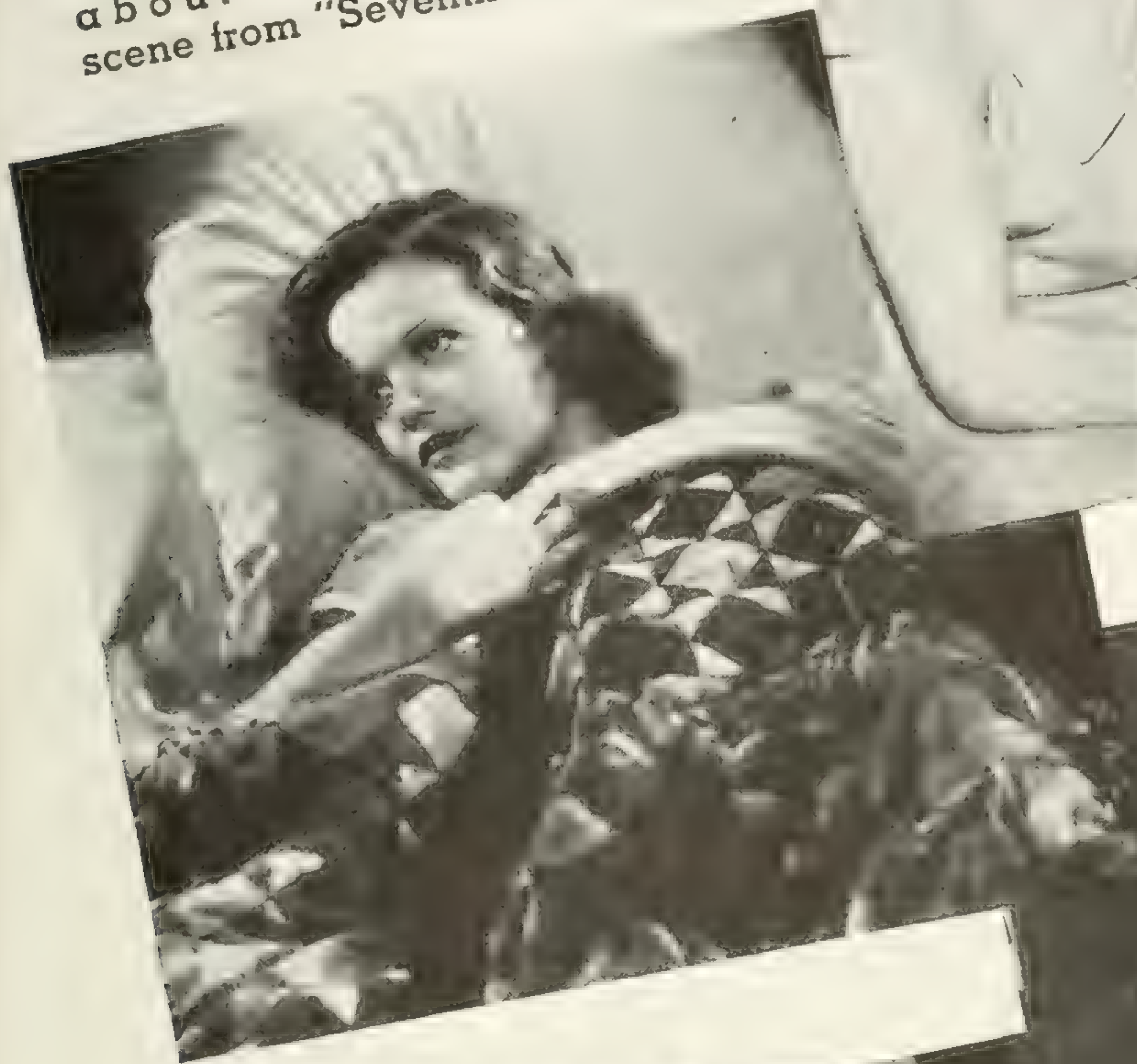
In front of the camera stand those three madmen, the Ritz Brothers; Alice Faye in sequins, arms weighted down with "prop" jewelry; and a theatrically dignified gent, white of hair, mustache and goatee, who is wearing a cutaway and whose paunch is covered with a white vest, which in turn is covered with dollar signs. This is Dick Powell. They are filming a skit in a show-within-the-show—a skit satirizing the home-life of a tycoon and his daughter.

Someone has told us of meeting "the craziest Ritz brother." We ask a publicity man which is the craziest. He throws up his hands.

Alice Faye takes a beating—literally—in this scene, when the *freres* Ritz discover that it is her birthday. Also, her sequin gown weighs twenty-two and a half pounds. "Do I suffer for my 'art'!" says Alice. Showing us the glassware on her arms, she adds, "I haven't seen so much 'ice' since I was ice-skating champ of New York." (It sounds like a gag, but the funny part about it is that she once *was* ice-skating champ of New York.) Between scenes, she is munching parsley. "Going vegetarian by easy stages?" we ask. "No—Cheating a cold."

Dick, walking around the set between "takes" smoking a long cigar (against all rules for singers), unconsciously cuddles his artificial paunch. "When and if I acquire one of these," he says, "I hope it's this light." ("It" is made of cotton.)

On the set of "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" Phyllis Claire, Bill Powell and Joan Crawford play jokes on each other. This is probably the last picture of Director Boleslawski who sits behind Joan. Below, read why Simone Simon was fussy about undressing for this scene from "Seventh Heaven"



When the amusing off the record scene between Michael Whalen and Claire Trevor happened on the set of "Time Out for Romance," our reporter was right there with his little camera. You can read about it here. Above, Joe E. Brown's latest picture on a high plane of idiocy is "When's Your Birthday?"—his first for RKO

The mustache and the goatee, however, are wearing him down. They are clinging like mustard plasters. In spite of that, he is enjoying the skit. For a brief time, he has a chance to be someone besides Dick Powell. He's human; he likes variety. So do audiences, Dick thinks.

We went away from there for "Time Out for Romance," another comedy about a millionaire's daughter—but isn't musical. It has a bit of the flavor of "It Happened One Night." Girl runs out on wedding; girl hocks wedding dress for slacks; girl hitchhikes across the country. Boy picks her up—then discovers he can't get rid of her.

Claire Trevor wears the slacks; Michael Whalen drives the car. It is the third time they have played together. "They say we're a team now," Michael comments, with a mock-grimace.

We have to wait a half-hour to see a brief scene—it will be a mere flash on the screen—in which Claire runs out of a telegraph office when the agent recognizes her as a fugitive heiress.

The sideline talk, during the wait, drifts to Life's Little Ironies. Michael says, "I'm never in love on the screen—actually in love. I'm batting girls around."

Claire says, "You don't mean to be nasty. You just can't help yourself."

Michael makes a club out of a magazine, and clutches Claire as if to rehearse some more batting.

"Seriously, though," he tells us, with a grin, "I'd like to do a picture where the first shot would be a great big kiss. Have the clinch first and work backwards; just for a change."

WE leave 20th Century-Fox and journey through hill and dale to Paramount where "Souls at Sea," Paramount's big picture of the moment, has an unexpected team of co-stars—Gary Cooper and George Raft. In costume, neither one looks over-prosperous. But this picture costs a fortune.

It has a plot to whet the imagination. The principal setting is the ship, *William Brown*, sailing to America from Liverpool in the year 1853. The voyage is ill-fated. En route, the captain dies and Gary takes command. The ship burns, and is sinking. Everyone cannot be saved. Gary holds court, judges the passengers' past lives to decide which will live now. When the survivors reach land, he is tried for murder . . . George, one of the passengers, is a slave-trader.

We see a scene in the brig of the ship. Gary and George, both unkempt and both in chains (chains left over, by the way, from "Maid of Salem"), are sitting on the floor in a corner, leaning back against benches, with a flickering candle behind them. Both have been in a fracas; both have bandages on their hands.

They discover that the shadows of these bandages on the opposite wall look like tiny human figures. With nothing bet-

ter to do, they amuse themselves by making the shadows dance, while they sing (?) a chantey.

Both Gary and George have fine baritone voices—for a brig. They go through the scene countless times until the dancing shadows synchronize with the lilt of the chantey, and Director Henry Hathaway says, "All right, let's rehearse with film." During each rehearsal, Gary and George grin at their vocalizing. So does everyone else on the set. (So will you, when you see the picture.) During the "take," they manage to keep straight faces.

The set of the Carole Lombard-Fred MacMurray picture, "Swing High, Swing Low," is closed to visitors. This is unusual for a Lombard set. It seems that some sightseers became annoying, asking for autographs at the un-psychological moment. Now everybody is barred—including us.

Via the studio grapevine, we hear that Carole hasn't been the same since the day she stopped all work to hear the broadcast of King Edward's farewell, afterward commenting, "Every actor is an amateur, compared with Edward." It was on this same set, on the same day, that pundit Charles Butterworth remarked, "You can't abdicate and eat it, too."

So, since we can't see Carole, we wander to the set where Bing Crosby's new picture, "Waikiki Wedding," is just starting. Bing is nowhere in sight. He is suspected of being out at the Lakeside Country Club. Only Shirley Ross, his new leading lady, is working.

Dressed in a summery frock and big picture hat, she is supposed to look languorous, sitting on a garden bench. She decides she is too languorous.

"I guess it'll seem good, after all, to have Martha here," she says. "I don't seem to have the proper pep without her."

This is a smiling reference to the silent feud between Shirley and Martha Raye, who have already shared close-ups

in two pictures. Feuds, even silent ones, add zest to movie-making.

There is no feuding, but plenty of clowning on the set of "Clarence," Booth Tarkington's comedy of a middle-aged innocent who has never thought of love. Roscoe Karns has the title rôle, surrounded by Eugene Pallette, Spring Byington, Eleanore Whitney, Johnny Downs, and others.

We watch *Clarence*, surprised that no one knows who he is, announce that he is in "Who's Who" and is an authority on the Coleoptera. In this scene, everyone gets a chance to do his specialty. Karns, timid astonishment; Whitney, a flounce out of camera range; Downs, pugnacious adolescence; Byington, bewildered attentiveness; Pallette, apoplectic anger.

Pallette is one of the few comedians in Hollywood who *isn't* under contract to Paramount, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]



Bette Davis (long may she wave) in a dress of all nations designed by herself. Notice her new brown hair. It's her natural shade



PHOTOPLAY
fashions
BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

FLOWERY SPRING BRIDAL

For one of her four weddings in "That Girl from Paris" Lily Pons sheathes herself in sheer silver. Silver embroidery outlines the décolletage and the sleeves form crisp angles at the top. A lovely star embroidered veil floats from a Juliet cap

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE HURRELL



College Wardrobe for Early Spring

In "College Holiday" Marsha Hunt wears this evening frock of peach tulle with gold stars and sequin belt. The huge ruche and tiered skirt give floating loveliness to the silhouette

Below: A costume of many uses is worn by Marsha Hunt in this picture. Two brown and white checked coats, the under one with short sleeves, and a flared brown flannel skirt. Brown and white shoes, orange scarf and suntan hose



Above: Most youthful is this frock made for Marsha Hunt in burgundy linen. It would be equally good in wool. Laced and trimmed with white linen



Left: Edith Head, who designed all the clothes for "College Holiday," chose light-weight beige wool for this formal costume. Sable edges the collar, bands the cuffs and makes the little muff. Eleanore Whitney wears a matching felt hat with it, and brown suède shoes



Newman designed this formal gown in gray-beige slipper satin. A full back panel is gathered to the waistline and is scalloped at the hem. Crystal and turquoise beads form the criss-cross straps and edge the decolletage. Gloves of the slipper satin. A jacket matching the gown is trimmed with double sable bands. Posed specially for Photoplay

In "History Is Made at Night" Jean Arthur wears this shimmering ensemble of jet beads, designed by Bernard Newman. The gown is very décolleté in the back. A tiny cap holds a circle of tulle in place.

Romantic
Lady



All you need for Palm Springs



Above: For an enchanted desert evening Anne Shirley chose a gown of white crêpe. The short sleeves and the wide belt-like part are in white with a flower design in navy and Dutch blues. Fine tucking runs up to the smart little collar and the skirt slash makes dancing a joy. Center: Chuck-a-luck and Anne growl over a bone, Anne in a blue lastex swim suit, Chuck-a-luck in a beige business suit. Left: An early morning desert hiking costume of sand-colored plus fours, with tailored pockets and narrow belt, combined with a canary angora sweater. Yellow sandals and angora socks

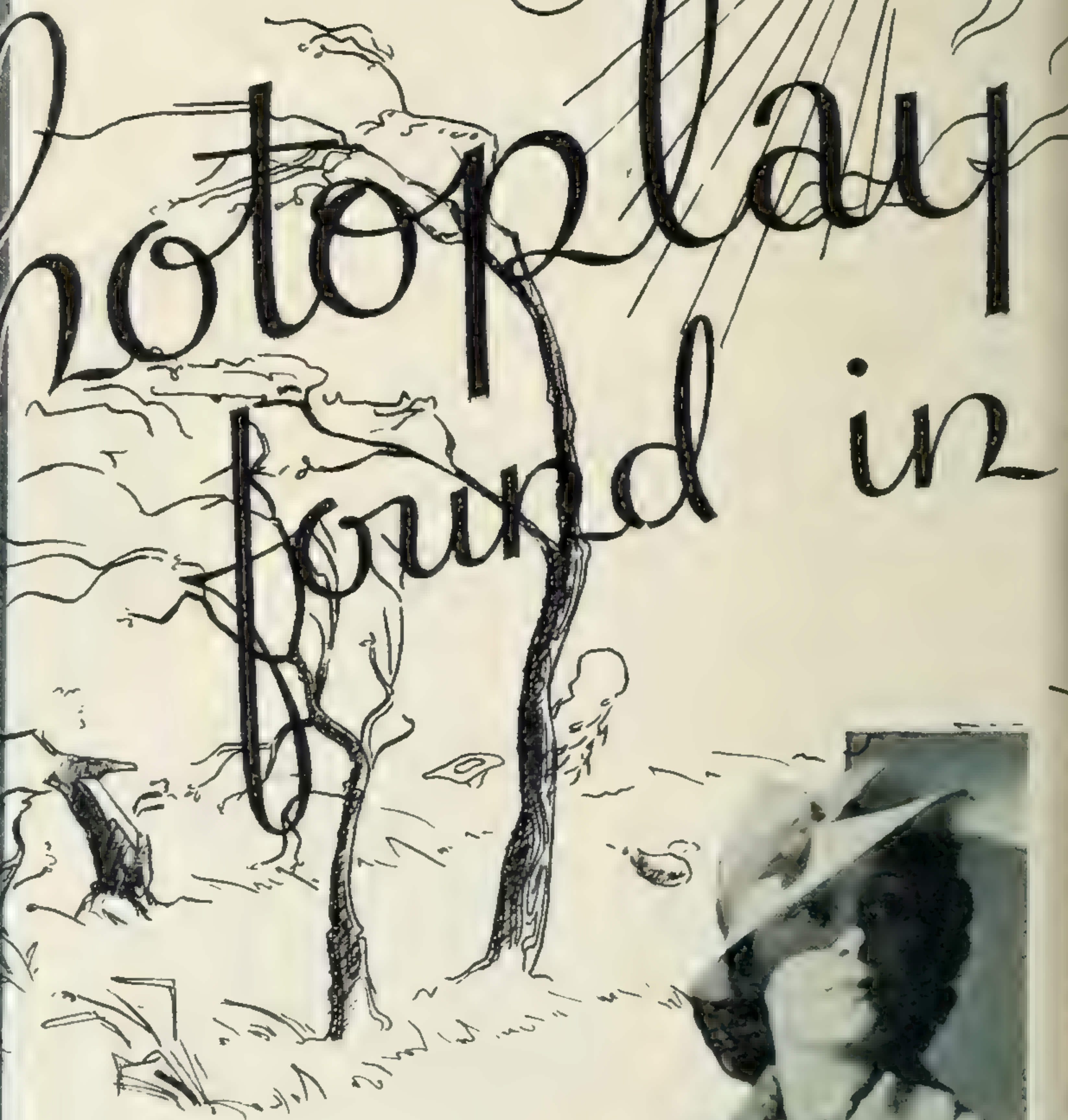
Right: Anne is all dressed up for lunch in cotton culottes, patterned in green and white, telling the love life of Bo-Peep and Little Boy Blue. White rickrack braid runs round and round trying to catch up with them. Center: Anne may dive into this covered wagon to change her suit or to rest her eyes from the bright sun. Phil Huston practises charm



Above: Anne wears a coat of blue cotton striped with yellow and brown lightning. She will be a star in her next picture, "She Sang for Her Supper." Left: For an afternoon by the pool Anne has a costume of heavy silk in maroon and white. Knee-length swagger coat is of white faced with the print. She has slacks to match the suit



Photoplay found in



Above, Gladys Swarthout, appearing in "Champagne Waltz," wears a double breasted coat of pale beige flecked in gray. The coat is reversible and is checked in gray and beige on the inner side. A trim brown belt matches her hat, gloves, scarf and alligator bag in tone. At the right, Gladys wears charmingly her "Kragshire" suit of black and white. The patch pockets, boxed silhouette and kick pleats are outstandingly 1937. Miss Swarthout (on opposite page) appears in a perfect example of the indispensable man-tailored suit. Firm "Tottenham" pin-check, with contrasting shadow cross-bar, is the material. One button, high-placed, adds a touch of youth to the coat. Skirt is flatteringly cut

Fashions the Shops



Above, Gladys is shown in a swagger that has something new to say. The soft fleece material is tapered to complete lack of bulk at the shoulders. This interesting coat may be had in light green, blue, rose, gray or beige



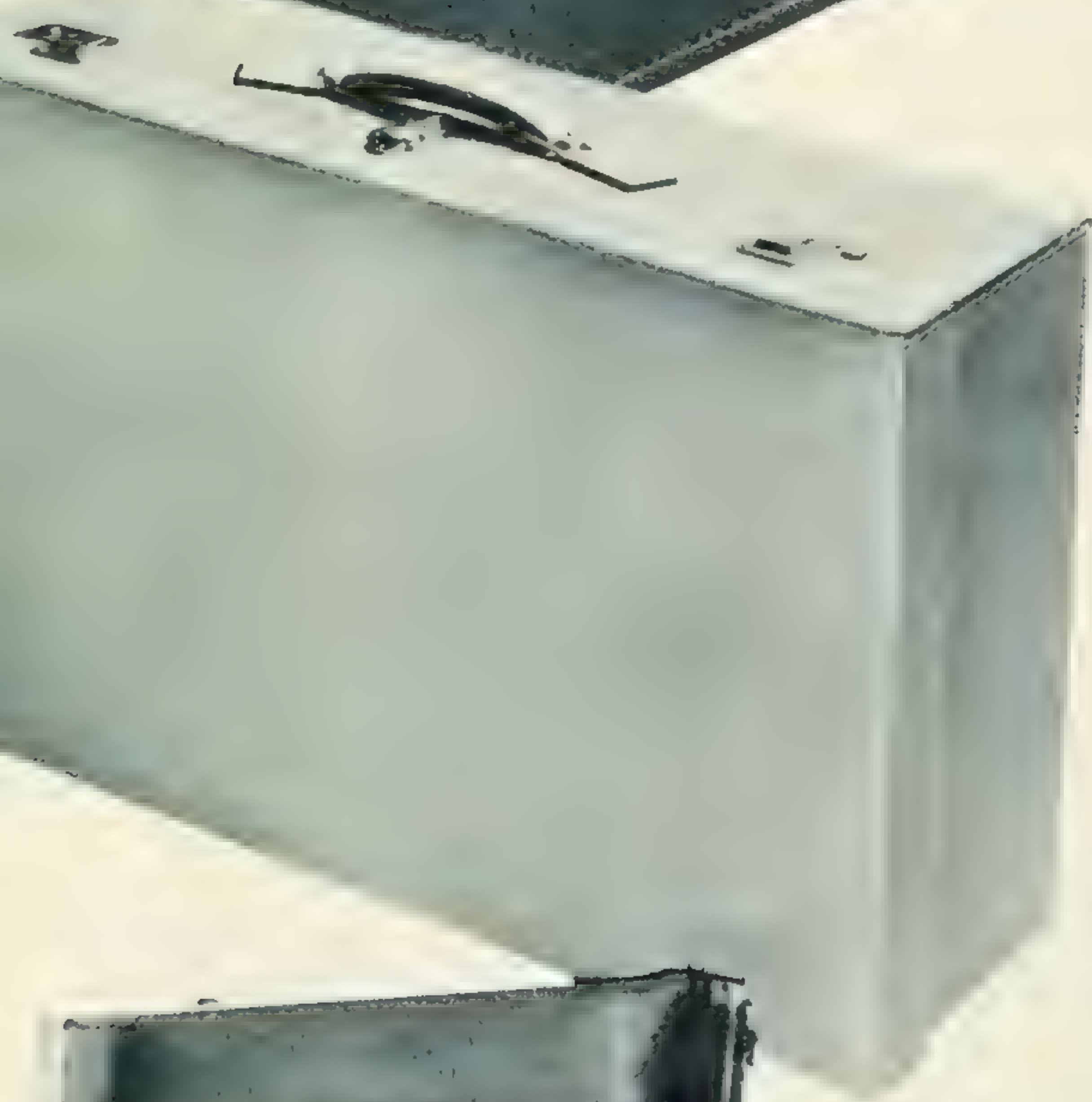
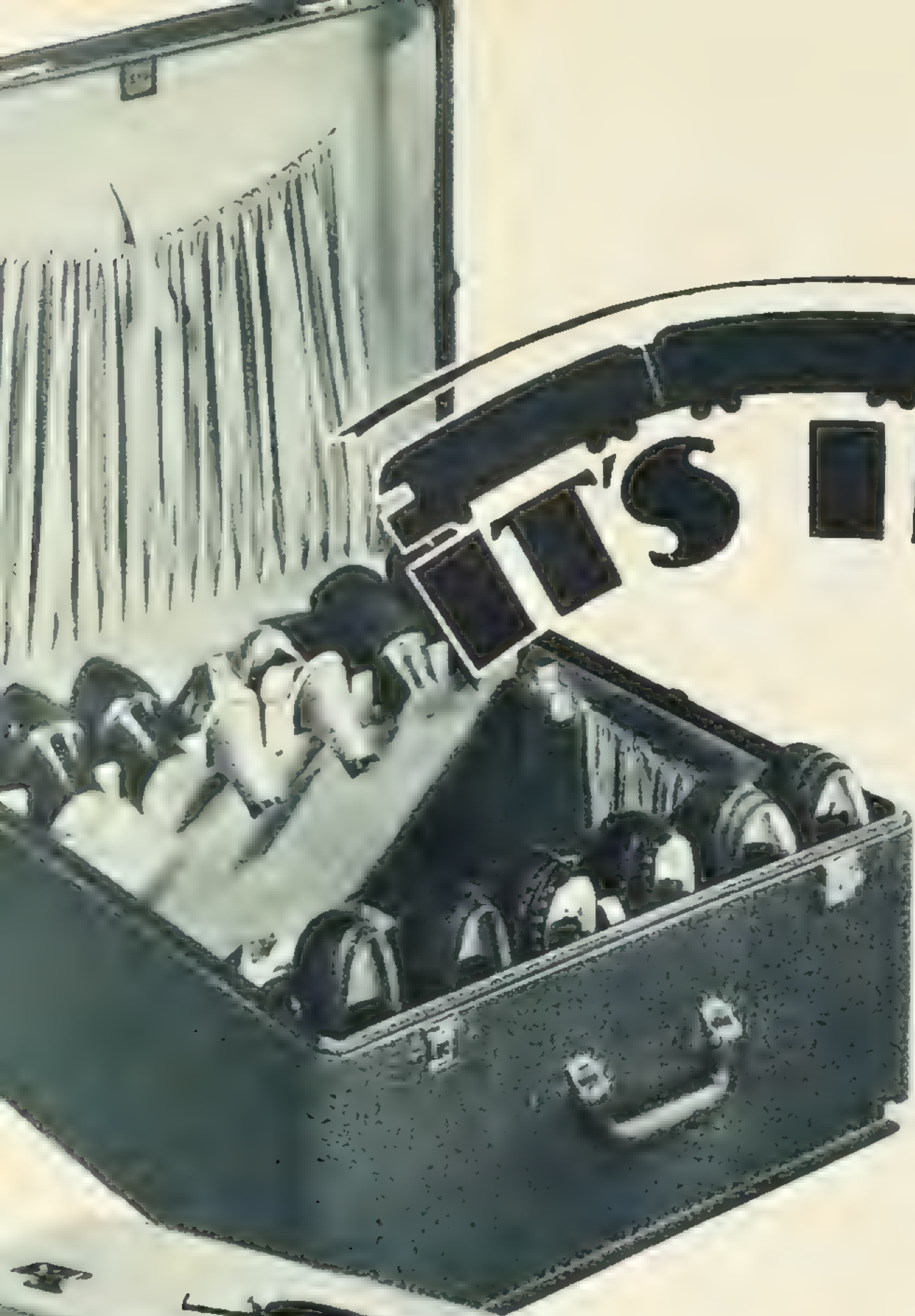
THIS TAG IDENTIFIES
AN ORIGINAL PHO-
TOPLAY HOLLYWOOD
FASHION. LOOK FOR IT

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on Page 118

IT'S IN THE BAG

● Starting at top left and continuing around in sequence to the upper right we have a sturdy hat and shoe case in genuine cow-hide with room for three or six pairs of shoes reserving the center space for hats. There is also a tray to fit over the center section for gadgets. Next is a stunning English type suitcase of natural saddle hide leather so constructed that the top cannot lap over the bottom. Beautifully lined with checked crash linen, the tray is tipped with matching leather. Third is a piece of checkable hand luggage, suitable for both men and women. It allows for four suits or about fifteen dresses and the drop section is handy for general accessories. The next three, all fitted bags, are of sardonix patent leather. The first is bound with natural rawhide and can be had with or without the fittings. The fittings, designed to match the leather, are gilt edged. The little zipper dressing case looks like a handbag and has enamel and chromium fittings. It can easily be tucked into a larger bag. The third is an overnight bag to hold just the necessary apparel. The last case of pigskin with metal corners is a conveniently sized article, sturdy and good-looking



Curbing THE Curves



For slenderizing thighs, raise the right leg high, knees bent and toes pointed. Reverse and then repeat ten times



For slimming waistlines, feet apart and arms straight out from shoulders, swing body to right then swing to left



Left: For general streamlining, arms high overhead and high on toes, stretch full height. Relax letting head fall downward and forward. Repeat

Right: For vanquishing tummies, feet apart and arms stretched wide, touch left toe with right hand, stretching up and back with left hand. Reverse and repeat ten times



WELL, children, here we are in the middle of winter and what's happening to your figures? Lately I've been receiving hundreds of letters from you in which you complain that your figures are still bumpy or are becoming soft and flabby, in spite of the fact that all summer long and in the early fall you spent a good deal of time out of doors participating in sports. For many of you, therein lies your trouble. "For weeks, I rode horseback every day trying to lose twenty pounds," one girl wrote me. Others say, "I've gone to gym three nights a week for months, doing heavy bar work," or "I've lived in the water all summer, swimming for hours every day." "I've surely been getting enough exercise," wrote another girl, "I've played tennis and golf until I've worn myself out and even did two hours on my bicycle every morning." Ambitious girls, you say, but in the wrong direction. Listen, those of you who have written me, and all you other girls whose figures are not what they should be and not what I know they *can* be. Most of the popular sports are definite builder-uppers and developers. But even the thin girl who is trying to gain weight cannot depend entirely upon sports alone to add pounds of flesh to her bony figure. They must be included in her regime, to be sure, but not to the exclusion of her other exercises and a sensible diet. For you who are overweight, sports are swell. They make you more graceful in your walk and give your body balance. They give you the benefit of fresh air and pep up your circulation, both of which are invaluable in reducing, generally. But for reducing special spots and for properly proportioning a weighty body into lovely feminine lines, there are very few sports that can take the place of scientific and specific corrective exercises.

Many of you have the idea that the more active you are in sports the better figures you will have. Not necessarily. In most cases you are working against yourselves. Swimming, for instance, and tennis develop shoulders and upper arms. Too much leg work in swimming will also develop the hips.

You probably recall, only recently, having seen numerous pictures of movie stars draped over a beach chair, photographed at the edge of a swimming pool. "Mary Glamour gets her figure from swimming" states the caption. "Ah ha, so that's why those Hollywood girls have nice figures," you think. Take

it from me, darlings, for years I've been reducing, remodeling and creating glamorous figures for you to admire on the screen, and I've spent too many hard working hours over them, not to know how they really got their lovely figures. Those pictures by the pool are lovely and make swell publicity but that's as far as it goes. To be sure, most of the movie stars have their own private swimming pools and tennis courts. Out here in Hollywood the weather allows them to use them practically the year around. Those who have swimming pools use them mostly for the relaxation and benefit they can get from the sun.

Joan Crawford is an ardent tennis fan. But Joan has large, broad shoulders and has to be extremely careful about her tennis playing and swimming. She has always been solidly built and throughout all the years of her movie career, she has had to fight to retain her figure. Norma Shearer is another. These girls don't go out and deliberately play tennis for hours as the sole means of reducing.

Not on your life. They both know how unattractive a Tarzan effect through the shoulders and upper arms can be on a female figure, and they can't afford any huskiness in any respect.

Cutting a **FIGURE** for Yourself



Sonja Henie's enchanting lines reveal how ice-skating can help you keep your figure. Madame Sylvia herself (above) thinks skiing is valuable, but gives you an important warning about your exercise

Golf and horseback riding do things to the hips. Bicycling is a sure way to develop your calves and upper thighs. But during these raw February days with heavy snow on the ground and zero temperatures in most parts of the country, you can't very well do these things. From that angle the winter months are a blessing to your figures because you haven't so many temptations to do wrong things to them. On the other hand, by taking away the activity to which your muscles have been accustomed, little by little they're collapsing and becoming flabby. The proof of the pudding is in your bumps and bulges. But never mind, darlings, I'm going to give you some special exercises that will keep those muscles toned and firm, yet at the same time flatten them out. Naturally I can't cover every part of the body in this one article so if I don't hit upon the exercise for your particular worry, just let me know.

Along with these exercises there are a few winter sports and indoor games from which you can benefit greatly. Ice-skating, particularly. I come from Norway where skating is almost a national pastime and I can tell you there is nothing like it for giving grace, poise and balance to the body.

Winter Exercise Directions

that will make you—and

your life—simply wonderful

BY MADAME SYLVIA

Sonja Henie, the brilliant little ice-skating champion, is a perfect example of the value of ice skating in keeping your figure. Not long ago I had a nice visit with Sonja and her mother on the set at Twentieth Century where she was making her debut picture, "One In a Million." Sonja told me that most of the exercise she gets is working out and practicing new stunts and fancy tricks for her exhibitions on the ice. After you see her, you'll agree that's plenty. These stunts are not easy to master but she floats through the air like a feather. Her figure is healthy, firm and nicely proportioned and when you consider that she has spent half her life on skates, it's all the more outstanding for it's lack of knotty muscles. Now surely if she can keep her figure, the little ice skating that you will do will only help yours and you need have no fear of overdevelopment. Incidentally, that goes for roller skating, too. So many of you ask me about that. If you can't skate, try it anyway. Never mind if you have a few falls while learning. Just consider the bumps you may get on your derrières, as exercise.

SKIING is another winter sport that is fast becoming popular in this country. If you live in a section of the country where you can do some skiing, take advantage of it. It is extremely valuable for your health as it keeps you out of doors getting plenty of fresh air into your lungs. It is wonderful training for body balance and is a marvelous sport to be used as an exercise to correct bad posture and strengthen a weak back. But let me warn you not to be too frisky and attempt any of the leaps you see in the newsreels, until you're an expert. Once on a dare I tried a fancy leap and oh boy, did I hear the birdies sing! They weren't snow birds, either. I think they must have been something from China.

Unfortunately, most of the fun in the winter time is of the sitting down variety. That makes it doubly hard to prevent that desk-chair spread that so many of you working girls complain about. But despair not my darlings, here's a grand exercise that will slim down those hips and at the same time reduce your waistline: Stand with feet wide apart. About six inches. Toes turned slightly inward. Raise the arms above the head. Stretch. But I mean stretch . . . up, up. Go on, a little more. That's better. Now bend the body [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



Joan (Gorgeous) Crawford makes swimming her chief exercise. Naturally very broad-shouldered, she balances her exercise with diet. Follow the advice in this article to be like Joan



Frank Chapman and his lovely wife, Gladys Swarthout. Pretty snappy snappers, what?



Mrs. Ernest Lubitsch supervises the cheer with Avdeeff, her chef



Each guest brought a dollar gift. The Valentin Pareras (Grace Moore) are happy about theirs

Even at a gay party, Anton Litvak has eyes only for Miriam Hopkins



Three of the town's wittiest gents, Gregory Ratoff, Frank Morgan and Walter Wanger

AT THE
Lubitsch



They had a Santa Claus too—alias Frank Morgan

Pretty Sally Eilers and Director Lubitsch, the host, watch the gayety



Photographed Exclusively for Photoplay by Hyman Fink

Party



Gags from smart little producer Mervyn LeRoy produce appreciative giggles from Loretta Young



Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boyer. Is Charlie addicted to smoke rings?



Another Frenchman, Fernand Gravet, Warners star, and his wife enjoying American fun

THINGS are happening pretty fast this month along Hollywood's radio front.

In the first place, the long drawn out squabble between the movie moguls and the cheese, soup and cigarette purveyors is settled.

Who won? Why that big, bold, fast growing fellow, Radio. Not only are the studios letting any and all of their stars go on the air, but the producers are politely vying with each other to see who can finagle the most time on the big national broadcast hours.

Do you remember that, a few months ago, exhibitors were making loud cries about the damage done to theater business when Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich and other of the glamour girls and boys went on the air? Do you recall that the studios which had already started making shy and timorous advances to radio were so frightened by this, that, by one subterfuge or another, they yanked their big stars whenever they had a legal right?

Those days are past.

Witness the topline broadcast of this past month—"Holly-

wood Hotel" from the heart of a film studio. From stage six, Fox Westwood Hills, you heard seven performers, headed by Adolphe Menjou and Sonja Henie, go through their paces in a preview of "One In a Million" for Louella Parsons. You heard not only this preview, but Tony Martin warble the theme song from "Seventh Heaven" in which he is currently working with Simone Simon. You heard Arthur Treacher enact a scene from "Jeeves." The Fox dance director put his chorines through a tapping routine,—all this in addition to the regular Hollywood Hotel music and entertainment from Dick Powell, Frances Langford, Igor Gorin, et al.

It was a studio broadcast from start to finish and designed to give you the feeling and idea of what goes on behind the closed gates. It cost Fox exactly \$7,025.25, but Darryl Zanuck (who also made a speech over the air) told us afterward that he figured it well worth the money. For the preview of the picture, run off before the broadcast and for the air show itself, there was an audience of 1,500, many of whom had never been inside a studio before.

Ten days following this smash hit air show, which delighted the film studio and the soup company alike—one received valuable publicity, the other valuable and free talent—Warner Brothers threw their hat into the ring with a preview from the Lux Radio theater of the radio version on "Gold Diggers" with Dick Powell and Joan Blondell.

It was again almost all studio music and talent.



Above: Boris Karloff, bogey man of the screen, was scared to death when he recently appeared on the Camel hour. Right: Claudette Colbert, who doesn't like to be called glamorous (but is), and handsome Fred MacMurray were that nonchalant when they appeared in "Maid of Salem" for Louella Parsons' Hollywood Hotel



ON THE HOLLY

Last month, of course, you had the preview of "Born to Dance" at the Chinese theater, which we suggested then might be the forerunner of preview premieres at important theaters. With the Fox broadcast this month, we smell something different and even more important. Television? Well, maybe—it cannot be far off and with this current marriage of Radio and the Movies perhaps, after the proper length of time, we shall get an infant child—Television.

However, we shall wait and see, and meantime observe with much interest. Things move so fast in radio these days that no one can accurately predict the course of events.

HOLLYWOOD figured importantly in the radio news of the month with the booming into big time of a quiet, unobtrusive little human interest program—Haven McQuarrie's "Do You Want To Be An Actor?" It was snatched by the Chase and Sanborn sponsors and pushed into the national limelight when the New York courts ruled out their "Goodwill Court" broadcast from the East Coast.

This program is one of the first to be definitely and regularly tied up with a film studio. To the two most promising candidates of each weekly show, Warner Brothers will give screen tests directed by Max Arnow, casting director. Now screen tests cost in the neighborhood of \$500, so it means that the studio seriously expects to discover talent on these shows. Who knows but what our future Greta Garbos

and Janet Gaynors may come from the McQuarrie shows?

The story of Haven McQuarrie himself is a Hollywood human interest document of its own. An ex-vaudevillian, a film agent, McQuarrie was broke last summer when he conceived this radio idea. He peddled it without success until finally Harry Maizlish at Warners KFVB station agreed to let McQuarrie try it out on the air—provided he asked no pay. Just exactly sixteen weeks later, McQuarrie sold his brainchild to Chase and Sanborn for \$5,000 weekly. A nice jump, say we, from nothing weekly to \$5,000—all in less than four months.

If we hadn't seen it take place with our own eyes, we would have suspected a press agent stunt in the riot that occurred in front of the C. B. S. music box theater on the evening of the Jean Harlow-Robert Taylor broadcast of "Madame Sans Gene" at the actual moment that the sound effects man backstage was making noises like the real riot in the days of the French revolution. But we saw it.

We were standing just inside the auditorium of the theater, feeling sorry for the nearly three [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]

BY MURIEL BABCOCK



Above: At a recent Hollywood Hotel broadcast are Leah Ray, Adolphe Menjou, Arline Judge and Sonja Henie. Sonja doesn't look it, but she was hopping mad. Left: At the "Madame Sans Gene" broadcast are Robert Taylor, Jean Harlow and Claude Rains. Bob and Jean caused a riot

Photoplay Presents.

THE NEWEST IN HOLLYWOOD HAT FASHIONS

THIS TAG IDENTIFIES AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHION.



YOU CAN PURCHASE THESE PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD HATS IN ANY OF THE STORES OR SHOPS STARRED (★) ON PAGE 118

Below: Sylvia Sydney appearing in the Walter Wanger picture, "You Only Live Once," wears an off-the-face meteor with piqué facing. Piqué band runs around the crown, through center front and is tied in bow



Right: Toyo rolled Breton sailor with French ribbon around crown. Bow at back. Anchor ornament at center front



Above: Felt visor brim with rows of white tape stitched around brim and crown. Loops at front of crown. Left: Straw cloth stitched pill-box with red French belting ribbon around crown. Piqué pin-wheel at side front



ADRIAN'S studio at M-G-M was strewn with clothes when I stopped in on a sunny morning. I had phoned him that I wanted to see Joan Crawford's wardrobe for "The Last of Mrs. Cheney" for he had told me that they were all clothes that any smart woman could wear; that they were distinguished for their simplicity of line and their utter lack of eccentricity.

On a square shouldered figure was a suit with a brown tweed skirt and a jacket of beige woolen. The latter was cut away from the fronts to form what I might call a beetle back, a new line which interests Adrian very much. He slung a loose beige coat over the suit and turned back the fronts to show me the brown and beige plaid lining.

Another suit which showed this beetle back, only that the depending tails were longer and more tapered, was a dark blue one made for Aileen Pringle. This buttoned straight up to the neck and was finished with a turned over, upstanding collar. Tailored meticulously, it had a more feminine look than the classic with which we are all familiar.

Another suit which is to be worn by Joan is more suitable for country wear. It is in blue tweed with a cape. One edge of the cape has three square tabs with buttonholes in them, the other matching tabs with large blue buttons. The novelty in this suit lies in the woolen blouse of two blues plaid. A small cone of a turban is made of the plaid and is banded with the plain blue which is folded into a star for ornament at the front.

Phyllis Claire will wear a navy suit in this picture. The novelty of this one lies in the revers which are stiffened horizontally at the top with rows of dull silver, military braid, so that they curve back from the front opening. In every costume I saw there was some fashion point like this, something new, something Adrian, which may escape you when you see the film because of its lack of movie quality, and that is exactly why I am pointing these ideas out to you so that you may watch for them. With this costume Phyllis has a grayed blue felt hat, wide of brim, with a cutoff Quaker crown which tapers slightly.

Notice the brown suède jacket Joan will wear with a brown rep skirt. It is single breasted, has a slot pleat in the back, and two pocket flaps on each side of the fronts. It hasn't that clumsy, unbecoming look so many suède coats seem to have, but fits trigly.

I oh'd and ah'd over a pyjama Phyllis will wear. The top is cut like a coat with a flaring peplum and is of stiff dark blue faille with great coin dots of silver. A wide sash of the same belts it and trousers of dark blue satin complete it.

Joan has a coat of black tweed that would be grand in any early spring wardrobe. The revers poke forward in a discreetly impudent way. It is long and single breasted and on the seams at the back, which is fitted, is a design of heavy black silk French knots, embroidered in a small angular pattern. New, isn't it? See if you can spot it.

Getting on to what Joan is wearing for interior scenes, there is a long flaring dress of white organza with a fern leaf pattern in black. At the high throat is a bunch of white carnations and a grass-green grosgrain belts the waist. A wide brimmed green straw hat has Joan written all over it in the dash of its buccaneer curved brim and in the cluster of white carnations on the tapered, highish crown.

I wanted to grab a dinner gown of black soufflé for myself, for it would be universally becoming to any girl or woman. It is high-necked, with a falling square jabot of soufflé at the neck, long sleeves, rather narrow, which are shirred into wrists with rows of fine stitches and then flare into ruffles which drape Joan's slender hands bewitchingly. Great lengths of soufflé swirl down to the floor, but the waist is kept slender and sleek by clever cutting.

RATHER damaged, because Joan had worked so hard in it, was one of the most amazing gowns I have ever seen. From the front it looks like an absolutely simple sheath of white moiré, shot with a pale copper thread, straight and plain from neck to toes. As Adrian turned it round I saw that the front was in the back, one might say. A bolero fell loosely to the waist, fastened up the center, where two pleats gave it flare. A peplum, edged by a deep hem, stopped at knee length, and the under skirt had pressed pleats at the hem, coming up to the edge of the peplum. Short straight sleeves were added and not an iota of trimming. Joan should look like a silver birch in it.

I saw two hats Benita Hume will wear in "Mrs. Cheney." One was a rather high turban of swirled black cock's feathers, with a panache of them at one side of the tapered top. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

Fashion letter for March

By KATHLEEN HOWARD



Gwen Wakeling designed this formal afternoon ensemble for Madeleine Carroll to be worn in "On the Avenue." The tobacco brown velvet

jacket is embroidered in gold bullion and tiny emerald green stones. Mink muff, skirt of brown bagheera, brown hat edged with ostrich

Can Robert Taylor Escape Hollywood's Love Racket?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]



about young Mr. Taylor and his own personal problem and future.

He has said a good many times that he doesn't expect to marry for some years, that he's perfectly happy, that he's absorbed in his work. Everybody says that, when they aren't in love. I've heard it so often I can finish the sentences when they start.

But—but—it strikes me that Bob Taylor is the sort of young man who ought to be married. He is the child of a very beautiful love marriage. His father and mother adored each other. You have probably read half a dozen times the exquisite story of how his father gave up a successful business career and studied osteopathy in order to be able to care for his fragile young wife himself. Children of very happy marriages, children brought up in happy homes, usually want to marry. They have seen marriage at its best.

But Bob Taylor strikes you as a very normal young American. And considering his background, considering his worship of his mother and his knowledge of all she

the fruits of fame, nothing else would occur to him.

Can a young man be surrounded constantly by the romantic excitement that encompasses Bob Taylor and not feel it? Can he be a hermit, in the midst of the adoration which women bestow upon him? Is a young man who can inspire such devotion in the minds and hearts of women everywhere be the sort of man who doesn't himself want love?

Nonsense. Of course he can't.

Then what?

If he isn't to marry because it would hurt him in the eyes of his public, what is he supposed to do? Go on being "just good friends" with someone he adores, or passing from one rumored engagement or love affair to another?

Perhaps that's what the people who see him on the screen want, but somehow, to me, it doesn't seem quite fair to this boy, who suggests everything that is clean and wholesome. Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but there doesn't seem to me anything more really romantic than a happy marriage, anything that makes a man more lovable than to know he is capable of and has been fortunate enough to know real love and to find its culmination in saying that such a love shall be forever and ever.

It just happens that in my years of work in Hollywood I've known most of the great matinee idols rather well. Jack Gilbert was my youngest son's godfather. Wally and Dorothy Reid were my closest friends, in the old days. I spent an entire afternoon with Rudy Valentino at the Ambassador Hotel the day before he was taken ill, while he walked the floor and told me something of his heartbreak and unhappiness. I made pictures with Dick Barthelmess for a year, including his greatest success, "The Patent Leather Kid," and it just happens that a yarn of mine, "A Free Soul," was what led Clark Gable to stardom and so I came to know him early.

I only write that because I think I know something of the things that come to such men, of their temptations, their characters, their desires.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82]

Rambova, though whether that was because of bad pictures and contract trouble or because of his marriage I couldn't begin to say. Dick Barthelmess lost ground steadily after his very happy marriage to lovely Jessica Sargent.

On the other hand, Wallace Reid, who was the most popular man on the screen when I first wrote about pictures, was married before he became a star and remained married to the day of his death, and everybody knew it because Wally adored posing with his wife and small son at all times. It never seemed to hurt his fan mail or the fact that millions of women regarded him as an ideal.

Clark Gable was married before he made his great hit—and for most of the five years of his reign up to now he continued to be married.

The general theory is that it doesn't matter if they are already married when they achieve their romantic tops, but that marriage afterwards does something that hurts them in the eyes of the public.

All of which may or may not be true.

But I can't help at this moment thinking

stands for as the best type of American wife and mother, you know what his own ideals must be. He's the sort of young man who would automatically want to marry the girl he loved. Unless his vision is distorted by Hollywood, by success, by living in a spotlight, by



Now here is a woman who understands Bob, his devoted mother, Mrs. Ruth Brugh. Will the many heart troubles of Hollywood engulf her son?

GLAMOUR?

*She has it...
and good sense, too*

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"Maid of Salem"

**She keeps her complexion
exquisite—guards against
Cosmetic Skin—with this
simple care . . .**

"USE COSMETICS? Of course I do," says lovely Claudette Colbert. "But I always use Lux Toilet Soap!"

9 out of 10 other lovely screen stars use this famous soap. Lux Toilet Soap guards against Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes. Its ACTIVE lather goes deep into the pores, *thoroughly* removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Use Lux Toilet Soap before you renew make-up during the day, ALWAYS before you go to bed. "Soft, smooth skin is very important to charm!" says Claudette Colbert.





Bob Burns, Arkansas' favorite son and everybody's favorite comedian sees what the fans think of him in PHOTOPLAY at the Ambassador Hotel drug store

Most of them have been, at heart, very simple people. All of them desired to find the "one woman" out of the millions who made them an object of admiration.

If any man needs a wife, a sane and happy marriage, a home life that is protection and contentment and reality, it is the man who has become a matinee idol.

Suppose then that Bob Taylor wants to marry—suppose he finds that he needs a home and a wife in the midst of the hectic fame that now surrounds him. Don't forget one thing in this amazing drama. You and I may sit in theaters and admire Bob Taylor impersonally, we may see him as merely the embodiment of masculine charm. We may admire him almost as we do the hero of our favorite book. I know that for three years, from the time I was ten until I was thirteen, I was madly in love with "The Virginian," the hero of the famous western novel. The girls and women who admire Taylor on the screen have much the same sort of feeling, I think.

But there are plenty of women in Hollywood, and other places, who aren't content with such distant admiration. The He-Men of Hollywood know what it is to be besieged from every angle. Women today are not the shrinking violets who used to wait for the sign of a man's favor. They "get their man." That being the fact, a young man like Bob Taylor is bound to be the target of every sort of lure that was ever conceived since the time of Cleopatra.

And, in all desperate honesty, it must also be admitted that marriage would not altogether relieve this pressure. That has happened a good many times, too.

Personally, I think that Bob Taylor should get married if he jolly well wants to get married and if he falls in love. No matter what anybody says. There isn't any marriage clause in his contract. And my opinion of American women is a very high one and I don't for a moment believe he'll lose much if any of his high romantic appeal for us.

Then suppose he does fall in love and wants to marry. What kind of a woman would be most successful as the wife of a screen star who is idolized by women, near and far?

BARBARA STANWYCK says definitely at this time that she won't marry him. Barbara was, as you may remember, the wife of Frank Fay. Of all the Hollywood wives I've ever known I think she was the finest—the most devoted, the most loyal, the most understanding.

If they're in love, I hope they get married. Yet I know, too, that it is often a difficult thing for two screen stars to marry and make a success of it. Their work keeps them apart rather than together. And being the wife of a screen star is an all time job. It takes constant thought to run a home, to be just the combination of housewife and public figure and understanding genius that a man in that spot requires.

Being any kind of a wife is, in my humble estimation, a pretty big order. The fact that we don't take it so seriously any more may be the reason back of our mounting divorce figures. Marriage is the woman's business, after all. It should be her first and most important business. That's the way we were created.

There has been, of late, a decided tendency on the part of the men of the screen to marry outside the theatrical profession altogether. For instance, Henry Fonda, who couldn't make a go of it with his star wife, Margaret Sullavan, took as his second bride the social Frances Brokaw, who is decorative and well versed in the ways of the world, but who can turn all her talents to being Mrs. Fonda.

One of Hollywood's really happy marriages is that of the Fred Astaires, and she was Phyllis Livingston Potter, listed in the social register. Another union that has clicked and seems to be unusually successful is that of Gary Cooper—who is my favorite matinee idol—to Veronica Balfe, of Park Avenue and Newport. And Mrs. Randolph Scott was Marion Du Pont Somerville.

The Clark Gables, who survived for five years in spite of all the difficulties and temptations, met when Mrs. Gable was a beautiful young society woman in New York and Clark was on the New York stage. I don't think any man ever had a finer wife than Rhea Gable. Only the sheer force of circumstances broke them apart.

Reading back over this, I realize that it's a sort of "heads I win, tails you lose" proposition. Perhaps you can't be the leading matinee idol of your day and also be happily married.

That would seem to be the consensus of opinion and of the record book, which is the way you lay odds on horses.

But I still think that any young man who wants to get married ought to do it in spite of hell and high water, if you'll pardon me. I'd like to know what other women who are Bob Taylor fans think about it. Life's a pretty large sized gamble either way or any way you play it. And the greatest of showmen will tell you, after years of experience, that you never can tell about the public nor its reactions, you can only gamble. Seems to me the odds on for happiness might be greater for Bob Taylor if he married—Barbara Stanwyck or anybody else he loves—than if he didn't.



These amusing candid camera shots were taken on the set of "When You're in Love," Grace Moore's new picture. Above, Miss Moore's maid adjusts her costume while Grace studies her lines beside Cary Grant who plays opposite her. At the left "Squeezix" the talented toy bull dog waits patiently like the screen veteran he is while Grace fixes her make up. "Squeezix" and the star enact a delightful comedy scene together in the picture

Lines... Dry Skin



ARE UNDER-SKIN FAULTS

Miss Sela Krebs: "A dry-looking skin is easy to avoid with Pond's Cold Cream."

To keep skin young looking
—learn how to invigorate
your UNDER SKIN

HARD TO BELIEVE—but those little lines that look as if they'd been creased into your skin from the outside, actually begin *underneath*!

First, hundreds of little cells, fibres and blood vessels *underneath* begin to function poorly. Then, the under tissues sag. That's what makes your *outside* skin fall into creases.

The same way with dull, dry skin! It's little oil glands *underneath* that function faultily—and rob your outside skin of the oil it needs to keep it supple, young looking.

BUT think!—You can invigorate those failing under tissues! You can start those faulty oil glands func-



Miss Eleanor Roosevelt

daughter of Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt of Washington, D. C., says: "A treatment with Pond's Cold Cream whisks away tired lines—and tones my skin."

tioning busily again. That's why you need not be discouraged when lines and skin dryness begin.

Start to rouse your underskin with Pond's "deep-skin" treatments. Soon

you'll see lines smoothing out, skin getting supple, young looking again.

Every night, pat Pond's Cold Cream into your skin. Its specially processed fine oils go deep, loosen dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. Now the rousing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream briskly patted in. Feel the blood tingling! Your skin is glowing . . . softer. Feels toned already! You are waking up that underskin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat. Your skin is smooth for powder.

Do this regularly. Soon tissues grow firm again. Lines fade out. Your skin is smooth—supple. It looks *years younger*!

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 15-CC, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

Young Love—Hollywood Style

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

her early life was completely unexceptional. She went to school. She pulled the pigtails of the girl next door. She turned from a pretty child to a gangly, long-legged adolescent, and thence to a beautiful woman. When she was old enough she played basketball and tennis, she had the usual trouble with lessons, she had several unimportant crushes: first with a football captain, then with a debater, then with a tennis star.

The college orchestra needed a blues singer, and Ann could sing blues. So she joined the band as vocalist.

The senior play had a small part unfilled, and she filled it.

She won a beauty contest.

A studio scout saw her.

She made "The Black Legion" and was an instant hit. So Warners signed her to a long term contract and gave her the all-important lead opposite Pat O'Brien in two class A productions—

Success was that easy, for Ann. It was that sudden, and thus difficult to adjust in her mind. "Kismet, or whatever you call it," she thought vaguely now, in her expensive apartment.

ON the day, then, that Ann and Ed Norris were to meet, she started to hurry out on a shopping tour.

In the lobby of her apartment she came suddenly around a corner and bumped head-on into a girl.

"Betty darling," said Ann plaintively, straightening her hat, "don't you ever look where you're going?"

Betty rearranged her face, having prepared it for hostilities, and gurgled pleasantly. "We were just on our way up," she told Ann, gesturing to a young man—politely stifling his laughter—who stood behind her. "Miss Sheridan, Mr. Norris."

Ann regarded him. Tall, lean, casually dressed. Clean-cut, tanned face with amused eyes. Nice.

"How d'you do?" said Ann. Then she lowered her eyes. His were measuring her too openly, too admiringly.

She didn't think of him again during that day, nor the next. She was busy. There were appointments with still departments, there were interviews, there was the concentrated work expected of her on the set.

On the second day he called her. "You remember," he said, his tone insistent. "The guy that almost had to pick you up off the floor the other day in the lobby of your apartment house. The guy that Betty—"

"Of course," Ann said. "How are you?"

"I'll live, I guess. But I'd have a better time if I knew I could see you once in a while. When're you free?"

She thought for a little while, unnecessarily. "Tomorrow," she said finally. "I don't have anything to do all day. And the evening's clear too. I mean really clear, because it's Saturday."

"That's marvelous!" His voice was gleeful. "I'll call for you about ten o'clock—in the morning."

She was ready at nine, dressed in slacks and prepared for anything. He was wearing white slacks and a jersey, and somehow their combined uniforms made the usual first date formality impossible; they had known and liked

each other all their lives, it seemed suddenly.

He had an open roadster and in it they drove through the speeding Los Angeles traffic to a Santa Monica beach club. On the sand they sprawled, scorning the cautious umbrella, and let the white sun bake every intelligent thought from their minds. The sea looked like a magazine cover; impossibly blue, with three pointed sails like wings swooping along far out. There weren't any clouds, of course. The shore for miles was gay with lounging people in bright suits.



Two famed "Mammy" singers brought a lot of fun to their listeners when Al Jolson visited Eddie Cantor on the Texaco program one night recently

Ann and Ed ran short of cigarettes, were too lazy to go in for more, and shared what they had. At noon they had an enormous lunch, ignored the proverbial hour of waiting, and swam for twenty minutes afterward. To their intense surprise nothing happened.

At five o'clock they drove lazily home, separated to dress for dinner, and met again at six-thirty; they went to the house of one Jack, friend of Ed's, where with Jack and his girl friend they had cocktails.

Perino's is the one restaurant in Los Angeles where the food is as good as any you will find in America, and where the waiters seem actually to care if you enjoy yourself. They went there, the four of them, and had champagne cocktails and duckling in orange, and, as a final blast of swank, crêpes suzette, with two captains supervising the wagon.

"Beginning to look like one of those evenings," Ann said when she had scooped the last spoonful of sauce from her plate.

THEY went to the Troc for a few minutes, found it too crowded for dancing, and proceeded to the beach, where they went on the

swing that turns you upside down after several deathly swoops and eventually ejects you, pale and tottering, on a little platform. Then they went to Jerry's Joint off an alley in Chinatown and had matchless fried shrimps.

"Tired?" Ed asked Ann when they emerged again into the alley.

"Only from laughing so much," she told him.

So they drove to the Santa Barbara Biltmore for breakfast, telling a continuous story on the way up. Coming back, in the clear morning chill, they sang as many as they could remember of the songs from past years; sentimental, nostalgic tunes like "My Melancholy Baby" and "Sweet Sue" and "Oh Give Me Something To Remember You By."

Alone in her own room, later, Ann faced herself in the mirror. "You may be a fool," she told the image there, "but I've a feeling you're going to be in love any minute now."

She couldn't quite believe it.

But then first love is hard to believe; she didn't try very hard.

After that first perfect day and evening they saw each other constantly, and did all the things California holds in reserve for young, very gay, very much in love people.

They explored the minor mountains and foothills.

They went up to Arrowhead and aquaplaned on the blue lake, and they hiked through the pines for hours. They climbed to the snow, dressed in boots and riding breeches and three sweaters apiece, and slid tumbling down the slopes on inexperienced skis. They lay afternoons in the soft sand of Malibu, motionless and silent. They danced at night in cabarets and hotel supper rooms. They flew to Catalina and speared flying fish from a motor boat.

Finally, when the summer had spent itself at long last, and the California "winter," of cooler mornings and occasional flooding downpours had set in, they decided they might as well get married.

Ensenada is a little, indolent, Mexican village on the shore below San Diego, and there they went one morning, riding out of the rain into the perpetual tropic sun of upper Mexico. Reverently they listened to the traditional Spanish ceremony, hurriedly they jumped into the roadster and burned the roads back to Hollywood—because both had early set calls the next day.

"AND that," said Ann Sheridan Norris to me, "is the story."

I lit another cigarette and leaned back in my chair. "It was the first time you'd ever been in love, and you got the man," I said. "I suppose you'll live happily ever after, too."

She grinned. "Sure."

"It can't last," I mumbled with brooding cynicism, "It's too pat—too perfect."

"It'll last," Ann said, positively. "Why not? It has so far—you see we can't have any fights because we've worked out a formula. In the first place we try not to lose our tempers; and then if we do, the one who's sore simply leaves the house and doesn't come back until he's over the brainstorm."

"And the future?"

"As simple as possible. Career for each of us, eventual security, and then a family." She shrugged. "What else is there, besides having all the fun there is?"

BLONDES! BRUNETTES!

Here's Hollywood's New Make-Up

ENTIRELY new and different is the new kind of make-up used by the blonde and brunette screen stars of Hollywood. Created for them by Max Factor, make-up genius of Filmland, it is based on his amazing discovery of cosmetic color harmony, which revolutionized make-up. Powder, rouge and lipstick are at last harmonized in color to dramatize the beauty of each type.

Now, if you are blonde or brunette, or whatever your type, there is a color harmony for you in Max Factor's face powder, rouge, lipstick. Note how these Warner Bros. stars create beauty with a make-up secret that can now be yours.



BEVERLY ROBERTS in Warner Bros.' "GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN"

SATIN-SMOOTH POWDER — You'll marvel how your color harmony shade in Max Factor's Face Powder will actually enliven the beauty of your skin. Amazingly fine in texture, it creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours... One dollar.



MARGARET LINDSAY in Warner Bros.-Cosmopolitan "GREEN LIGHT"

LIFELIKE ROUGE — Created to screen star types, the color harmony shades of Max Factor's Rouge impart a fascinating, life-like glow to your cheeks. Creamy-smooth, it blends and clings just as you would want it to... Fifty cents.



PATRICIA ELLIS in Warner Bros.-Cosmopolitan "MELODY for TWO"

SUPER-INDELIBLE LIPSTICK — Yes, Max Factor's Lipstick is super-indelible, for in Hollywood lip make-up must appear perfect for hours and hours. Moisture-proof, too, so you may be sure the color remains uniform. In color harmony shades to accent the appeal of lovely lips... One dollar.



RUBY KEELER wins the love of Ross Alexander in Warner Bros.' new picture... "Ready, Willing and Able." Today, any girl, to win love and romance, must make the most of her natural charms. So, discover the screen stars' beauty secret... Max Factor's Color Harmony Make-Up.



© 1937 by Max Factor & Co.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

MAIL FOR POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK in YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood;
Send Purse Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade;
also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage
and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make Up Chart and 48 page
Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". FREE

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light . . . ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE . . . ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light . . . ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	Dark . . . ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	BROWNETTE . . . ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	Light . . . ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Dark . . . ☐
Freckled ☐	Black ☐	BRUNETTE . . . ☐
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light . . . ☐
	Dark ☐	Dark . . . ☐
	Dark ☐	REDHEAD . . . ☐
		Light . . . ☐
		Dark . . . ☐
		Dark . . . ☐

SKIN Dry ☐ Only ☐ Normal ☐

LASHES (Color) Light ☐ Dark ☐

If Hair is Gray check type above and here ☐

Hollywood All at Sea

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

"Not Ensenada! NOT *Ensenada*!" scoffed Warren. "You're trying to tell me that I don't know . . ."

"Have a look," suggested the carping critic, offering a pair of binoculars.

Warren looked and the first object that met his startled gaze was a huge building, flaunting the sign, "Santa Barbara Hotel." They had sailed a hundred miles due north, that was all.

Or consider that sturdy seaman, Buck Jones, captain and owner of the *Sartartia*, a one hundred and ten foot schooner

Catalina Channel waters were certain to be rough. After a hurried consultation, the party adjourned to the hotel to await news from the boat—news that didn't arrive for more than twelve hours. Then a telephone call from the *Serena's* skipper informed her sadly worried owner that the yacht had made anchor at Newport, on the mainland. It was imperative for most of the guests to be in their studios within a few hours and there was no means of getting across the channel. None, that is, until Lewis Stone had a brilliant idea, remembered the

effort to find some means of reassuring the Guardsmen in the plane. Finally one of the guests hit upon a brilliant idea, dashed below to the flag locker and came back on deck with two signal flags, one signifying "O," the other signifying "K."

"Hold them up and they'll know we're okay," he urged.

Lee Tracy objected. "How do we know what the signal 'O-K' means?" he demanded. And he continued his effort to talk by pantomime. Finally he succeeded and the plane sped back to its base.

The emergency past, the aggrieved guest insisted upon looking up the meaning of "O-K" in the code book. Imagine his amazement and chagrin when he discovered that:

"The signal flags, 'O' and 'K,' displayed together, signify, 'There is a suicide aboard.'"

SURELY you remember Ray Griffith. He was one of the greatest of silent screen comedians. Unfortunately Ray lost his voice when he was a child and for years has not been able to speak above a whisper. That affliction, of course, doomed him when the screen went talkie—but it hasn't kept him from becoming an important producer and an enthusiastic yachtsman.

One afternoon Ray and his guests were grouped in the cockpit of the yawl, enjoying themselves as thoroughly as only Hollywood's sailormen can, when Ray suddenly decided to change his course. Raising his voice to a mighty whisper that was carried away unheard by the wind, he gave due warning:

"Look out, I'm bringing her up into the wind!"

And with that, he threw over the tiller and, of course, the boom of the mizzen sail promptly swung across the cockpit and knocked everyone but Ray, who ducked, into the water. Fortunately for the future of the screen, they were all excellent swimmers and managed to clamber back aboard where they were confronted by a very concerned Ray.

"What's the matter?" he demanded plaintively. "Didn't you hear me shout?"

Whenever Hollywood mariners gather, there is talk of the cruise of the *Talayha*. It has been three years since Ronald Colman, Bill Powell and Dick Barthelmess, widely known as "The Three Musketeers," chartered that luxurious racing-rigged sloop for an extended fishing jaunt along the coast of Mexico. And Warner Baxter, their bosom pal, pined so for the great ocean spaces that their hearts were moved to compassion and they invited him to join their party.

On sailing day, Warner arrived at the dock with a huge medicine chest, an arsenal of high-powered rifles, an armful of brand new fishing tackle and a glint in his eye. And, as the *Talayha* inched her way out through the winding inner channel of the harbor, the glint grew until it was a full-fledged gleam.

"This is the life!" exulted Warner Baxter, throwing his chest out to the invigorating breeze and putting a slight, seamanly roll into his stride as he walked along the deck. "Yes, Sir!" he declaimed, thumping his breast like Tarzan after a kill, "this is the life!"

And, taking such a deep breath that the towering sails hung limp, he turned to the skipper:

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



Nutty but nice explains the Three Ritz Brothers to a T—or should we say an R? They are watching their own hilarious madcaps on the screen at the big combined preview and Hollywood Hotel broadcast of "One in a Million"

When he first purchased the *Sartartia*, Buck worried about receiving his mail promptly when he was at sea. Experience however, proved his worries needless. For one day he found himself lost and out of sight of land. He sent out an S. O. S. and the Coast Guard responded so promptly that a plan was born. Now, according to rumor at least, Buck has his mail sent in care of the Coast Guard. On receipt of Buck's inevitable S. O. S., they scour the coastal waters until they find the *Sartartia* and deliver his mail.

COMMODORE Lewis Stone comes by his title quite honestly, for he is past-commodore of the California Yacht Club. A veteran yachtsman, he sails that big schooner of his on three and four month cruises into the South Seas and cares nothing for stormy weather as long as the masts are creaking and the spume is flying back from the bow.

On one occasion, however, the Commodore sailed for Catalina Island and, after a rough crossing, dropped anchor in Avalon Bay and took his guests ashore for dinner.

Before they had finished eating, however, a member of the *Serena's* crew, sopping wet from his swim ashore, dashed in with the news that the big yacht had broke her moorings and was drifting out to sea. There was considerable consternation for a storm had arisen and the

Coast Guard and got busy on the telephone. An hour later a long grey cutter arrived, took them all aboard and carried them back to the mainland in regal state.

There is a story told at Hollywood's yachting parties which proves that on one remarkable occasion, the Coast Guard attempted an unwanted rescue.

Lee Tracy, having just acquired the *Adoree*, a sixty-two foot schooner, took a party of guests on a four-day wild boar hunting jaunt to Santa Rosa Island. On the return crossing, they were becalmed in mid-channel and since the *Adoree* at that time lacked auxiliary motors, there was nothing to do but make the best of the situation and wait for a wind. The boat being lavishly provisioned and the weather being balmy, no one minded in the least.

On shore, however, were two very worried wives. When their husbands failed to make an appearance on schedule, they promptly called the Coast Guard, which sent both a cutter and a plane to search for the missing yacht.

The plane arrived first and dived again and again, so low that its undercarriage almost touched the *Adoree's* decks, while the pilot tried to discover the nature of the trouble.

Now Tracy and his guests didn't want to be rescued—and they racked their brains in an

HAVE TEETH THAT *shine like the stars'!*

"Calox is undoubtedly a favorite dentifrice in Hollywood. It is particularly valuable for keeping the teeth sparkling and bright."

Claudette Colbert

They don't guess about a dentifrice in Hollywood. Results have to *show*...to show in brilliant highlights that register on the screen.

Repeatedly, famous stars praise Calox. They emphasize the luster it brings. The clean, fresh sparkle.

Perhaps you wish you could have teeth that "shine like the stars'." Perhaps you can! Take better care of your teeth...use the *same* fine, soft powder so many stars find best. Use Calox—twice daily.

Remember, Calox is safe to use. Screen stars make *sure* of safety...they wouldn't risk a scratchy polish.

ASK MUCH OF YOUR DENTIFRICE!

Calox releases live oxygen in the mouth. Oxygen is Nature's own purifying agent. Calox helps to neutralize mouth acids...tends to strengthen gums. Calox is made with prescription care by McKesson & Robbins, who have supplied physicians since 1833.

McKESSON & ROBBINS, Inc.



Watch for Miss Colbert's newest Paramount picture, "MAID OF SALEM," in which she is co-starred with Fred MacMurray. It's a Frank Lloyd production.



CALOX
FOR TEETH THAT
SHINE LIKE
THE STARS'

FREE! FAVORITE DENTIFRICE OF HOLLYWOOD STARS

McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Fairfield, Connecticut. Dept. K-1.
Please send me *free* a week's trial of Calox Tooth Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

"How much could I buy this boat for?" he demanded, mentally calculating his bank balance.

At that very moment, the *Talayha* rounded the breakwater and struck the first big swells of the open sea. As she slid down into a trough, Warner's stomach rose up and lodged just aft of his tonsils; as she soared to meet the following crest, his stomach sunk like a sounding lead—and that's asking entirely too much of the most virile stomach!

It kept on like that for three days, or until the *Talayha* dropped anchor at Ensenada and Warner tore himself away from the lee rail long enough to go ashore and find the local telegraph office. There he hastily concocted a phony telegram, signed by Darryl Zanuck calling

Most of Hollywood's sea-going actors, it must be confessed, do not share Jimmy Cagney's idea about fishing. Take Cecil B. DeMille, for instance—now there's a veteran yachtsman who would rather fish than eat.

He owns a big, sleek power yacht and cruises in it for weeks at a time. He likes to take his writers and secretaries aboard and go for a long cruise while they sun themselves on the deck and concoct new ways in which to use a bathtub in pictures. When he made "Four Frightened People" in Hawaii, he took all of the cast and a number of the production crew across in the *Seaward*. He also took four big pythons which were to be used in the picture.

About mid-way between the mainland and Hawaii, those pythons escaped from their cage

prevalent rumor, has one striking peculiarity. It seems that he prefers to do his sailing right in the harbor.

He gives lavish parties aboard but never puts out from the slip.

John Barrymore, on the other hand, is a "blue water" sailor who used to take his *Infanta* the entire length of the coast. Sometimes he cruised to Alaska to hunt bears; sometimes he sailed into the south seas to fish; and sometimes, in a heavy fog, he'd just cruise.

Give Captain John a gold braided cap, a ship's bridge to stand on, a binnacle to lean against and a hooker of rum at his elbow and the Ancient Mariner himself, cross-bow, albatross and all, was just an apprentice cabin boy by comparison.

There is the story of Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot—and the "good will" cruise which they made to Catalina Island. You see, Bruce and Adrienne had been quarrelling; their marriage bark was drifting close to the shoals of divorce.

In that emergency, Bruce conceived the idea of chartering a boat and sailing away to Avalon—Mother Nature, the great pacifier, might soothe the storm that was threatening their married life.

Unfortunately a strong wind came up as soon as they were well out into the channel, and with it came giant swells and white caps. Before long Adrienne was draped over the port rail and Bruce was equally fascinated by something just below the starboard rail. It was a distressing situation such as no editor of "Advice for the Lovelorn" would approve. And by the time they had reached the still waters of Avalon Bay, they were so disgusted with Mother Nature, yachting and each other that it took them a full year to patch up their quarrel and regain marital bliss.

AND I'm again reminded of Lee Tracy of the schooner *Adoree*. One night last summer, with four guests aboard, Lee was standing in for an anchorage in Newport Harbor—a difficult maneuver, as it happened, for the night was inky black, the sea was rough, and one of the guests had the gin-inspired obsession that he was an unusually hairy ape.

Clutching one of the guy ropes from the mainmast, this amateur Tarzan insisted upon swinging in wide circles out over the water—and, on each swing, Lee and another of the guests, by their miraculous dexterity in the art of grabbing, managed to save him from falling overboard.

Finally, as the *Adoree* crept into the dark channel of Newport Harbor, the athletic one prepared himself for a mightier swing than any that had gone before.

"I'm an ape!" he shouted and with that launched himself far out over the bay.

And at that very instant, Lee and the other good Samaritans decided simultaneously that they were through playing games. They didn't put out a rescuing hand and, plunk! the ape man was in the briny.

He came up spluttering and bellowing for aid—and started swimming away from the boat.

Seizing a long boat hook, Lee made one deft pass at the swimmer and hooked him through the seat of the dungarees as neatly as ever a fisherman gaffed a fish.

That accomplished, it wasn't much of a job to hoist him aboard. But it was nearly the finish of Lee Tracy.

He came within an ace of laughing himself to death.



Here's a grand exclusive shot of Randy Scott and his new wife at the Lamaze. She is the former Marion DuPont Somerville whose racing stables in Virginia are famous. Though they were childhood friends, their surprise marriage last year was a Hollywood sensation. Doesn't Randy look handsome and happy?

him back to the studio *immediately* for retakes and bribed a Mexican lad to deliver it to him aboard the yacht. An hour later he was in a hired automobile, bound for Hollywood.

Speaking of seasickness, or *mal de mer*, as most Hollywood actors prefer to term it, there's Jimmy Cagney—for sheer determination, you'll never find his superior!

Captain Cagney is a tough little sailorman who can assimilate almost any punishment—excepting sailing. In fact, he does assimilate almost everything, and especially "Mother Sill's Sea-sick Remedy," but none of it does any good. He bought a big schooner a few years ago and planned to see the world. To date, about all he has seen is the magnificent panorama which one gets by looking down over the lee rail.

ONE of Jimmy Cagney's most notable peculiarities, by the way, is a profound conviction that it is cruel to kill game or catch fish. Victor Jory, a fishing enthusiast, loves to tell about a cruise that he made as Jimmy's guest. He had brought a fishing spear and planned to spear flying fish. Jimmy Cagney, between trips to the rail, told him to throw "that thing" overboard or be put ashore.

"The flying fish have just as much right to live as we have!" he maintained.

and instead of Four Frightened People there were about forty aboard the *Seaward*.

They finally found the big snakes in a wardrobe woman's stateroom. She was sound asleep and the pythons were coiled in the bunk with her.

But I started to tell about DeMille's fishing which is usually done near Guaymas, Mexico, where a sea bass weighing one hundred pounds is only a minnow. C. B., you see, is a man who likes things on a large scale—yet on this occasion, perhaps he wished the fish were a bit smaller.

He was cruising with a party of friends and one fine morning started out in the dingy before breakfast to catch a fish or two. Suddenly, he hooked a monster swordfish that started in the general direction of China so fast that his reel smoked. It towed the dinghy here and towed it there—and all C. B. could do was to swear and hang on. He hung on—without breakfast and without lunch—for ten hours before that swordfish broke the line. And just to make him feel better about it all, the *Seaward* cruised around and around him, with his friends sitting in easy chairs on the deck, munching sandwiches, drinking champagne and shouting to tell him how delicious the food was.

Charlie Chaplin's yachting, according to

"One look at your eyes, Mr. Dodd, and one knows you are more artist than business man."

**A
LAUGH
EXPLOSION**

Woman-shy New York banker suddenly made boss of the "Colossal" studios in Hollywood

Read

STAND-IN

by

**CLARENCE
BUDINGTON
KELLAND**

author of

**THE CAT'S PAW
FOOTLIGHTS**

(Called "Speak Easily" as a movie)

DREAMLAND

(Called "Strike Me Pink" as a movie)

AND

OTHER HIT STORIES

ATTERBURY DODD thought that the most important movie figures appeared on bank statements—until he met Thelma Cheri. He fast learns that stocks and bonds aren't as interesting, never as exciting, as stock in blondes . . . that all movie murders aren't committed before cameras . . . nor are all Hollywood's laughs put in the movie scripts.

You're due for a great story. A gay, modern laugh-hit that turns Hollywood inside out—that moves faster, gets better with each installment. It starts in the February 13th POST!

GET YOUR COPY TODAY

AT ALL NEWSDEALERS 5¢

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Why George Raft Settled that Contract Fight

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

George Raft was miserable; George Raft was secretly upset; George Raft lost eight pounds simply because of his great friendship with Gary Cooper, and because, in ordinary, everyday language, George was afraid that Gary might be mad at him! Oh, I know it's a bit of a shock! That the slick sleek man of the screen should have any such sentimental streak in him! It's even a surprise to discover that these two are friends. On the surface of it you'd say never. They're so different; they represent two entirely different worlds!

The amazing thing is that these two have been friends, not because of the time they spend together—they seldom see each other outside the studio, but because of a rare understanding between them. It was Gary who first gave this understanding to George, and the understanding has bound them together through years. It was Gary who, in his quiet, deep thinking, observant way, first saw through the sleek bravado of George, and saw underneath a warm and ready friendliness that is not akin to Hollywood. Both of them avoid spotlights and Trocaderos; both of them refuse to open their personal lives to the public; both of them wish to stay men, rather than puppets worked by a celluloid string. True, their escapes are different. George seeks solace and retreat in a coterie of old pre-Hollywood friends, friends from "back on 10th Avenue"—prize-fighters, baseball players, six-day bicycle

racers, and a few others whose professions are less determinable.

On the other hand, Gary finds his retreat in guns, and hunting, fast motor cars, horses and such—but these are his old pre-Hollywood friends too! Each, through long years of fame, has been true to himself, as a person. Naturally there is admiration between them.

That mutual admiration was the thing about which George was frightened. "I was afraid it wouldn't be so mutual anymore, after I had to walk out," he told me as we sat in the Captain's dining room aboard the *William Brown*, having ten o'clock coffee together.

It was the last day of the "Souls at Sea" "location," twenty miles off the coast of Catalina. The boat was rolling and the coffee slopped a bit in our cups. George wore a dark blue sailing outfit, in the period of the picture. His hair was not plastered down as it usually is—it was loose and fluffy and curly, and it gave him a softness and a naturalness which will be new to his fans. He looked happier and better than I had ever seen him look. He was thoughtful and serious too, as he talked about this friendship with Gary.

"YOU see, the trouble all started, not because my part wasn't big enough for me—of course that's what everyone thought—but because it wasn't *right* enough. It was the part of a low-life, a villain. Oh, I've played parts

like that before, but always I've seen to it that they had some sort of compensation. A tender moment here and there, or a death at the end—something to gain a little sympathy. I've got to do that to protect myself with my fans. That's what I was holding out for in this part—some scene, some business, some character twist that would be redeeming. Get what I mean? Well, Gary did, right from the beginning. He was encouraging me as though he were my own agent. Like me, all this picture business doesn't really mean anything to him, inside. But it is a business and he knows you've got to conduct it like one. You've got to protect your product, package it as attractively as you can. Well, I tried to get a new package, but nobody else could see it my way, nobody but Gary, and finally I *had* to walk out. There was nothing else to do. But after I made the break I got worried. The picture was being held up. I heard that Gary was getting restless, that they were trying to get somebody else to take my place, and couldn't. And it began to dawn on me that Gary might forget the reasons and just begin to think that it was a temperamental trick. I don't mind what a lot of people think about me, but I do mind what my pals think. Then, well then the front office wanted me to come back on my own terms. That was a big day, let me tell you . . . but you know when the best minute was? When Gary gave me the

The TRUE EXPERIENCE of RITA KOCH

OF OZONE PARK, N.Y.

NOBODY Goes



REAL
RITA
OWN
STORY

DON'T YOU CARE DARLING — WE'LL SHOW THEM — EMMA TOLD ME TODAY YOU OUGHT TO EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST **EVERY DAY** FOR THOSE PIMPLES. IT CLEARED BOB'S UP FINE — REMEMBER...

HE HASN'T **ANY** NOW, HAS HE? I'D BETTER START RIGHT OFF AND GET RID OF MINE!

LATER

— BUT DON'T BREATHE A WORD ABOUT IT — THIS PARTY'S TO BE A BIG SURPRISE —

IT SOUNDS LIKE HEAPS OF FUN

MY BUT IT'S GRANI TO BE IN ON THINGS AGAIN



high-sign that it was all O.K. . . . that we were still as we were before!

| COULD see the picture . . . that day that George stood in his doorway across from Gary's doorway. After a while Gary peddled up to his own door on his bicycle. Out of the corner of his eye he saw George. Out of the corner of his eye he winked, and his long hand waved shyly. "Nice going, fella!" was what it said. These two had an understanding. It was the moment for which George had been waiting.

You only have to see them at work together on this picture to *know* that they are friends. You can sense it, most clearly of all, in their delightful kidding. It is George who gives it mostly, and Gary who takes it. George has a number of nicknames for Gary—all based on his long lanky skinniness. "Flagpole," "Slim," or "Hey there, you Bloated Thread!" which is one of his favorites. Or sometimes he just calls him "Coop." Gary, to retaliate, often addresses his co-star as "Roly-poly." The contrast when those two stand side by side, is really remarkable. George who is not a short man, nevertheless looks short and a little heavy beside Gary's six-feet-three, and Gary, because of the contrast, looks even taller and thinner. Gary's thinness is always a source of amazement to his buddies, and George's reaction is no exception. "That fellow eats twenty times a day—look at him now—that's his third breakfast this morning . . . and what happens? Nothing! I don't eat all day, and look at me!"

We were all perched on the rail of the ship—Director Henry Hathaway, Cracker (Gary's henchman), and George. Coming up from the

Captain's quarters was Gary. He had a plate of breakfast food in his hand, and he was scooping it up generously. He weaved his way through the extras and the crew that were lying around on the deck, but never once spilled a drop. "Say, Flagpole!" George yelled. "You know there's another galley up front, where the crew eat! Maybe you could get something out of that one, too!"

Gary sought us out against the glare of the sunshine, spoon poised between plate and mouth. He spotted us, plunged the spoon in his mouth, then said thickly through the corn flakes, "Thanks, I'll go up and see what they've got."

We all had lunch together a few hours later. George and Gary sat next to each other at the Captain's table. Frances Dee was there, too, and Olympe Bradna. No sooner had we sat down than George looked at Gary's hands, shook his head and began tsk-tsk-ing. "Gary, you have no gentlemanly instincts at all. Why these ladies won't be able to eat, after getting a look at those dirty hands of yours."

And before Gary could sit on those hands, George had hold of them, and was holding them up for everyone to see. Gary wriggled and squirmed and blushed like a caught bad boy. "Yeah, I guess they are sort of dirty. Excuse me." He got up, but half way across the salon he turned back. "It was my rifle . . . too much oil. I was shooting at the sea gulls, that's why!" We roared. "Come back, silly, no one minds!" And so, gratefully, he did. But it kept up like that, all during the lunch, a ribbing tirade. When the apple pie came, George ate only the crust. Gary ate only the inside. "Say, if you were only a woman, and we could be married, we'd

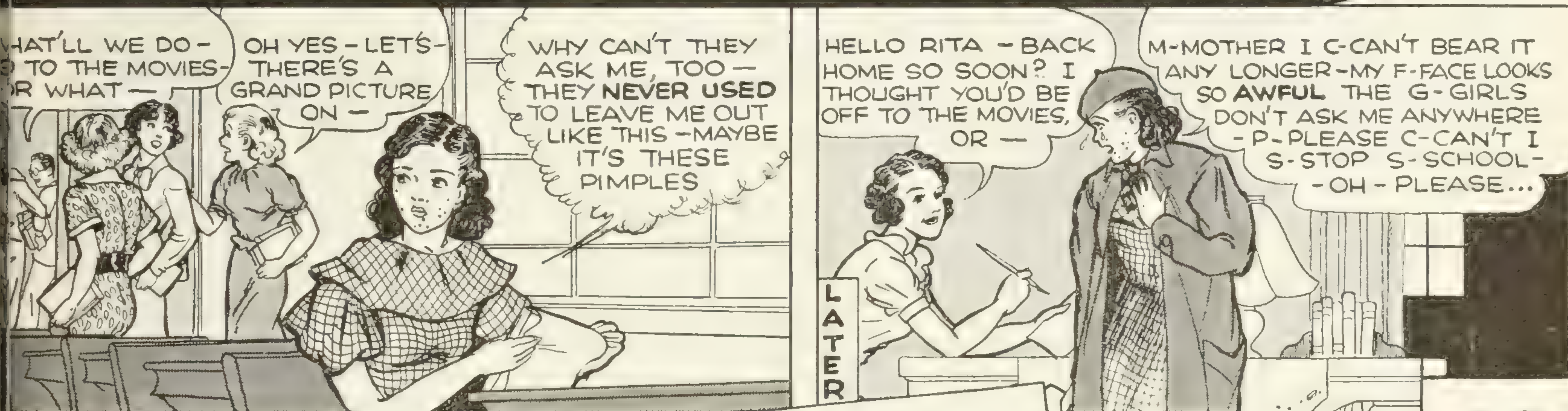
get along fine," George commented drily.

But it was a few minutes later that Gary opened himself to the worst attack. They were discussing the hardness of the beds at the location camp on the isthmus. George hadn't been able to sleep, they were so bad. "Sure," said Gary, "location beds are always bad. I'm on to that, after 'Bengal Lancers.' But I fool 'em. I bring my own pillows from home. You can always sleep on hard beds as long as the pillows are good and soft."

George stood up, a devilish glimmer in his eyes. He tapped a spoon against a glass for attention. "Ladies and gentlemen. On my left I give you Gary Cooper . . . the greatest outdoor man the screen has ever known. Hard rider, hard shooter, hard fighter. He brings his own soft pillows from home!" The whole dining room rocked with laughter, and Gary nearly choked on his coffee from pure embarrassment. But there was an amused glimmer in his eyes, too.

They were busy shooting all the rest of the afternoon. At four o'clock as the sun began to sink, Hathaway called it quits and there was a mad scramble for the water taxi. Like a couple of kids George and Gary raced to get in first and get the prize stern seats under the canopy. Beside them they saved a place for Frances Dee. But when she finally scrambled in there wasn't as much room as there had appeared to be, and both the men had to put their arms back over the rail, crisscrossing each other's, to make more room. They were smiling peacefully as they watched the others packing in. Rival co-stars in a picture? Not a bit of it. Just two friends, sitting there, with their arms comfortably around each other.

Around with ME Anymore!



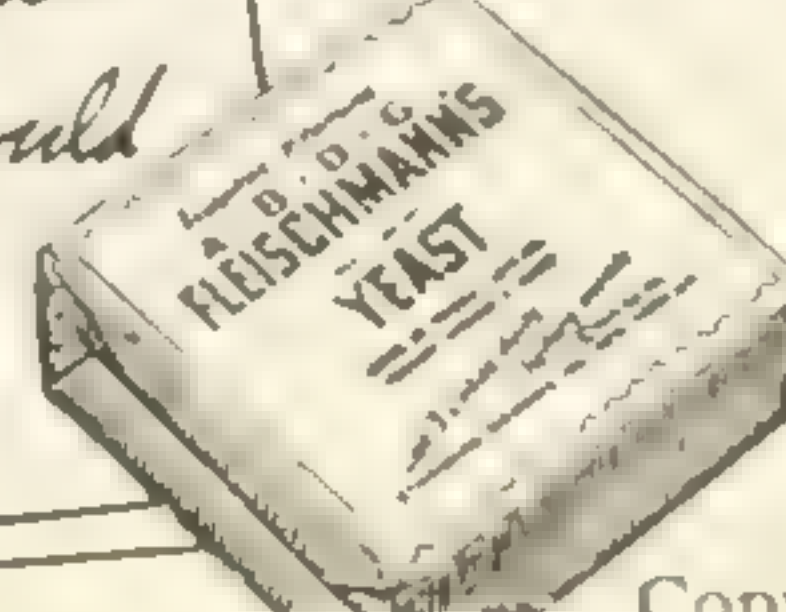
I know how hard it is to have to go around with a pimply face. That's why I'm glad to have this chance to tell how wonderfully Fleischmann's Yeast cleared up my skin. I wish every girl or boy who has trouble with pimples would eat Fleischmann's Yeast like I did. I'm sure it would fix them up. Rita Koch

CLEAR UP ADOLESCENT PIMPLES

AFTER the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25, or even longer, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire body is disturbed. The skin, especially, gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—with the cause removed—the pimples go!

Just eat 3 cakes daily—a cake about ½ hour before each meal—plain, or in a little water, until your skin clears. Start now!





Petal Soft BLOUSES

KAYCRAFT LA MOLLADOR
RAYSANDA FINISH

● As running mates for your spring tweeds, choose these mannish blouses made of Kaycraft La Mollador, a Crown Tested Rayon Quality Fabric. Rich, heavy, petal soft and free from shrinkage because of Raysanda Finish by the Sanforized process. The blouses are man-tailored in a variety of styles with interesting cut and stitching details. Pastel colors. Identified by the label illustrated.

Raysanda
FINISH
BY THE
SANFORIZED
PROCESS

R. H. White Co. . . . Boston
Wm. Filene's Sons Co. . . Boston
Abraham & Straus . . Brooklyn
Mabley & Carew . . Cincinnati
F. & R. Lazarus Co. . Columbus
Monnig Dry Goods Co. . Fort Worth
L. S. Ayres & Co. . Indianapolis
Strawbridge & Clothier . Philadelphia
The Shepard Co. . Providence
Hale Bros. . . . San Francisco
Stix-Baer & Fuller Co. . St. Louis
Famous-Barr . . . St. Louis

Hollywood Honeymoon

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

"But, you *are* coming home with me, aren't you, Kay?"

And she smiled to him and nodded, and said, "Of course, silly! We have to sail to the Spanish Main together, don't we?"

He nodded and said, "Sure!" And Pop stayed and listened while Kay told him all about it; and when the time came to walk the plank—up popped Kay—and he tried, too—he had on his red badge of courage, didn't he? And he got up halfway, too, out of the chair, dragging his leaden, unfeeling limbs by sheer will. Pop was silent, and Kay, aching with pity, cried: "You did it! You did it! What did I tell you? You can! You can!"

Pop said: "Try, old man. Try hard—awful hard—and we'll all sail to the Spanish Main. Lee—it's up to you. You'll try hard, won't you, old top?"

And he nodded, feeling hot all over and pleased; and he said: "I'll betcha I'll do it, too! I'll betcha I'll run, too!"

Pop looked at Kay, and she smiled to him and said: "I'll come. It's crazy—but I'll come." And Pop kissed Kay's hand, and she got all pink and said, "Please!"

THEIR arrival in Hollywood was heralded by the press. Kay saw the stories. One gossip columnist wrote about the "romantic marriage" of the famous producer. Don had, according to the story, married the beautiful young nurse who had saved his life. Kay smiled when she read this.

Don's house, she found, was huge, stately, adequately staffed. The day they arrived, there was the matter of getting settled. There was the matter of sleeping quarters. Don explained to Kay, with a careful detachment, that he would occupy the large master chamber he had always slept in. Kay's room was strategically situated near Lee's. If the servants thought this arrangement queer, they gave no indication of it. Kay went to her room after Lee fell asleep and sat on the edge of her bed. She had been given position and privilege, but these seemed subordinate, in this house, to the memory of Nina Roberts.

She felt, suddenly, as if the very walls were impregnated with some subtle antagonism. The house seemed strangely still. She felt herself an alien. She didn't really belong here. She felt no kinship with this beautifully furnished home that was Don's and Nina's, furnished with the things they had chosen and arranged and cherished; thick with memories and associations. They seemed to form an impenetrable and guarded wall that shut her out, she thought.

At dinner, they talked brightly enough, with the ease of well-bred people. Don was, at times, abstract; at other times, eagerly anxious to make her feel at home. Over their coffee, in the drawing room, he said slowly:

"By the way, Kay—the uniform is definitely out, of course. If we're to put on a show, let's put on a good one! I want you to go downtown tomorrow and buy what you think you will need in the way of clothes. There are charge accounts in most of the stores, but I'll also leave you a check."

She listened with a curious and painful embarrassment as he detailed what might be expected of them in the way of public appearances. He grinned, wryly, as he finished: "Let's make it a good show, Kay. Hollywood

need not know anything. I know you're a good little trouser—considering what you've sacrificed, for Lee. Can I, also, count on you?"

"I'll do my best," she promised him, ill at ease.

At ten o'clock, she went, casually, to look at Lee. The boy was coming along very nicely, she thought, gaining weight and confidence daily. She went to her own room and arranged her few clothes and possessions. A bath and fresh pajamas gave her a feeling of tingling well-being. Somewhere in the house, a deep-toned clock boomed midnight. She heard Don come up the stairs.

For an instant, panic swept her. She heard his swift footsteps along the hall, and she heard his door close with a precise and definite "click!" Relief washed over her. Suddenly, she walked to her door and locked it. She and Lee and Don were the only occupants of this floor. The servants quarters were in the back of the house; and her own maid's room was empty. There was no maid, although Don had advised getting one. This had, at the time, amused her. Kay Stevens, with a personal maid!

She went to a chaise longue and stretched herself out luxuriously, reveling in the silken feel of the upholstery, her mind busy with a hundred complexities, the fantastic turn of her fortunes. It seemed incredible to her that she was actually the mistress of this huge house, of the efficient servants; the wife of a wealthy and prominent man—wife, at least, in the eyes of the world.

Where would this masquerade lead? Was this her destiny—to be a make-believe wife? She had never loved anyone. Her life had been barren of any emotional significance. Love, as she saw it, was the conventional preface of passion, something she had an instinctive revulsion for. Doctors old and young had tried to make love to her, but none had awakened any answering spark.

HER reverie was banished abruptly by the sound of footsteps in the hall. She listened as they approached, and her heart lurched as someone knocked on the door. Don! Why? Her skin tingled with warm blood and she felt as if an explosion had gone off in her face.

"Who—is it?" she asked, in a sudden agony of breathlessness.

"Me—Don. Can I see you for a moment, Kay?"

She swept up her worn bathrobe and slipped into it. A glance into the mirror told her that she looked like a tousled little boy. For a moment she hesitated, then she went to the door and opened it. Don smiled to her and came into the room, closing the door behind him. He was fully dressed. His eyes swept her briefly, then he looked carefully away. An agony of suspense was tightening in her.

"Sorry to intrude, Kay," he said, slowly. "Here's the check I promised you. You'll be expected to be quite a fashion plate in Hollywood. Go the limit, Kay. I want to be very proud of you. Good night." He regarded her for several seconds, the scantiness of her costume, the youthful contours beneath. A guarded elation flashed in his eyes. She was holding herself very still. Then, he opened the door and she heard him walk to his room. She was obscurely irritated.

This marriage was a major debacle. What she had always thought of as an immortal and

ecstatic hour was, in this queer marriage, merely freighted with dissatisfaction and dilemma. She looked at the check, and her eyes opened wide. It was more than generous. She experienced a freakish, perverse excitement; some tenuous emotional reaction was stirring to life within her; something of challenge. Without vanity, she knew herself to be as pretty as Nina Roberts.

And quite suddenly she was filled with a bitter wonder and a primitive jealousy; a growing sense of humiliation. She had seen Nina Roberts in pictures, sultry, beautiful. What pervasive graces, what potent charms and virtues did Nina possess that would make Don walk blindly out of her—Kay's—room as if she were one of the servants? She had read, somewhere, that Nina was a real Russian Countess. Even that did not explain Don's myopia.

Even though their relationship, by mutual agreement, was based on a strictly utilitarian understanding, she felt, unaccountably, that she had been spurned—repudiated. In the room he had shared with Nina, he was now, probably, making obeisance to a memory. It made her feel desolate and outlawed. Tears of irrational rage salted the golden river of affection that ran deep in her. She considered Don with a suspended and critical analysis. Did she want Don? Did she want Nina's place in this home—in his heart? She wondered, trying to sort her complex impulses. They seemed to defy classification.

HE left the house before she arose, the next morning. A growing and painful curiosity caused her, later, to walk into his room. She told herself that it was legitimate for her to explore her own home.

She found an elaborately framed picture of Nina sitting on a chest of drawers, in a far corner. The twin beds stood side by side. The room was large and beautifully furnished, and was, somehow, reminiscent of the glowing and primitive Nina. A slim bud vase, with a withered yellow rose bud in it stood before the silver framed photograph. Kay stared at it. What did it mean? she wondered. A withered reminder—an ironic salute to a departed and forgotten happiness? Why didn't one of the servants remove the dead flower? She eyed the vivid Nina.

"I don't think I like you," she told the photograph; then she shrugged and walked out. When Lee had been looked after, she went shopping.

It was her first experience, going in her own car, driven by her own chauffeur; and it was the first time she had had more than ten dollars to spend for a dress.

A quite feminine excitement claimed her. She became absorbed. Swift, clever hands transformed her from a pretty young girl into a glowing young beauty. She looked in the mirror with unbelieving and fascinated eyes; then she shrugged. "Clothes horse," she told herself. "We must dress and act the part of Mrs. Roberts. Hold your head up—look important—you're one of the first ladies of Hollywood—believe it or not!"

As the bills mounted, she became frightened. She phoned Don at the studio, told him what she had bought, and asked him if it was all right to charge it. He asked the amount, and when she told him, he laughed, amusedly.

"Get dozens of everything," he told her. "Lots of evening things—gowns and slippers and wraps. I just got a call from Mrs. Dixon—the Mrs. Dixon. She and her husband are throwing a swanky party for his Highness, the Grand Duke Igor, who is visiting here. She's going to call you, at home, to invite you, per-

*Gentlemen don't talk
about it... but*



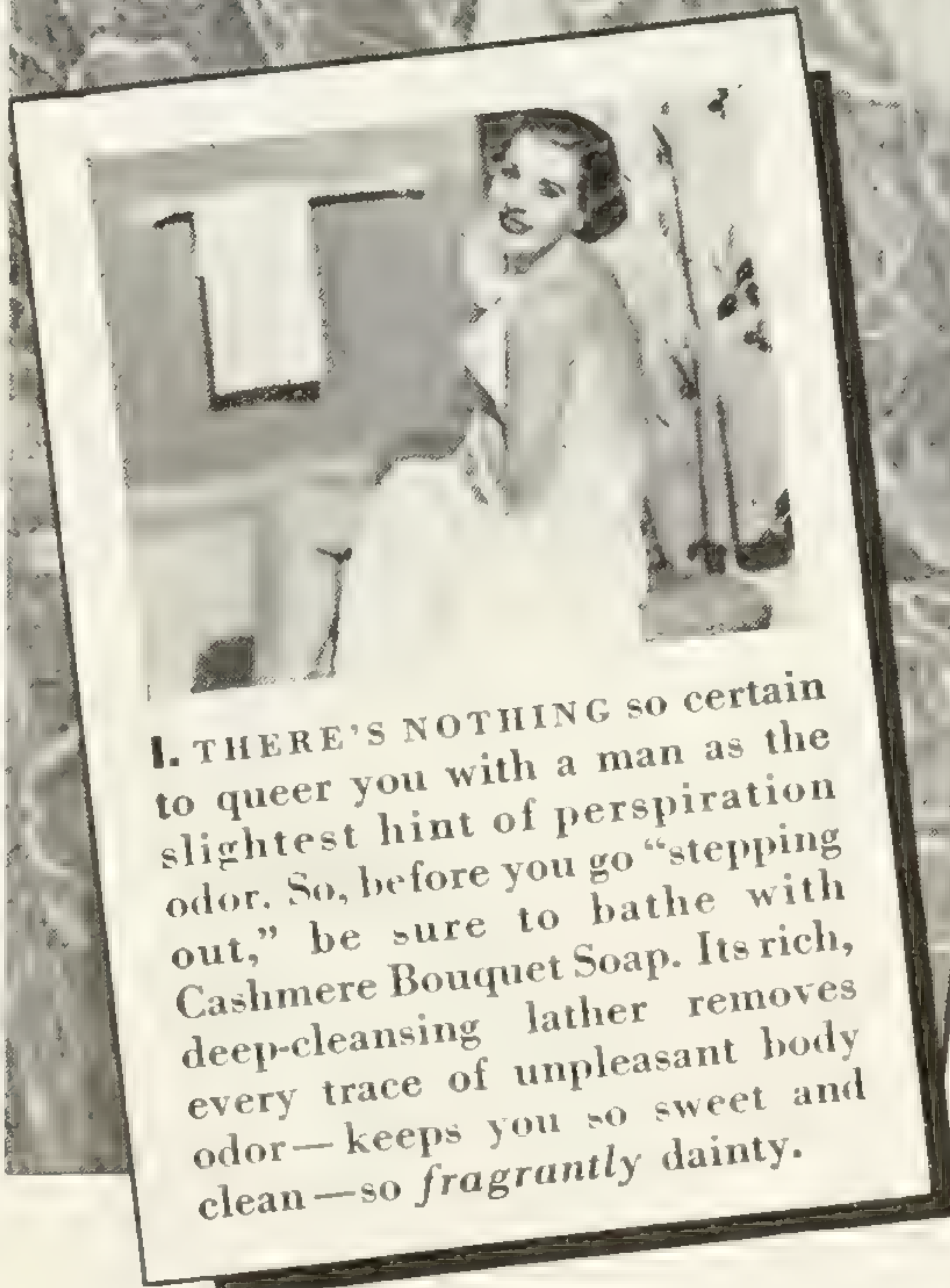
A GIRL CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL

...AND THE LOVELIER WAY TO

AVOID OFFENDING IS A

BATH WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!



1. THERE'S NOTHING so certain to queer you with a man as the slightest hint of perspiration odor. So, before you go "stepping out," be sure to bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Its rich, deep-cleansing lather removes every trace of unpleasant body odor—keeps you so sweet and clean—so fragrantly dainty.



2. WHEN YOU dine and dance with him how safe you'll feel from any danger of offending! How much more alluring you'll be, too, with Cashmere Bouquet's flower-like perfume still lingering lightly about you! Isn't it wonderful that such a lovely soap costs only 10¢ a cake?

KEEPS COMPLEXIONS LOVELY, TOO!

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing, yet it goes right down into each pore and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics... makes your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth. No wonder fastidious women everywhere now use nothing but this pure, creamy-white soap for both the face and bath. Why don't you use it too?

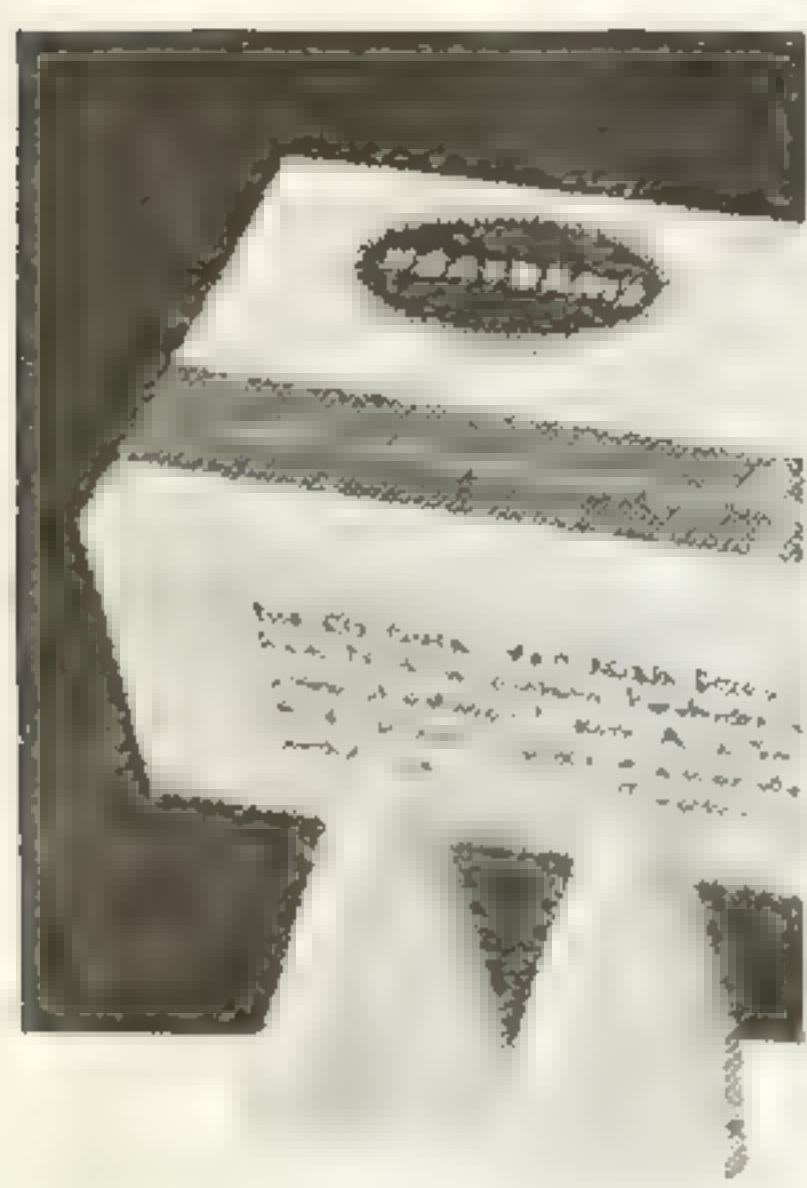


NOW ONLY 10¢ at all drug, department, and ten-cent stores

THE ARISTOCRAT OF ALL FINE SOAPS



FEMININE HYGIENE *made easy*



THE ACCEPTED MODERN WAY

The exquisite woman finds Norforms essential for the inner cleanliness she demands. They are completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about her person. They are dainty and feminine, soothing and deodorizing. Many women use them for this deodorizing effect alone.

NORFORMS are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate internal membranes—an antiseptic film that is designed to remain in effective contact for many hours.

- A distinctive and exclusive feature of Norforms is their concentrated content of *Parahydrecin*—a powerful and positive antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. *Parahydrecin* kills germs, yet Norforms are non-irritating—*actually soothing*. There is no danger of an "overdose" or "burn."

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR

Send for the new Norforms booklet, "*Feminine Hygiene Made Easy*." Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y., makers of Unguentine.

NORFORMS

sonally. It's one of Sally's grand gestures. She always does it. Her parties are the talk of Hollywood. It will be your formal introduction to Hollywood, as Mrs. Roberts. So, young lady, inasmuch as we have to go, please buy something stunning—so I'll burst with pride."

"Oh!" said Kay. An acute unhappiness settled on her. She began to dread the ordeal of this social muster, the inevitable comparisons that would be drawn between her and the lovely former Mrs. Roberts. "I'll do the best I can, of course—"

"Lay it on thick," said Don. "I'll bring home an engagement ring. Will you trust me—or do you prefer to pick it yourself?"

"Really!" she began. "Is that—oh, well! You pick it!"

The rest of the day went in a dreamy haze for her. She bought an evening gown of silver cloth, impalpable as moonlight, and she bought accessories to match. In the late afternoon, she hurried home, worried about Lee.

LEE was in the garden, in his wheel chair, with his young governess. The girl left, leaving them alone. Lee was flushed.

"Look, Kay!" he shrieked. "My knees bend! Look!" He lifted himself, painfully, and fell back, exhausted.

Kay was thrilled. "I told you!" she cried. "I told you! Soon you'll *earn* the red badge of courage!"

"And we'll sail away to the Spanish Main, huh, Kay? You and me and Pop. It isn't very far, is it?"

"No—not for those who earn the red badge." She sank down at his feet and looked at him. "Don't you want your mother to sail along with you? You love her, don't you, Lee?"

"Sure!" said Lee. "Mommy will come, too. She's coming back pretty soon, isn't she? She's in London. Is that far?"

"Not very, dear." Then she chased a butterfly he wanted, and she told him a pirate story; and Don came and looked them both over, and said, to Lee:

"Well, old top? Are you earning the red badge?"

So Lee told him about his knees bending, sometimes, when he tried double hard; and Kay wheeled him inside; and Pop came along, too.

That night, Don gave Kay the ring. She gasped when she saw it—a great, emerald-cut diamond, wickedly brilliant. Her eyes misted as he slipped it on her finger.

"So much," he told her, "for a good memory. Isn't that a perfect fit? Well, Mrs. Roberts—how do you like it?"

"It's—gorgeous!" she said; "but you didn't have to—"

"Skip it," he ordered. "What we know is none of Hollywood's business. I want you to shine at Sally's party. I'm told that the Grand Duke is a relative of Nina's—and that Nina got in town this afternoon. I didn't expect she'd return." He frowned. "We have to go. People don't refuse Sally's invitations—and I can't afford to. Her husband, you know, is one of the heads of Climax. Well, with Nina present, they'll expect a good show. Let's give it to 'em, Kay!"

Suddenly, she stood up on tiptoe and kissed him fleetingly on the chin. "That's—for this gorgeous ring," she said, swiftly, and fled to her room.

She came down later, fully dressed for the party in the silver gown. Don met her at the stairs and stared. "Good Lord, Kay!" he said, softly. "Why—you're beautiful!" Then suddenly, he kissed her; and she didn't know that the hammering deliciousness that filled

her wasn't love. "Let's go," said Don, his ironic smile deepening.

Kay would never have believed that such parties were possible. Mr. and Mrs. Dixon's gesture to visiting royalty was more than a party. It was Hollywood, at its famous best—Hollywood royalty was assembled to greet European royalty. There were fully sixty people in the huge drawing room, and nearly every face was a famous one. Kay had seen some of them on the screen.

She had sat, during the four hour drive to Arrowhead Lake, with a nervous fear gnawing at her because of the ordeal she was facing, with Nina Roberts certain to be present; and she was quite unprepared for the silence her own appearance occasioned. But she sensed, with a sure intuition, that she had not disappointed Don—or Hollywood.

She was introduced to many people and she felt the current of criticism and appraisal about her. Her heart leaped into her mouth when she faced Nina Roberts, superbly beautiful, looking like a young queen. For a split second their eyes met, then she passed on. One curious note remained in her memory. Nina Roberts wore a single yellow rose bud over her heart.

How it happened, she never knew, but she found herself talking to a dark young man; a tall, distinguished man, with smiling gray eyes that didn't look a bit villainous—Gilbert Ross!

Everything about Gilbert Ross was perfect. He was tall, he was sleekly handsome. Away from his rôles on the screen, his finely-drawn face wore a pleasant look that made it impossible for any man not to believe in him and any woman not to love him. Curiously, on the screen, he always played bad men, seemingly able to turn on some sinister quality at will. Kay wondered which one *was* Ross.

Kay mentioned this, thinking, swiftly, that this man was said to have won Don's first wife, Nina. She didn't remember what they talked about—only that she was radiantly happy. It seemed that he was very interested in polo and polo ponies; that he kept a stable of them. Vaguely, she remembered seeing a picture of him in a magazine, showing a bit of spirited polo action. They went out on the shadowy veranda; and as he talked, it seemed to her to be a perfect scene out of a Sardou play.

"YES," he acknowledged, smiling, "I'm the man the public loves to hate. So much for being typed! Some of my best friends suspect me of being, secretly, something of a bounder—how else can I play my parts so realistically? I even get fan mail—from indignant ladies, who take their movies seriously. They tell me they hope that I will some day get what I deserve. I hope not. I hate to see anyone get what's coming to them, don't you? That seems a bit too drastic."

Something happened to Kay that night; something blindingly swift; some pervasive miracle that gave a special and poignant significance to the music in the ballroom; something strangely solemn. She fell in love for the first time in her life. With Gilbert Ross. And she couldn't help it. Presciently, she sensed that she shouldn't, that it might lead to disaster; but it swept her like an overwhelming tide. She forgot time and place.

Gilbert Ross kissed her. The swift changing of his face, from his amused, half remote, lean contours, into a sudden flaming emotion, startled her. Curiously, she was not angry. She did not feel herself bound by any pledges made to Don, she argued, silently; she was bound only by the limitations she had set upon

herself. And she had never before had the incentive to test them. Her eyes were wide and dark in the white oval of her face when she lifted it to his.

"Why did you do that?" she asked, faintly.

"Why are you so beautiful?" he countered. "You might just as well ask me what makes a robin fly south. Same reason, I guess."

They were silent after that. She felt the sense of strain in him and knew a deep, fierce joy. Something seemed to be established between them, as it must between a man and a girl who have kissed each other, and liked it. He lit a cigarette and smoked a moment in silence. It seemed to her that the still, misty night, redolent of leaf mold, was swift-paced as a dream. Some surging exultation poured over her inherent caution. She looked at the lean, brilliant man, poised like a hawk, and her entire body trembled with some mad response that threatened her habitual restraint.

He said: "I'm sorry. I suppose I had no right to do that, Mrs. Roberts." His voice was very controlled, very quiet. "But I seem to be pretty crazy about you, Kay—believe it or not!"

"I don't," she said, stiff-lipped. "You *are* typed, aren't you?"

THUNDER boomed ominously below the horizon, and suddenly, a rainstorm began to rage over the mountains. Then, she saw Don. He stood to one side. He had seen Ross kiss her, and a sense of shame came over her. Don said, quietly:

"Time for a take, Ross? Shall we set up the cameras? Or is this a rehearsal?"

Ross turned to face Don. "My apologies," he said, suavely. "Circumstances beyond my control."

Don took her arm and said, significantly: "Don't let it degenerate into a habit, Ross. Once was plenty. Twice is dangerous."

Ross drew in his breath audibly. She saw his jaw set with a swift anger. "I—beg your pardon?" he asked dangerously.

"You heard me!" snapped Don, and guided Kay away abruptly.

She was in a turmoil after that, sick with the potentialities she sensed ahead. The storm increased to gale proportions during dinner; and afterwards, the radio warned motorists that a bridge had washed out, that rock slides obstructed several hairpin curves on many of the roads. Trees crashed outside.

Later, Kay saw Ross dancing with the resplendent Nina; and Nina stared through her, coolly, as if she didn't exist. She said something to Ross. His eyes flashed around the room. They both laughed, and then they danced away. Something flamed violently in Kay's being; some reckless, half-born defiance. She might care about Bert Ross—perhaps she did!—but if Bert thought that *she* would be easily swayed— She stopped, abruptly. How could she tell what she would do?

Their host announced that, since it was long after midnight, they would all stay at Hillcrest for the night. The storm, he said, was increasing in fury. The roads back to Hollywood were impassable and dangerous; it was folly to attempt to drive back to town through the storm-ridden night. There was plenty of room for everybody—if some of the bachelors would bunk below on the davenports and couches.

As in a dream, Kay followed Don after the good nights had been said. Their host, in person, showed them into a room. One of the servants, he said, would bring them some night things, which would do well enough in the emergency. He smiled. "Glad to see you're settled down at last. Don, and happy. It



*Romance is your
precious Heritage*



Your personal history is yours to make exciting and dramatic if you only wish it. One way to do so is to wear an exciting perfume... as Evening in Paris, known throughout the world as the fragrance of romance. A little bit of mystery... a great deal of worldly wisdom, glamour and gaiety... that is Evening in Paris Perfume.

The new Evening in Paris Compact Rouge and Lipstick give your lips and cheeks the perfect semblance of natural beauty. A shade to match every complexion type.

Evening in Paris
BOURJOIS

"Well, I'll be..!"

said the
Duchess



don't they
know the

Drawn by
Williams

KLEENEX HABIT

saves towels from
make-up stains

• Now that Kleenex Tissues cost so little, there's really no excuse for staining towels with make-up. The Kleenex Habit saves embarrassment, saves towels, saves money!

Yes, here's a safer, better way to remove face creams and cosmetics. Kleenex is so soothing that irritation is practically impossible. Yet beauty experts will tell you it absorbs grease and dirt from deep down in the pores. Also remember the Kleenex Habit to blend rouge and eye-shadow, to shape and blot lipstick, to wipe away mascara and excess nail polish.

Keep Kleenex in Every Room. Save Steps—Time—Money

For handkerchief use during colds... To dust and polish... In the kitchen... For the baby... And keep in the car—to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.



No waste! No mess!
Pull a tissue—the
next one pops up
ready for use!

KLEENEX

A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)

makes for better executives. Now, we can expect a box-office smash—eh? Good night, you kids!"

Kay stood, a fixed smile pinned on her face. Don closed the door and stood with his back against it, looking at her silently. Her eyes roved the room in a bleak, trapped despair, took in the furnishings, the large bed, the bathroom door. Her heart was beating absurdly. The resistless current of life was sweeping her along, too swiftly, too fatalistically, for her to combat.

"Don't look so shocked," said Don, grimly. "After all—we *are* married! You heard what he said! Later—when everybody's asleep—I'll get out, Kay—"

Her mind functioned with a curious clarity. They'd both look like fools, confessing to a hoax, if he left the room and bunked downstairs with the bachelors. Hollywood would ring with jeers and cynical hooting. Don was staging a comeback, and there must be no further scandal attached to his name. On the other hand, there was this new urge, this want, this sudden illumination as to the meaning of life and love that came to her when she thought

of Gilbert Ross.

"You'll stay here," she told Don, looking straight at him; and smiled; an entirely friendly smile, but so cryptic that it startled him. The thin voice of a new-born ecstasy whispered to her out of the night. For one blinding minute, she had a glimpse of the spinning wheels of destiny. And she knew what she must do—whether she liked it or not. Don was, after all, her husband. She could feel the hard circle of his diamond on her finger. She owed him her loyalty, if nothing else.

As for Ross, he was philandering, no doubt, with the first Mrs. Roberts. He would never add the second Mrs. Roberts to his list of conquests! Don's eyes were probing hers. Wildly, she thought, maybe, if I give myself to Don's love, it will be insurance against Ross' rebel assault. Don took a step toward her. She was unprepared for the sudden fear that struck at her. She saw that he had been drinking, not too wisely.

Married to one man—in love with another—what will Kay do now? Continued in the April issue of Photoplay

The Romantic Story of Luise Rainer's Surprise Marriage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

In New York, where he had been the great authorial hope of the left-wing theater on the strength of three plays which eloquently pitied and portrayed the sorrows of the working class, he left a group of comrades scowling darkly and muttering something about Judas. His pals in The Group Theater, leading leftists of the Broadway drama, worked for a dream and for horse chestnuts—nourished as much by their ideal of a better working-class world as by bread and tea. And here was their chief glory, almost at the outset of his writing career, going over to the money-bags and trotting off to Hollywood—their notion of the place where all fine, true ideals die of smotheration under heaps of thousand dollar bills.

And so Cliff Odets, in his late twenties, was an unhappy man when he arrived on the Paramount lot to do the script for "The General Died At Dawn." He felt acutely the sneers and grumbles of his arty pals back East. He had chips on both shoulders, and was only waiting for conservative and wealthy hacks of the film world to knock them off.

Here were these two solitary, miserable human units—each with an alert and vivid mind, and with the awareness of the odd fate which pursues humans who think too much and feel too deeply.

Is it any wonder that when they finally met, they were drawn together, confided in each other, found solace in each other's company, and at last caught fire in the time-honored way which strikes alike the genius and the dolt?

It happened at a small dinner party at the home of Max Reinhardt, that exiled German titan then struggling with "A Midsummer Night's Dream" on the Warners lot.

Odets was battling unhappily with his first screen play. Luise, her first great break accomplished through her insertion in "Escapade" when Myrna Loy packed her freckles and walked off the Metro lot in a four-wheeled pout, was preparing to do the great rôle of O-Lan in "The Good Earth."

Hollywood legend says that at first, over the Reinhardt wienerschnitzel and sauerbraten, each regarded the other as a small pot of poison. True or not, the fact remains that the good old chemicals were fizzing and bubbling, even then. And they found in slightly less than no time that they had much to tell each other—much to confide. And they took great comfort in each other's company, these two lonely kids—one transported from the world of the intellectual theater of Vienna, the other a young, obscure actor who had suddenly learned that he could put dramatic words together in a fashion that burned the ears of the customers and stirred their complacent minds!

THEN began a courtship strange to rather obvious Hollywood, but the only sort possible and natural to these solitary young artists who had miraculously found each other.

They didn't play badminton on the beach, and they didn't hold hands under the tables at the town's night dives. On the contrary, they took long drives along the sea coast and into the mountains, finding solace in the beauty of natural things and talking everlastingly of their personal problems. Sunsets stirred them, rather than hot-licks by a perspiring jazz band.

Odets, the socially-conscious intellectual, the Dream Man of New York's 14th Street Karl and Karlina Marxes, was in love—in the good old bourgeois way, even as you and I! And he proved it! Day after day he chugged out to the dreary, sunbaked Chinese "farming country" that M-G-M had arranged at the northern end of San Fernando Valley, where Luise was laboring in the oriental make-up of O-Lan. In spite of the heat, the dust, and the prying eyes of the big company, the romance grew and glowed.

Hollywood professes to have been blind to it even then—which proves that the town may believe that Love only blossoms in noon-day kisses at Vine Street and Hollywood Boulevard!

Finally the lad's labors on "The General," one of Gary Cooper's finest jobs, was done.

New York called him—there were new plays awaiting him on behalf of his Group Theater pals. Regretfully he went back to his Gotham typewriter—but Fate did not write “finis” to this obscure yet intense idyll!

Luise, when the chance offered, packed a little overnight bag and climbed aboard an air liner that roared eastward to New York and her sweetheart! Hollywood says it didn't know, but those hydra-headed, thousand-eyed critters, the Broadway gossipmongers knew, and printed the fact of these visits! Clifford and Luise were occasionally spotted at the theater by these lobby snoopers. Odets, of course, denied that anybody named Luise Rainer was within 3,000 miles of him—said that the girl in the next seat was a couple of people named Jane Doe. But it was Luise, all right—happy to be with the one man she had found in America who felt as she felt, thought as she thought, dreamed as she dreamed! And they were in love!



Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Odets after their quiet wedding at Luise's house, Lewis Milestone and his wife were the only attendants. Luise wore a rust colored traveling suit and cried. Afterwards they had caviar and champagne

Back in Hollywood, Luise was submitting helplessly to the usual journalistic prying of the press. Cocking her head at the reporters, she would say shyly—

“Of course I hope to marry some day! I love children. No life is complete without marriage and children—but I want to be very sure of myself before I marry.” In fact, her feeling for youngsters amounts to a passion, as proven by the fact that she likes to spend hours hanging about a small private school run by one of her friends.

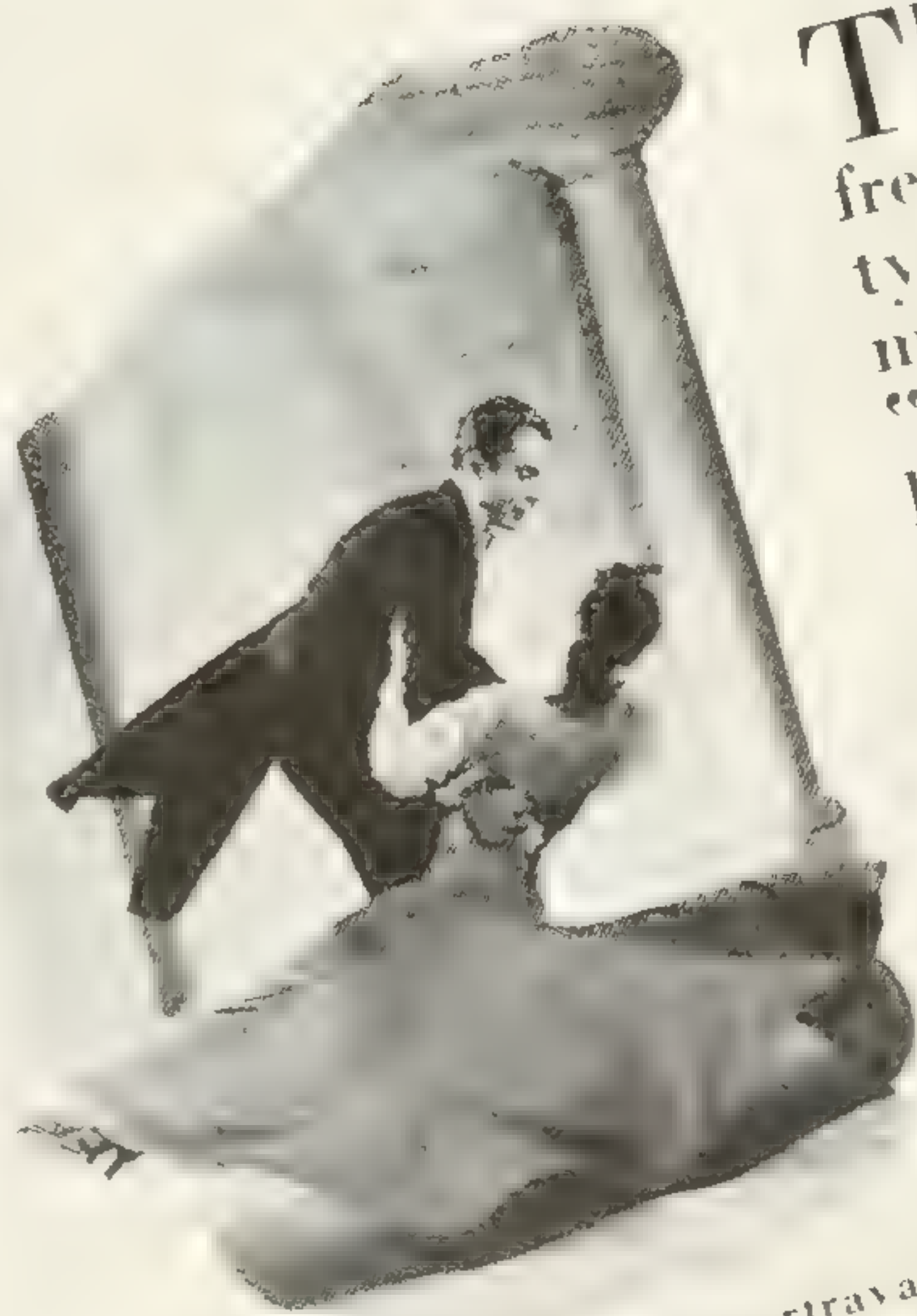
Not a word, of course, of the serious young chap in the East banging away at his new manuscripts! That was a secret—and a very sacred one. Luise no more hinted of her romance than she had paid much attention to the blandishments of some of Hollywood's Great Lovers, or had found anything pleasing in the colony's parties in its patios and pink palazzos!

Odets, of course, when approached by the press, had nothing to say, and said it eloquently. He pounded along at the typewriter.

But when his new play, “Paradise Lost,” struck the metropolitan stage, critics and



YOU GET BOTH *Figure Rhythm* AND FIGURE CONTROL



They're tops in the portrayal of figure rhythm, are Georges and Jalna, world's foremost dancing pair. Lately featured in "Born to Dance", this famous dancing team has been chosen to dance at Dorchester House, London, during the Coronation festivities.

THE swift tempo of today demands figure control plus figure rhythm and freedom. So Munsingwear designed a new type two-way stretch foundation garment of extra-resilient Lastex, with more "give and take" to trim years off your hips, hold in your diaphragm, yet allow you utmost freedom of movement. "Foundettes" wash, wear and hold their shape. Girdles from \$1 to \$7.50; pantie-girdles from \$1 to \$3.50; full-length foundations from \$2 to \$10. MUNSINGWEAR, Minneapolis

"Foundettes"
BY MUNSING
Wear



"Certainly the Smartest—"

The men and women who drive a Cord know that special satisfaction which comes from owning something which is widely admired. They enjoy the compliment that is being paid to their judgment and taste. Their Cord places them among those people who will not accept the mediocre; who have the originality to select that which is new, and different and finer. The high opinion which people express of the Cord with their first glance, grows ever greater as they see its luxurious and distinctive interior; experience its effortless operation; enjoy its coasting-smooth, quieter ride.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
CONNEERSVILLE, INDIANA

CORD

public found it badly wanting. Every playwright, even smart boys like Cliff, has many a flopperoo in his saddlebags. So last November 16th Odets shook off the dust of Times Square and set out again for Movieville to enter the scenarists' stockade of United Artists.

The lovers were together again—one of the town's grand romances was exploding under its pretty, well-powdered nose—but no one knew anything about it, according to sound authorities! It's hard to believe.

For all through the holidays, while the borax snow was showering down, the bells were ringing and the horns were blowing, Luise Rainer and Clifford Odets were bringing matters swiftly to the great romantic climax!

THEY were together constantly during the time of jollification. They partied quietly with the "foreign colony"—they renewed the mountain drives that brought them so much peace and so much happiness!

And on Jan. 4th, 1937, with the debris of New Year's Eve barely swept away, they decided that the love they had for each other should only end in being together right along—in two being one in the eyes of the world—in getting married, and probably having the children that have always been a part of Rainer's dream of the good life.

That day they marched up to the fellow and asked for the papers! It is significant of the essential, winning innocence of the luscious little Viennese that once the minute she had the legal document in her fist, she thought she was married already. Rushing to a phone, she called her truest pal on the Metro lot!

"I'm so happy!" she twittered over the wire. "I'm married—I'm just from the license bureau! Look—here are the papers!"

It took a little explaining to show that she only had the law's gracious permission!

Cornered by the hounds of Journalism, Odets said that at first they would have separate establishments—she at her home in Brentwood, he at his Beverly Hills Hotel.

And the two lonely, brilliant, miserable young people decided to become one, and face this very odd world together!

And this very odd world, as always, looks

down its nice conventional nose and speculates on their chances—for marriages, those made in Hollywood as well as in Heaven, are seldom sure-fire and are apt to be as goofy and unpredictable as the stock market!

Chances? I, for one, say they are simply fine!

And why? The reason is as obvious as the copious cornucopia of Jimmy Durante! They are two quiet, highly intellectual, deeply sensitive people—lonely in crowds, who were lucky enough to find each other. How seldom this happens—how full the world is of Rainers and Odets who wander for years without ever finding the one person who can join them in dreaming a perfect dream, and understand the strange woes of the spirit that beset them.

Luise and Cliff were just that lucky!

As they take twin-headers, hand in hand, off the teetering springboard of matrimony, they stand well in their respective arts, Luise slightly to the fore.

With "Escapade" and *Anna Held* in "The Great Ziegfeld" (the latter called by the New York Critics the year's best feminine job) already under her belt, and "The Good Earth" coming up, the small portion from Vienna is thoroughly established as one of the best actresses and most winning figures in film-land, and Metro is lucky to have her under lock and key.

Odets, in spite of the laudatory screams of many leftist playgoers, has still to prove himself in a very large way as a playwright of great importance.

But at the moment of screaming to press, it would seem that here are two of the luckiest young people of the day—young, handsome, with most of the better years ahead of them which they may face together. Of course, horseplayers and those who bet on the success of marriages, especially among film folk, always die broke, but it would seem that Luise Rainer, the dewy darling from Vienna, and Clifford Odets, who first caterwauled in Philadelphia, have better than an even shake! A fine, true, quiet love, founded on mutual tastes and joys and sorrows—not the sort that radical playwrights may believe in, but still one that has done pretty well over the centuries!



Back in Hollywood—and still together—are Lili Damita and Errol Flynn whose holiday jaunt East was cut short when Errol was popped into "The Prince and the Pauper." Restless Errol insists he will go to the South Seas very soon

Protecting the Future of the Greatest Little Star

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

thing about Shirley. She cannot be lied to or tricked. And all the coaxing and honeyed words in the world cannot undo a breach of faith. This trait in Shirley comes, I believe, from her mother, who has taught her to have an almost fanatic respect for the exact truth.

HER humor bubbles constantly, but could hardly be listed as scintillating wit. Typical Shirley wise-crack: This happened at the Carnation stables in Pomona, where Shirley was given a pony. The riding master said that the pony had five gaits, including rack. "Rack of lamb?" asked Shirley, screwing up her face in a sly smile. That's standard Shirley repartee, standard for that matter, of any seven-year-old. Fortunately for her many associates, Shirley doesn't go in heavily for the kiddie-kute type of saying.

However, before we make too detailed an investigation of her personality and her reaction to fame, we might clear, once and for all, a few facts.

Shirley's eyes are hazel, not blue. Her hair is dull gold, naturally curly, and has been cut only by Mrs. Temple. Her skin is lovelier than any camera can reproduce. She is slightly under average height for her age and will be eight years old on April 23, 1937. Shirley's picture career began when she was snatched from dancing school to star in a series of music comedies called "Baby Burlesques." After these, she appeared in a couple of feature-length pictures. Most people believe "Stand

Up and Cheer" to be Shirley's first regular show, but "Red Haired Alibi," "To the Last Man" and "Out All Night" preceded Shirley's sensational hit.

ZaSu Pitts was the first star to spot Shirley's potential mass appeal. During the production "Out All Night," that wistful comedienne told Mrs. Temple: "She's marvelous—she's going to be really great."

In the life of any great hit, there are hundreds of people who pop up with the claim of discovery. In Shirley's case, Jay Gorney, a composer, is entitled to most of the credit, for he it was who grabbed Shirley as she emerged from a preview—incidentally, her first time at a movie—and asked her to report to the Fox studio for the fateful "Stand Up and Cheer" test. Shirley was four years old at the time. Since then, Shirley's popularity has raced with unprecedented speed.

Much has been printed about Mrs. Temple, as is quite right, as any story on Shirley must be in the nature of a tribute to this truly remarkable woman. Regarding Mr. Temple, he is no longer connected with a bank, a fact which has led many gossipers to imply that he became an agent to cash in on Shirley's movie fame. Actually, Shirley's father's present position demands exactly the sort of background that is required by working more than twenty years in a bank. Mr. Temple is a financial advisor, not a theatrical agent, as has been printed.

The Temple home is in Brentwood, not far from Joan Crawford's. It is lovely, though by Hollywood's flamboyant standards it could not be called a show place. It is of French-Normandy design, its front hidden from the road and its rear looking down across a slope of hills to the Will Rogers Memorial Polo Ground. There is a swimming pool in the back yard. Most of it is shallow for Shirley.

Next to the pool, there is a glass-brick play house, the gift of a modernist construction company. At the other side of the pool is a badminton court, which is fairly common in Southern California. Beyond the pool, is the stable, where Shirley's ponies and a horse for her brother, George, are kept.

One pony, Spunky, is not much larger than a St. Bernard dog. He is frisky and kept as a pet. The other pony, Little Carnation, stands as high as a small horse. Shirley is taking lessons in handling him. Two of Shirley's dogs, Corky, a Scotty, and Rowdy, a Cocker-Spaniel, live in the stables with the horse. Ching-Ching, a Pekingese, is taken everywhere by Shirley.

SHIRLEY'S room is on the second floor. One side, entirely windowed, looks out beyond the Will Rogers Polo Field to the Pacific. All the furniture is, of course, scaled down. There are twin beds, but Shirley always sleeps in the same bed. It's become a habit with her, she says. Adjoining this room is her dressing room

CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES

"WELCOME NEWS! You couldn't find a better way to choose your makeup than to harmonize it with the color of your eyes," says Gertrude Lawrence, one of the many stage and screen stars to thrill to this new makeup secret.

HERE IS MAKEUP THAT MATCHES . . . harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara . . .

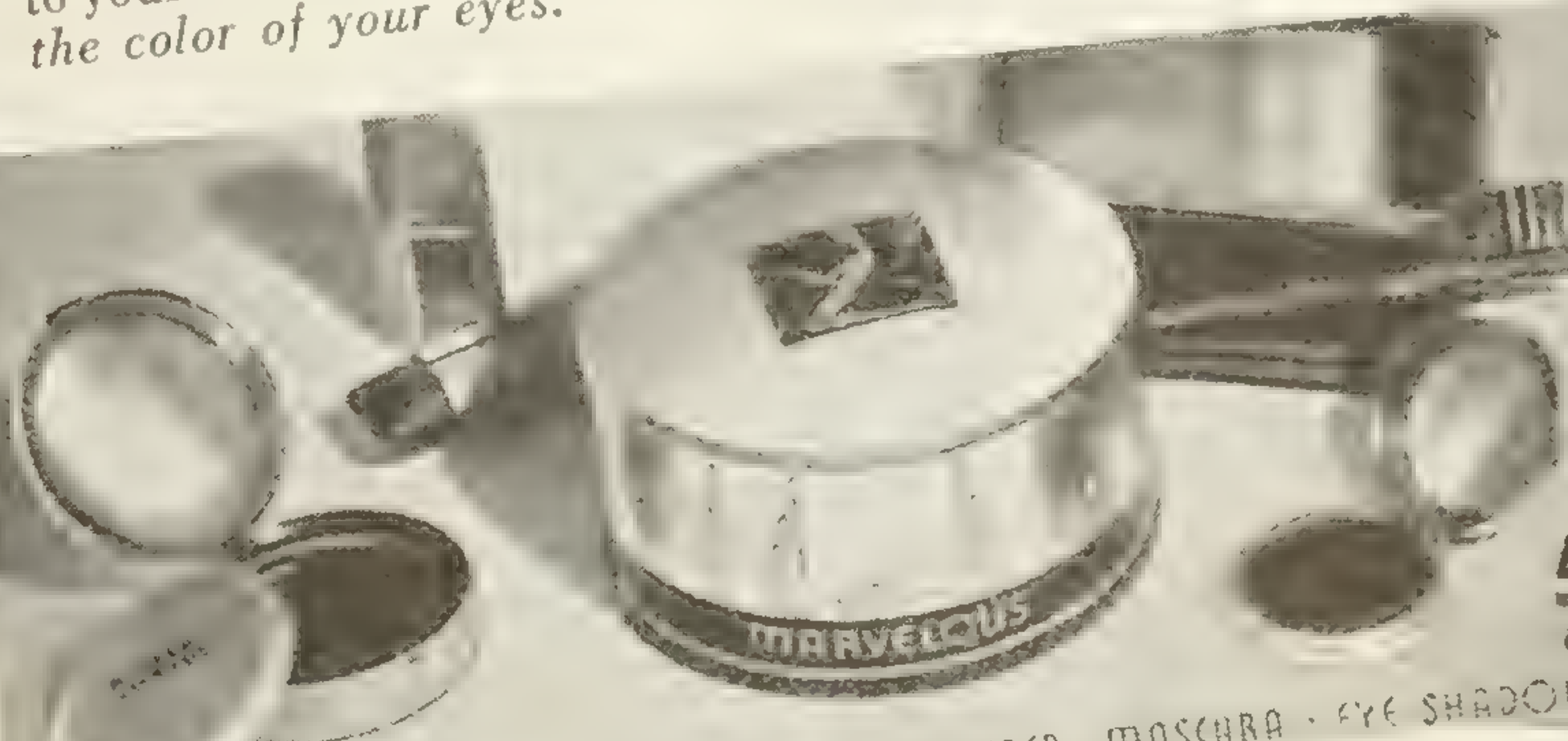
AND MAKEUP THAT'S RIGHT FOR YOU—scientifically keyed to your own personality color, the color of your eyes.

HOW TO BUY IT! Ask at your favorite drug or department store for Marvelous Dresden type face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow or mascara if your eyes are blue; Parisian type if they are brown; Continental type, hazel; Patrician type, gray. The price is low—each single item only 55 cents (Canada 65 cents).

NEW GLAMOUR FOR YOU! Tonight . . . Wear Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup—and watch his eyes respond to the new, alluring you!

SAYS

Gertrude Lawrence



55¢ each

COPYRIGHT 1937, BY RICHARD HUDNUT

MARVELOUS *Eye-Matched* **MAKEUP**
by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

Paris... London... New York Toronto... Buenos Aires... Berlin

★
Featured in
"Men Are
Not Gods,"
an Alexander
Korda pro-
duction.

*No wonder . . .
we can make this amazing offer*

IF YOU DO NOT
Reduce
HIPS and WAIST
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
it will cost you nothing!



"My hips measured 43 inches. Now they are only 34½ inches!"

Miss Billie Brian,
La Grange, Ky

"I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips when first fitted."

Miss Ouida Browne,
Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.



"Lost 9 inches from my hips and never felt better in my life!"

Miss Rose Grasmick
Scottsbluff, Neb.

"I never owned a girdle I liked so much and I reduced 26 pounds."

Miss Esther Marshall
Vallejo, Calif.

"My hips have been reduced 9 inches without slightest diet."

Miss Jean Healy,
New York, N. Y.

These excerpts are quoted with full permission

Notary Public



■ You need not diet or take dangerous drugs or tiring exercises. You will appear inches smaller at once, and will be so comfortable you can scarcely realize that the gentle pressure of your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere is actually reducing hips, thighs, waist and diaphragm . . . just those spots where the ugly fat first accumulates. Girdle or Brassiere may be worn separately.

SEND for 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER and sample of Material!

■ See for yourself the delightful quality of the material and the soft, silky lining! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women! Know the details of the 10-day FREE trial offer!

TEST PERFOLASTIC AT OUR EXPENSE

PERFOLASTIC, INC.

Dept. 913, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

with full-length mirrors and a lighted dressing table. To offset this bit of necessary sophistication, there is the playroom.

The playroom looks a great deal like a department store display window the week before Christmas. There is a glass-enclosed cabinet where Shirley keeps her countless dolls, gifts from all over the world. In the cabinet, too, are Mrs. Temple's dolls, reminders of her own childhood. This surfeit of toys has not given Shirley a distaste for playthings. But, like most children, she will pick on a few favorites, ignoring the rest.

SHIRLEY'S favorite right now is a little rag doll named Aloysius. Aloysius is Shirley's constant companion and she pretends that he is her competitor in school work. He is Officer Aloysius then, and she is Sergeant Temple. On her blackboard both of their names are printed. Whenever Shirley shows any signs of lagging in her school work, her teacher brings up Aloysius as a bad example. He it is who always oversleeps, understudies and forgets his lessons.

Sergeant Temple gets a Gold Star every time she excels in a lesson. She is more proud of these stars than of anything else. Surprisingly, Shirley is happiest when doing school work or making a picture. Both are games to her. She does not like making still pictures, though. However, she is very gracious about posing for them.

Shirley's day follows a rigorous schedule, nicely balanced with work and play. But so smoothly is the schedule worked out by Mrs. Temple, that Shirley is not conscious of it. Mrs. Temple's first concern is with Shirley as her baby, not as an actress. Proof of this is Shirley's sparkling health. She has, in the last three years, suffered no more than one light cold. Though Shirley is easily—with her picture work and commercial tie-ups—the biggest child wage earner in the world, she could make much more money. She has been offered a fortune for personal appearances and radio programmes.

Mrs. Temple has refused personal appearance because she does not want Shirley to work too hard, and because she does not want the child to become conscious of her great fame. In many respects, Mrs. Temple's job is the exact opposite of the average mother's. She must constantly work to counteract the "ohs" and "ahs" that Shirley draws from all who meet her.

So beautifully has Mrs. Temple accomplished her difficult task that to this day Shirley does not realize her position to be greatly different from that of the average child.

When one realizes how adults have succumbed to the siren flattery, Shirley's naturalness is doubly impressive.

Mrs. Temple has had to preserve this in the face of constant visitors who break out in a fever of superlatives, in the face of an endless stream of gifts that flow into the 20th Century-Fox studio. And in doing so, Mrs. Temple has achieved, it seems to me, one of the great triumphs of these times.

Every mother strongly suspects that her child is something special. Mrs. Temple has had overwhelming evidence that hers is, and she is doing her best to develop all that Shirley has. But not at any sacrifice to Shirley's happiness nor her future.

On a day when she is "not working"—that is, not in actual picture production—Shirley arises at about seven o'clock. After breakfast, she plays for a while, then comes to her studio bungalow. She feeds her chickens and rabbits, which she keeps penned in back of the bunga-

low. Later, she often has an off-the-lot dancing lesson and then her school work. She will soon be in the B4 Grade, about a year ahead of her age.

Shirley's school work takes three hours a day, but because she gets special attention from one teacher, this is the equivalent of about five hours study. Three days a week she has an hour of French.

She likes to draw, too, but would rather color some outline than create for herself. Other recreation is supplied by stories which her mother reads to her, as she does the script when Shirley is working. Shirley's favorite book is that wind-swept thriller of a few decades past, "The Wizard Of Oz." In the scripts, Shirley does not think of that part as herself, but as "that little girl." She has a surprisingly comprehensive understanding of the scripts.

Shirley is in no sense a tomboy and prefers games—such as "squares"—which are primarily mental. Most of her physical outlet comes from dancing. She is a thoroughly feminine little girl and is happiest when dressed up. She is naturally neat and dislikes to have herself, or her possessions, mussed. She has been trained so that her inherent courage is undiminished. She is absolutely unafraid of animals.

One day I saw her take a spirited horse and give him free rein. When Shirley dismounted, Mrs. Temple said:

"Remember, baby, we must be sane in all things."

Every time Shirley shows any signs of becoming extreme, one of these little platitudes pop up. They are important to Shirley, for she really seems to be striving for some sort of perfection. The child is not a bit repressed, though.

She has never, so far, shown any indication of fear of the dark or any of the other phobias suffered by sensitive children.

She is, for that matter, as well adjusted as any person could be. She is obedient without being docile, poised without being forward.

SHIRLEY is guarded against kidnaping in a manner that is unnoticed by her, and which, for obvious reasons, cannot be divulged. She is guarded, too, against the less obvious pitfalls of fame.

Shirley will not grow up to be a self-centered, conceited person.

It would be, perhaps, quite dramatic to give a "poor little rich girl" coloring to Shirley. The only trouble with that is that there's no truth to it.

When her picture days are finished, Shirley will find herself rich, healthy and educated.

Annuities have insured her wealth. Nature and Mrs. Temple's supervision have insured her health. And Shirley's education is of a sort that only one person in a great many ever acquires.

If you're looking for a heartbreak story, you'd better stay away from the Temple house. For there you'd find a family that has steered a dexterous course through all the shoals that Hollywood offers. You'd find a married couple that scandal has never touched. And you'd find a couple of happy-go-lucky young fellows who are Big Brothers to Shirley.

Shirley is lucky to have all that she has. But she's even luckier to have been born in a family that has never tried to over-exploit her, a family motivated only by the desire to do what is ultimately best for her.

As for Shirley herself, I think she's the nicest little girl I've ever known. Or perhaps you've already gathered that.

Boos and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4]

\$1.00 PRIZE

A SCHOOL BOY SPEAKS

As one of the thousands of school boys who look forward to the movies for their week end amusement, I often wonder why producers don't give more thought to pictures that will interest boys between the ages of twelve and fifteen. Do they still expect us to thrill to the endless scenes of cowboys on horses doing the same stunts for the same old reasons? And why westerns?

We find love stories and society pictures too deep, and murder stories are censored by our parents. So many boys of my age wish there were pictures built around real he-boy interests and problems, hobbies, sports of teen-age importance. We would like how-to-make pictures, showing fellows how to make scooters bird houses, kites and the many other things all boys are interested in. We think it would be bully.

ROBERT HILL,
Hornell, N. Y.

\$1.00 PRIZE

FREDDIE IS SMOTHERING

After seeing a glimpse of the old dashing Fredric March in "The Road to Glory," one wonders why the producers want to smother him in such character rôles as *Jean Valjean* and *Anthony Adverse*?

No matter what type of rôle he portrays, Freddie March makes it flame with feeling, but he makes such a splendid fiery type of lover, one can't help being distressed when he is cast in a *Dr. Jekyll* part. His *Robert Browning* was a tender determined person who made one feel that the world was well lost for love. And so it was with his gay *Cellini*, his *Earl of Bothwell*. No one else possesses this air of gayness, this devil may care recklessness coupled with a keen sense of humor and strength. So why make Mr. March a sad, Svengalish sort of person?

KAY BECKWITH,
Seattle, Wash.

WAR IS DECLARED!

I declare war on autograph hunters, and certain preview audiences.

These insane autograph hunters have made the stars dread going anywhere where they might be subjected to an autograph hunter's attack (and believe me they attack) and so now there are hundreds of policemen where ever there is any gathering of stars. These policemen have ropes which hold us six or eight feet away. Six feet away, where you can't see anything because some people are so uncontrolled they can't keep a respectable distance unless there are ropes!

Preview audiences have done as much damage in a different way. Because they knew stars and directors were in the house, they went "smart alecky" laughing at sad scenes and sneering at humorous ones until the studios decided they weren't getting honest audience reaction and have taken the finest previews to more distant and intelligent audiences.

Ah, me, I'll never understand these things.

MISS BEE PIERCE,
Los Angeles, Calif.



SAVE THAT TWINKLE!

Eyestrain starts when children begin to use their eyes. That's the time you need to pay attention. Help their eyes develop normally — (1) by having their eyes examined regularly; (2) by providing lighting that helps them see safely.

The first step in securing good lighting is to use high

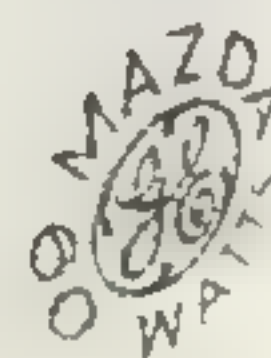
quality lamp bulbs, the kind that don't waste electricity and that STAY BRIGHTER LONGER. Insist on MAZDA lamps made by General Electric.

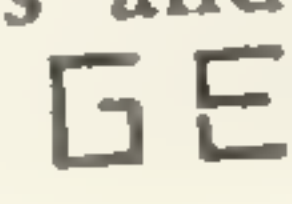
Why take the chance of getting 30% less light for your money and of cheating your eyesight, by using inferior substitutes? The mark  on the end of the bulb is sure protection against substitution. Look for it when you buy lamp bulbs.



15¢

60-watts and smaller



G-E ALSO MAKES A LAMP FOR
In 7½, 15, 30 and
60-watt sizes and
marked . . .  **10¢**

Why take chances when you know that..

GENERAL  ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

Stay Brighter Longer



Don't be a fade-out!

SAYS



Jane Heath

• Do you always seem to fade into the background when some more glamorous girl arrives? Don't let her get away with it! A woman's most expressive feature is always her eyes . . . so play *yours* up! A careful touch of SHADETTE on the outside corners of your eyelids is absolutely imperceptible in daylight, but how it does bring out the natural color of your eyes! SHADETTE offers 12 subtle tints, with gold and silver for evening. 75c.



then use this

• BUT be sure you let your lashes do their part to put you in the foreground. Darken them mysteriously with LASHTINT compact mascara. It comes in a purse-size little case with a sponge compartment so you can whisk it out ready to use at any moment. And it insures even, natural applications. Black, brown, blue or green to choose from. \$1.



and always this

• MOST important of all! KURLASH, to curl eyelashes so that eyes look bigger, brighter, more glamorous! Just slip your lashes into KURLASH, a neat little gadget that, in 30 seconds, has your lashes curled for all day—without heat, cosmetics or practice. \$1.

Kurlash

MAIL THIS TODAY

To: JANE HEATH, Dept. A-3

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y.

The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3

Please send me, free, your booklet on eye beauty, and a personal coloring plan for my complexion.

Eyes _____ Hair _____ Complexion _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(Please print plainly)

"Gone With the Wind" Indeed!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23]

ment that brought Ronald Colman in. Was tested by Selznick twice, once in Hollywood while on the stage in "Reflected Glory." It was a simple color test but it gave the newshawks ideas. Tested again in New York by Director George Cukor. Is a professional choice, being considered the best actress of all the candidates. Would satisfy Dixie, hailing originally from Alabama. Her pappy represents that state as Speaker of the House of Representatives in Washington. Talu could probably recapture a sugar-lipped drawl, all right, but the years and an aura of sophistication are against her. The part would be like long delayed manna from Heaven for her, bestowing the great screen break her rooters have long wailed has been denied a great artiste. Only a luke-warm choice in the popular response. But vigorously opposed by an opinionated minority.

Miriam Hopkins is the red hot choice of Atlanta and the South. Leads other actresses by a nice margin in the letter deluge. One reason, she hails from Bainbridge, Georgia, right close to home. Is a good subject for color, if it is used, except that she'll have to wear a wig. Played *Becky Sharp*, the character generally compared with *Scarlett O'Hara*, but that might work against her.

BETTE DAVIS is the number one Hollywood selection. Just missed cinching the part by a matter of minutes. On her way to England, Bette was told by Warner's New York story board they were buying a great story for her, "Gone With the Wind." But by the time they wired Hollywood for an okay, the hammer had dropped. The day His Majesty's courts decided that Bette was a "naughty girl" and "must go back to jail" her low spirits were lifted by a columnist's clipping calling her the ideal *Miss O'Hara*. Answers to *Scarlett* now around the Warner lot. Bette is the only Yankee girl to score below that well-known line. Ranks third in the Cotton Belt. Is considered to be just the right age to handle the assignment and blessed with the right amount of—er—nastiness. No complaints from the home folks on her southern accent in "Cabin in the Cotton" or as *Alabama Follansbee* in "The Solid South" (stage).

But—Bette is in the doghouse, chained and collared, and one of the main issues of her legal whipping was her loan out demand. Warners can—probably would keep her in the cooler. Selznick, in fact, is supposed to have said, "Bette Davis? Great—but could we get her?"

Margaret Sullavan holds second spot in returns from down yonder. Is a Virginia girl, and knows what to do when a lady meets a gentleman down South. Handled brilliantly the lead in "So Red the Rose," another Civil War picture. Fractious and fiery enough to make *Scarlett* a vivid character. Tagged next to Bette Davis in Hollywood.

And the *Field*—Katharine Hepburn, Claudette Colbert and Jean Harlow.

Now as if puzzling about all this were not enough to set a body weaving baskets in the clink, Messrs. Selznick and Company announce that they want for *Scarlett* and *Rhett* not Hollywood stars at all. No—instead they have arranged to canvass all the finishing schools of Dixie, and ogle Junior Leaguers

at very lovely teas and discover an "unknown" *Scarlett*. A similar search, minus the tea, is hoped to dig up an indigenous *Rhett*.

Thus, they say, everything will not only be peaches and cream for professional Southerners, but what is much more important, two brand new stars will be born. Why take other studio's stars and build 'em? Isn't this going to be the greatest picture of all time?

Well—as to the first idea—it's great if it works, is the opinion of the Hollywood wise ones. But it won't work, they say. Whom are you going to find in the sticks to handle parts like those? Whom could you dare gamble on?

And that "greatest picture of all time" stuff. It smacks strongly, I grant you, of the old mahoskus. It's press agent oil of the most ready viscosity and has flowed freely around every epic from "The Great Train Robbery" to Shirley Temple's latest cutrick. But this time the answer that snaps right back out of your own skeptic brain is, "Why not?"

These gentlemen—Whitney and Selznick—have, and they know they have, the greatest screen story of our day. If you don't think so, here's the cold cash proof: The day after they laid \$50,000 on the line for the picture rights, another studio offered them \$100,000. The next offer was boosted to \$250,000. The last bid, not long ago, was \$1,500,000 and an interest in the picture besides! Tie that.

They said "No" and they are still saying the same. Mr. Whitney and Mr. Selznick are not ribbon clerks. They shot \$2,200,00 on "The Garden of Allah." They will pinch no pennies on "Gone With the Wind." If color will help it (and it probably will) they'll shoot an extra million. Sidney Howard is writing the script. George Cukor will direct. Walter Plunkett is designing costumes. These men are all top flight.

SO you can be reasonably sure of this—when finally you see "Gone With the Wind" you'll see a picture dressed in the best trappings of modern production, primed with meticulous preparation, artistic thoroughness and as many millions as it can comfortably stand.

But as for who will be *Scarlett* and who will be *Rhett*—well, the riot squads are doing a nice business, thank you. And good citizens of Hollywood scowl across Cahuenga Pass at North Hollywood muttering "Dam' Yanks!" While out in Beverly Hills the South Side of the Tracks is threatening to secede if somebody will only fire on the Brown Derby.

It looks as if we'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer. Everybody's welcome, and usually it doesn't require a second invitation. Just casually mention the subject. You'll see. Matter of fact, the only person I can think of offhand who doesn't seem to be at all upset about the matter is the lady who wrote the book.

Early in the fray, Margaret Mitchell allowed it would be nice if a Southern girl could play *Scarlett*. But the reaction was so violent that it must have surprised her. At any rate she announced the other day it was her one desire to remain only as the humble author, and to a close friend she confided:

"I don't care what they do to 'Gone With the Wind' in Hollywood. Just so they don't make General Lee win the war for a happy ending!"

On the Air in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

hundred fans who had been locked out at one minute to six when the theater with its nine hundred and eighty-seven seats seemed filled to capacity. It was raining outside and the fans were pretty mad about being barred. Some of them insisted they had tickets, too.

The four special cops detailed to the theater that night—two's the usual number but on account of Glamour Boy No. 1 (Bob Taylor) being on the show, the theater had asked for reinforcements—had sauntered down the aisles in order to hear better. Suddenly, as if by signal, the four doors from the lobby into the auditorium opened and four lines of people started to push their way in. They had broken down the outside door into the lobby and gotten in. The show was on the air! Fortunately, the noise on the stage drowned the noise of the confusion and before there could be real trouble, the four cops and eighteen C. B. S. ushers formed a phalanx and shoved and pushed the determined fans right back out again.

Incidentally, if Jean and Bob sounded a little husky over the air that night—forgive them. They both had the darnedest colds and only by sheer fortitude kept from blowing their noses loudly during the broadcast. In case you're interested, they both used paper handkerchiefs with Bob treating Jean to a whole carton of them during rehearsal. Also, both smoked mentholated cigarettes.

NELSON EDDY moved this month from the house he was occupying in Beverly Hills to the Fred Niblo estate. Evidently word

got around and a bunch of fans showed up at the old house and raided the rubbish and garbage tins for souvenirs, which is our height-of-something-or-another paragraph for the month. Mostly, they took away with them old worn out, broken down records and crumpled sheet music. We think they left the orange peels.

Nelson's reported romance with the charming Mrs. Sidney Franklin, who is said to resemble strongly the famous Mrs. Simpson of the ex-King Edward's favor, is still in the so-so state. Nelson doesn't blow hot, nor does he blow cold and Mrs. Franklin is just being her cultivated, decorative self

BORIS KARLOFF, the horror man who frightens little children and even scares their mamas and their papas with his leering screen characters, wins our gold plated tin cup this month for being the most frightened movie star on a broadcast, thereby snatching the laurels right away from Joan Crawford.

Boris, who did "Death Takes a Holiday" on the Camel hour, was the most nervous man we have ever seen in that zero half hour before the show went on the air. He paced up and down with his hands behind his back. He sat in a chair only to hop up again and he wouldn't or couldn't talk to anyone. He was so scared he just muttered to himself and shooed away anyone who came near him.

Winner of the silver plated cup as the most nonchalant person to go on the air is that blonde Swedish skater, Sonja Henie, who

bursts upon your vision in "One In a Million." The reason Miss Henie was so nonchalant was that she was very mad and upset about her picture which she saw for the first time just before the air show and she could think of nothing else. (The single track mind of the Nordic!) She told us all about it, frankly:

"I go and sit in the audience and I see myself on the screen for the first time," she said. "I do not know what I expect, but this, I think, is awful. Do I look like that? Where was that special scene they shot? Oh, they have cut it? And my skating—is that the way it looks upon the screen? I am aghast. I am upset. And the picture is so loud it scares me.

"Well, then we go back stage to do our broadcast and I go through my part without knowing what it is all about. I am thinking all the time of the picture. The broadcast—it does not matter. Mr. Menjou looks at me and says, 'Child, you are strangely calm,' everybody is so surprised, but I do not even hear them. I cannot wait until I see my picture again and see if it is as bad as I think."

"Well, did you?" we asked.

"Yes," said Sonja, "the next day, all by myself in the projection room, I look at it again and I think it is good. I like it. But it is just as well, I suppose, I disliked it the day before, because if I had been pleased I would have been excited and bad on the radio."

Our next prize for nonchalance goes to that fine trio from Paramount—the glamorous Miss Claudette Colbert, the handsome Mr. Fred MacMurray and the polished Pedro de



"Outdoor Skin"

SMOOTH IN A SECOND

...Then Make-up's Smart

A SWELL TIME in the out of doors is no reason for a skin all scuffed and flaky looking for your swanky evening date.

There's a simple way popular girls know—to get rid of all those little flaky bits that spoil skin for make-up. A special kind of cream that actually melts off horrid "powder catchers"—in just one application!

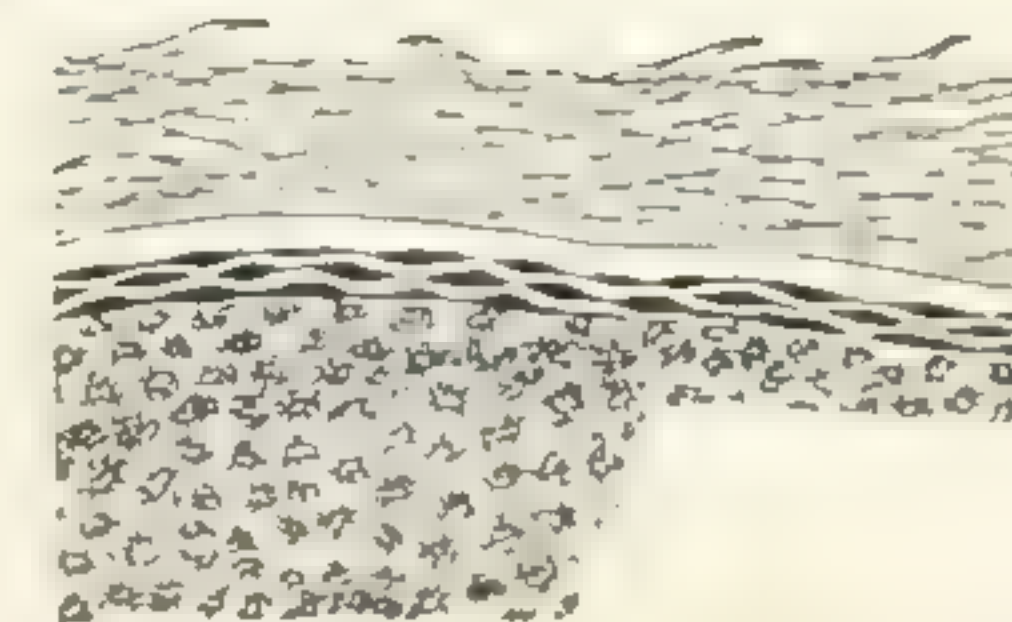
Here's how a distinguished dermatologist explains it:

"Exposure hastens the drying out of surface skin cells. They shrink, scuff loose. The skin feels harsh. These particles can be melted away instantly with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream). Then the smooth, underlying cells appear."

See this for yourself—with Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Before make-up—Right after cleansing put on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It smooths away every flaky bit. Now powder and rouge go on evenly. Stay for hours.

Overnight—Apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after your nightly cleansing. Leave it on. As you sleep, your skin gets softer.



Why skin feels "flaky"

Dead cells on the top of your skin are dried out by exposure, flake off. You can melt them smooth.

8-Piece Package

POND'S, Dept. 15-VC, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

Mrs. William L. Mellon, Jr.

says: "After Pond's Vanishing Cream, powder goes on evenly and stays looking fresh. I use it overnight, too, after cleansing."





Brilliant Teeth—Healthy Gums with this Double Protection

Your teeth may look clean and white, even though your gums are soft and spongy. That's the insidious thing about half-way dental care. Forhan's Tooth Paste, created by an eminent dental surgeon, provides the *double protection* everyone needs. It does both vital jobs—*cleans teeth and safeguards gums*.

After brushing your teeth, massage your gums, too, with Forhan's, just as dentists advise. Note how it stimulates the gums, how clean and fresh your mouth feels! Soon you can see the difference.

Forhan's costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes, and the big new tube saves you money. Buy Forhan's today, and end half-way care once for all. Also sold in Canada.

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D.D.S.

Forhan's

DOES BOTH JOBS {CLEANS TEETH SAVES GUMS}

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS Use DERMOIL

Dermoil is being used by thousands of men and women to secure relief from the effects of this ugly skin disease often mistaken for eczema. Apply it externally. Does not stain. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and their skin became clear again. Dermoil is backed by an agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money refunded. Beautiful book on Psoriasis and Dermoil Free, or send 25c for generous trial bottle and amazing proof of results. Give druggist's name and address. Your name not mentioned. Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Don't delay. Write today. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 6, Northwestern Station, Dept. P-8, Detroit, Mich.

ART

"CASH IN" ON YOUR SPARE TIME

Earn \$30, \$40, \$50 a week in your spare time by learning ART AT HOME this simple, practical way. Our practical methods make it fun to learn DESIGNING, Illustrating, Cartooning. For 23 years our graduates have been making good in Art—YOU CAN TOO! Write for FREE BOOK—"Art for Pleasure and Profit." State age.

FREE BOOK
Tells how!

STUDIO 153
WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
1115-15th St. N.W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Cordova who with their distinguished and likable director, Frank Lloyd, did "Maid of Salem" for Louella Parsons on Hollywood Hotel.

We crashed their rehearsal room about an hour before the broadcast and found them, a merry little group, alternately drinking tea and munching Hershey bars (for strength, we suppose) while going over their lines. Perhaps part of the merriment was due to the fact that they had their director, whom they adore, on the well-known spot. Mr. Lloyd was making his radio debut and they were getting even, so they said, for the direction he had given them on the set by telling him just how to read his lines, how to stand in front of the microphone and how he must behave in general.

Do you remember the dialogue Louella has with Claudette which has to do with Claudette's resentment at being called a glamour girl? Well, that's really true, and that's why they put it in the dialogue. Miss Colbert really loathes, despises and resents being called "glamorous," although we agree with Miss Parsons, we don't know why because she certainly is. She looked particularly lovely that evening in a suit of black velvet with a white blouse. And—she has a soft loveliness which you don't find in all our glamour girls—tut, there we go again.

BACK stage at the Camel broadcast of "There's Always Juliet" with Bette Davis and Joel McCrea you would have been treated to the unusual and unheard of thing in show business—the sound effects man blowing up.

Now we've heard plenty of actors, and good ones, blow up in their lines, but we never before heard a prop man go so completely to pieces. He caused great consternation—much more than if Bette or Joel had missed a cue. If he hadn't straightened himself out before show time, he could have turned that delightful, sentimental playlet into a roaring comedy. How? Well, for instance when Bette is presumably riding in a taxi through noisy traffic, he would have the telephone bell ring loudly. And in the part where the 'phone should ring you would hear instead the roar of traffic and the sputter of a back-firing taxi. Most disconcerting not only to the performers but to the audience.

In the midst of the confusion, with the show only twenty minutes away, Bette remembered she had forgotten to wire her husband she was going on the air. It was then too late.

To divert her and to see what would happen, we asked Bette if she'd like to play the rôle of *Scarlett* in "Gone With the Wind." (In case you're interested, she's our choice for the rôle!) She would, she said, and more than that she has a little prayer rug in her house and every night she goes through a little ceremony praying she'll get the part! But she won't—never fear. Didn't she want and wasn't she right for the part of *Elizabeth* in "Mary of Scotland"? And did she get it? Florence Eldridge March got it, that's who.

Bette, incidentally, looks very thin. She lost twenty pounds during that lengthy legal battle in London with Warner Brothers and twenty pounds is too much for a small person like Bette to lose.

She declares that everything is much better than she could have hoped at the studio. "In their victory, Warners have been exceedingly generous," she said. "It is nice, too, for they easily could have made life miserable for me. Instead they are giving me good stories and good directors and doing everything really I asked for before I started to sue.

"It wasn't easy to come back to Hollywood,

I can tell you. It was perhaps the hardest thing I ever had to do—to admit I was defeated in something in which I believed so strongly. My only consolation was that I had fought hard for what I believed right and I had not sat around and done nothing about it. At least, I had tried."

Jack Oakie's regal appearance in an old-fashioned blue cutaway coat, trousers of light tan, high shoes and a gray derby hat, such as effected by grandpappy when he wanted to dude himself up, caused more than a little excitement at Kraft Music Hall when he went on the air with Bing Crosby and Bob Burns. Mr. Oakie gave no explanation of his fancy attire, but our investigators, with no trouble at all, discovered he was wearing this garb currently in his RKO film and loved wearing it out. To get even with him, Mr. Burns and Mr. Crosby secured some adhesive tape and taped his derby to the piano top to Mr. Oakie's slight discomfiture.

By this time, Jack is well launched in his job as head man of the Camel show where as president of a mythical college of comedy, he will be visited, from broadcast to broadcast, by such professors in the art as Jack Benny. Signing of this contract marks a definite change in the Camel type program. The new shows are modeled along lines to make an appeal to youth—with lots of Oakie comedy and swing music. No more guest movie stars unless they're funny folk.

GEORGE BURNS laughs and Gracie Allen averts her head and tears come to her eyes, if you mention that unmentionable faux pas which Gracie made over the air last month in the course of a broadcast and which would have sounded—if her radio audience didn't know her better—like a purposely off-color remark to stop all off-color remarks.

How did it happen? Just one of those things where Gracie actually became twisted in her words after all these years of pretending to be confused—Gracie, of all people, who is so fastidious in her language and so particular not to offend people that she won't even say blood over the air.

The audience at the broadcast—you heard them probably—wouldn't stop laughing. Roars of merriment filled the small auditorium and echoed and re-echoed in great waves. Gracie blushed scarlet, dropped her script and was so confused she couldn't find it. George had to improvise until she could get control of herself. She cried for an hour after the show and you just better not mention the matter to her if you see her. George, the old meanie, although he is awfully sweet to her about it, thinks it a huge joke and has a record of the transcription which he will play for you if you know him well enough.

What happened was this. George said to Gracie, "You're pulling at the strings of my heart."

Gracie was supposed to say, "Oh, you mean suspenders."

What Gracie said was—well, you figure it out for yourselves.

Or maybe if you heard the broadcast you even remember.

SOCIETY GIRL MAKES GOOD

Read how Jane Wyatt, the only honest-to-goodness, blue-blooded society girl in Hollywood, rose to stardom. In April Photoplay. On the newsstands March 10th

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

JANE WITHERS is a naughty little minx, bless her heart, and just because she's been such a baddie we're going to tell on her.

You see Jane is very much aware that Mrs. Temple disapproves of her most heartily. Mrs. Temple has made no secret of her feelings where Jane is concerned. So when a photographer was about to snap a picture of Shirley at a public gathering recently, Jane tiptoed over and poked her comical little face into the picture with Shirley.

Of course Jane didn't really know that two men got in wrong with the studio because of it and both boys remained up all night trying to locate the print and destroy it. Gee, as Janie says, she didn't mean her prank to go that far.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD, who flew to Hollywood to make a test for Scarlett in "Gone with the Wind," has gone back to New York once again soured on the movies.

"You know what's the matter?" Tallulah asked a friend one day. "I'd go over big in pictures if I'd just change my last name."

"Your last name?"

"Yes, change it from Bankhead to Banknight."

THE latest thing about George Brent seems to be Anita Louise, that young blonde vision who wafts so casually about Hollywood.

To us it looks as serious as most impromptu California love matches. Both had worked for the same studio for years, but somehow had never met. Then they were introduced on the set a few weeks ago, and have been goggle-eyed about each other ever since.

We saw them lunching together in the Green room at Warners. Under the tablecloth they were holding hands like a couple of ingenues. Later, on the set, they didn't have any tablecloth.

So they held hands anyway.

But it's when they dine together, at Hollywood's smart clubs, that the heat really goes on.

GINGER ROGERS has always had it in her contract that she might leave off dancing with Astaire in his pictures for a time whenever she cared to, and make dramatic epics instead. She'd had the clause put in because she didn't want to be typed, and also she felt she had great talents as a dramatic actress.

So when she decided to use her prerogative lately, Astaire began casting around for another partner. So many people had written in asking why he didn't team up with Jessie Mathews, British dancing star, that at last he cabled her suggesting the merger.

Almost any other star in the industry would have leaped at the chance. The money, the resultant fame—everything was in favor of the deal.

But Jessie cabled back a polite refusal. "I want to be an individual in pictures," she said, "and I can't endanger my prestige by sharing it with anyone."

Astaire's face is still red!

H O U B I G A N T *Gardenia* C O N C E N T R É



This perfume is the very essence of Gardenias—more lasting than the flower itself. Smartly packaged and sanely priced.

PERFUME \$1.50, \$2.75, \$5.00 • DULL FINISH FACE POWDER . . . \$1.00

Sylvia of Hollywood

Now Reveals How You Can Acquire
the Beauty of the Screen Stars

You have always wanted to be beautiful . . . attractive . . . glamorous. Now you can be! For the very same methods which the famous stars of the screen and stage use to acquire and maintain their beauty are now revealed by Sylvia of Hollywood in her new book, *No More Alibis*.

Madame Sylvia is the personal beauty adviser to Hollywood's most brilliant stars. It is she who guards and preserves the exquisite charms of the screen's awe-inspiring beauties. It is she who transforms ordinary looking women into dreams of loveliness.

And now Sylvia has just put all her beauty secrets between the covers of a book. In *No More Alibis* you will find every ounce of knowledge, every whiff of observation and all the good sound advice that Sylvia has gleaned over a period of thirty-five years of making the human body ideally beautiful.

There is no other book like *No More Alibis*—for there could be none. In this one volume Sylvia tells you exactly how you can be as lovely as the stars of Hollywood—if not lovelier! No matter how old you are, or how fat or thin you are, Sylvia will tell you how you can mold your body into beautiful proportions.

This book gives you the very same information for which the screen stars of Hollywood have paid fabulous sums. Yet the price for this marvelous book is only \$1.00 a copy. If you are unable to get this book at your local department or book store mail your order to—

MACFADDEN BOOK COMPANY, Inc.
Dept. P-3, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

EARN GOOD MONEY AS A *Costume Designer*



Learn at Home in Spare Time

Right in your own home, in your spare time, you can easily learn Costume Designing; and not only enjoy the thrill of originating your own clothes, but also prepare for a splendid position in this lucrative field. Many attractive openings with manufacturers and smart style shops. Thrilling surroundings, fascinating work, excellent salaries. Or you may have your own style shop and be the fashion authority of your community.

Be a College Trained Fashion Expert

This 50-year-old college, located in the new style center of America, will quickly teach you Professional Costume Designing in your spare time at home. No previous experience necessary. Practical, personalized training, easy to learn. Low cost, small monthly payments. Complete outfit of professional designer's equipment furnished without extra cost; also monthly fashion forecasts. Free placement service.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK

WOODBURY COLLEGE, Dept. 167C, Hollywood, Cal.

Send me FREE your new book, "A Career in Costume Designing," and full particulars of your home-study course.

My age is.....(No student under 16 years accepted)

Miss—Mrs.

Street

City..... State.....

Have the *natural-looking* eye beauty that wins men!



**PINAUD'S NEW, IMPROVED
SIX-TWELVE
CREAMY MASCARA**
prepared in France

Silky, heavy eyelashes that look naturally beautiful. Get them from this Improved creamy mascara... Never makes you look made-up... Permanent, runproof, smudge proof... in black, brown, blue, green.

Complete Eye Make-up requires

**PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYE SHADOW
PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYEBROW PENCIL**

THE **PINAUD** PARIS
HOUSE OF NEW YORK

**MAKE
MONEY**

AT HOME!
Learn to color photos and miniatures in oil. No previous experience needed. Good demand. Send for free booklet, "Make Money at Home," and requirements. **NATIONAL ART SCHOOL**
3601 Michigan Ave. Dept. 1253, Chicago

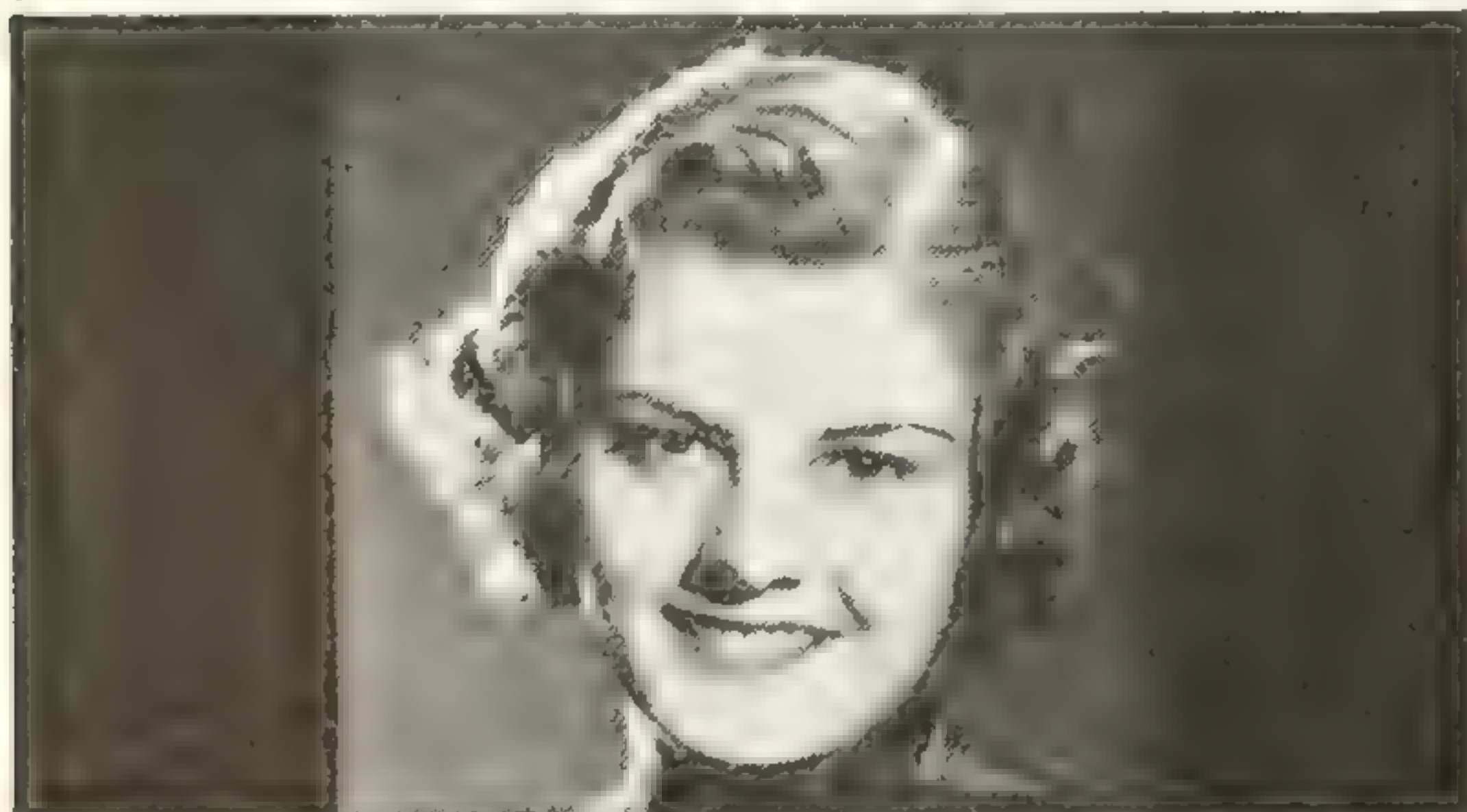
KILL THE HAIR ROOT

Remove
Superfluous
Hair
Forever

Remove the hair permanently, safely, privately at home, following simple directions. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 35 years of successful use all over the world. Send 6c in stamps **TODAY** for illustrated booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever."
D. J. MAHLER CO., Dept. 57C, Providence, R. I.

**Learn Profitable Profession
in 90 days at Home**

Salaries of Men and Women in the fascinating profession of Swedish Massage run as high as \$40 to \$70 per week but many prefer to open their own offices. Large incomes from Doctors, hospitals, sanitariums, clubs and private patients come to those who qualify through our training. Reducing alone offers rich rewards for specialists. Anatomy charts and supplies are given with our course. Write for details
National College of Massage & Physio-Therapy, 20 N. Ashland Avenue, Dept. 367, Chicago, Ill.



**WAKE UP YOUR
LIVER BILE...**

**Without Calomel—And You'll Jump
Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go**

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

This review was received just as we went to press, hence its position in the back of the book. But PHOTOPLAY herewith endorses it as one of the most important pictures of the season.

★ THE GOOD EARTH—M-G-M

WHERE a fine original story gets the blessing of a sensitive and rich production plus great acting, the result is magnificent cinema. "The Good Earth," the last production of the late Irving Thalberg, combines those three qualities superlatively for emotion and beauty and entertainment.

The outline of Pearl Buck's novel has been closely followed. It is a simple story of a poor Chinese farmer's rise to power, of how he casts off one faithful loving wife for a second, who is younger, more charming and completely deceitful; of the effect of age and nature upon him, and his eventual reconciliation with his true family.

Paul Muni and Luise Rainer are superb in the leading rôles. Tilly Losch is extremely provocative as the flirtatious second wife. And the scenes of the locust plague are such as you will never forget. See this by all means.

FIRE OVER ENGLAND— London Films-United Artists

QUEEN ELIZABETH, Philip of Spain, The Spanish Armada and young love all figure in this English-made production, but nevertheless, do not expect too much. The story of a patriotic boy who risks his life as a spy in Spain, thereby saving England from a naval invasion, has been done with taste and accuracy but is a bit slow paced. Flora Robson and Laurence Olivier give fine performances

THE MIGHTY TREVE—Universal

TO adults who enjoy the performance of an expertly trained dog and to children especially this will be an appealing film. Tiffy, a magnificent collie, goes through his paces flawlessly. The story dealing with the usual villain

who accuses Tiffy of sheep killing is trite and overdialogued.

Sam Hinds, Noah Beery, and Barbara Read round out the cast

WITHOUT WARNING—20th Century-Fox

THIS is Norman Foster's first attempt at directing and for an initial effort it is not so bad. J. Edward Bromberg plays the old man who, with a little boy, goes to an obscure and lovely resort in the desert. There, suddenly, a murder takes place—and together the two set out to solve it. Betty Furness is pretty as love interest.

LARCENY ON THE AIR—Republic

THIS confusing story about the fight of a young doctor, Robert Livingston, against harmful patent medicines is moral in tone, but weak in entertainment. Grace Bradley as the heroine and daughter of influential publisher, Granville Bates, assists Livingston in collaring the racketeers. Willard Robertson, Pierre Watkins, and Smiley Burnette support.

SHE'S DANGEROUS—Universal

THIS melodrama of crime and love brings talented Tala Birell in the emotional rôle of a girl detective, whose chase for crook Cesar Romero involves her in the murder of her chief. Walter Pidgeon is the deserving doctor lover who saves Tala from the electric chair. Romero handles his heavy rôle with force and conviction. Walter Brennan and Warren Hymer provide comedy relief.

WE'RE ON THE JURY—RKO-Radio

WHEN Helen Broderick and Victor Moore become members of a mixed jury something is bound to happen. It does. The two not only refuse to find the accused Louise Latimer guilty of murder, but actually ferret out the real criminal, not, however, before Judge Robert McWade, handsome Phil Huston and the remaining jurors are reduced to confused pulp. Amusingly light and gay.



By the gleeful looks on the faces of Fred Astaire and David Niven, their pet horse is doing his stuff at Santa Anita. It's certainly the height of something or other when you can eat your lunch and watch the races at the same time

The Adventurous life of Spencer Tracy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

that companion happens to have a little surplus which he would be willing to lend until next payday.

They found a motherly old woman who kept rooms on 96th Street, and who was most pleasant when they told her their names. "Tracy—O'Brien!" she said softly then. "Sure, and ain't that wonderful now? Come in, come in! You'll always have a roof over your heads and a bite to eat as long as my name's O'Sullivan—"

They chose a bleak, sparsely furnished room with twin beds (iron) and twin washstands (cracked) and an adjoining bath. And thus began a year which held, for Spencer, the bitter salt of ceaseless work, of absolute penury, often of hunger.

AT the Academy he learned impatiently fast, afraid that something would happen to interrupt his studies. He was fearful of his income, meager as it was. He had no certainty that his father would not suddenly refuse to continue paying tuition for a course that might be teaching his son no practical means of livelihood.

During the evenings in their community home Spencer and Pat would rearrange the furniture, muss their hair, and stride dramatically up and down the narrow confines, practicing lines on each other.

Somehow Tracy managed to make his \$30 a month last for two or three weeks each time. Too proud to write home for more money, he would borrow small sums from classmates against the next check, a path which in the mathematical course of things led him to financial ruin. He was used to living, for certain portions of each month, on pretzels and rice and water; but at the end of the first year, when he had missed eight meals con-

secutively and could find no one who would or could lend him a penny for another week, he decided the time for action had arrived.

He resigned the Academy and started, hungry and a little weak, down Broadway in quest of a job.

At the end of the day, just as he was about to give way to complete panic, he found a stage manager who had time to listen. Spencer let loose his best line of oratory. He cited his experience, his dramatic training, his great need for work and his great ambition, while the stage manager stood imperturbable and chewed his cigar.

When, breathless and exhausted, Spencer stood glumly waiting for an answer, the man shifted the cigar from one side of his mouth to the other and said, "I'll give you fifteen dollars a week to come up through a trap door in the last act."

"Lend me a dollar, will you?" asked Tracy, white-faced.

Around the cigar a grin was created. The stage manager fished in his pocket.

The play was The Theatre Guild's "R. U. R." It was a critical success and lasted for several weeks, eventually going on tour to fold. He came back to New York, ran out of money, moved from the new room he couldn't pay for to a park bench, spent his days in the ante-rooms of producers' sanctums. Eventually Leonard Woods, Jr. gave him a job in his stock company and sent him to White Plains, New York, where two things happened:

His salary began to move steadily upward, from \$20 a week to \$40 and \$50, as the Tracy poise began to assert itself before the audiences.

And he fell in love, for the first time in his life.

LOUISE TREADWELL was a tall, brown-haired and brown-eyed girl with a clear, husky voice and a quiet beauty. She was the leading lady of the drama at White Plains, and she read her lines with a simple grace and understanding that tugged at Spencer's sentimental Irish heart.

It was an entirely new, utterly exhilarating sensation to him. Throughout childhood he had been too much the neighborhood tough guy to bother with sissy girls. During adolescence his sporadic flush of infatuation for a child who lived down the street ended quickly in temper. Through college, and afterward in New York, he had been too busy or too penniless to do much running around.

On his small salary he took Louise to dinner and for long drives in the late evening, after the show. During each performance he worshipped her from his position backstage, or from the wings.

Eventually, on a superb summer night, they drove far out through the rich dark carpet of the neighboring country; and stopped; and Spencer told her simply that he was in love with her. "I'd like to marry you, if you'd have me," he said.

Smiling, she answered calmly that she'd be delighted.

He felt, during those first months, that Louise possessed all the qualities of the great lady his mother was; and he has since had reason to appreciate the something which guided his choice. For she has risen triumphant over the severest test a wife can experience. But that is getting ahead of our story.



*She was "that nice,"
young Mrs. Jones"*

**...until her
letter came**

SHE flattered herself that she and her husband had been doing very nicely since they moved into the new community. A tea... two bridges... and now a dance invitation from the first home in town.

But it's just as well for her that she didn't see her hostess' face when that great lady opened her note of acceptance. Its very courtesy suffered because the stationery was so cheap, so totally lacking in good taste.

All too often the woman particular in most things is careless in her choice of writing paper. She entrusts her written personality to paper far below her standards of style and quality.

Today, thanks to Eaton, this is inexcusable. Among the hundreds of smart Eaton papers you can make a very personal selection with complete assurance of social correctness. You will find Eaton's wherever fine stationery is sold.

• Petersburg 1850, exquisitely watermarked.
Priced from seventy-five cents.



EATON'S
1850
FINE LETTER PAPERS

MAKERS OF THE
WORLD-FAMED
HIGHLAND
LINEN

Eaton's



Spencer Tracy and his wife arrive in New York for their recent vacation. Spence has never lost his love of the stage and got a yen to see some plays

WESTERN WONDERLANDS

YOUR NEXT SUMMER'S Vacation IN PICTURES!

It's FREE

UNION PACIFIC

UNION PACIFIC'S "Western Wonderlands" is really a vacation guide—suggests where to go, what to see and do. It contains photographs and pictorial map of the West's most famous vacation regions—Zion-Bryce-Grand Canyon National Parks, Yellowstone, Colorado, California, Boulder Dam and the Pacific Northwest. Send for "Western Wonderlands" today—"sample" your vacation before taking it.

FREE MAIL COUPON

THE PROGRESSIVE

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

W. S. Basinger, Passenger Traffic Manager
Room 471, Union Pacific Railroad
Omaha, Nebr.

Please send me, free, WESTERN WONDERLANDS.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

CARTOONING

PAYS WELL Develop your ability with personal instruction from an internationally-known cartoonist. His exclusive, successful method of drawing and creating ideas makes it easy to attain success. Write for details of this exceptional home-study course.

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF CARTOONING, 437-E Penlon Building, Cleveland, Ohio

KEEPING FIT

By BERNARR MACFADDEN

You will find this book the most useful and the most helpful of any in your library—valuable beyond words because of the information and facts it contains. It is indeed a great household guide to health. A handbook which tells you what and how to do in fighting disease and ill health. And the vital, essential health information is not for you alone, but for every member of your family as well. Cloth Bound \$1.00—POSTAGE PAID.

MACFADDEN BOOK COMPANY, Inc.
Dept. P-3, 205 E. 42nd St., New York City

It's Positively Grand!

USA-FOAM

Million

Bubble Bath

MARVELOUSLY REFRESHING

New Bath Thrill!

At Leading Department, Drug Stores, 30c and \$1.25

Trial Package Sent Upon Receipt of 10c

B & L Lab., 2023 N. Halsted, Dept. 16-C, Chicago, Ill.

ENDS "RING" AROUND THE TUB

They were transferred, then, simultaneously to stock in Cincinnati and there they were married, because his salary had reached \$75 a week and because they felt it senseless to wait any longer.

Thence the pace of his life settled into routine, slow and jogging and ever rising upward, with the plodding sort of ascent of a work-horse pulling a wagon upslope. Professionally, the Spencer Tracys followed stock companies from Pittsburg to Winnipeg, Canada, to Brooklyn. He was given a good part in Ethel Barrymore's play, "The Royal Fandango," and played in it four weeks at the Plymouth Theatre, New York.

He added another hundred a week to his income.

In Brooklyn, Louise settled quietly for a while, and while Spencer played the winter through on various stages she prepared for the coming of their first child.

It was a boy, born deaf.

They faced this first mutual tragedy, young and fearful and a little bitter. Then, catching hope from the air and courage from each other, they began their life again, adding to it the burden (shared gladly by both) of giving little Johnny as good and as beautiful a childhood as was possible under the circumstances.

They lived without ostentation in hotel suites, and while the Jazz Age of 1925—year of "Gentleman Prefer Blondes," and waistlines at the hip, and Mrs. Nash and postwar madness—crashed insanely about them they played three matinees a week, with performances every night, and went to the movies on Sunday. The rest of the time they studied lines at home, and tried to invent amusement for little Johnny.

Spencer played in "Nigger Rich," for the Shuberts, and in "Dread," for Sam Harris. He and Louise went to Ohio in stock, where she decided that she had not enough time in her life for both the stage and Johnny. They went back to New York and Spencer spent several months in "Yellow" and "The Baby Cyclone," three years in "Conflict."

Then his mother sent him a telegram and he hurried home to Milwaukee, where his robust, vital father, John Tracy lay, bored and annoyed with Fate, dying of cancer.

Through the last weeks Spencer sat by his father and watched him depart this life as a man should, without complaint or whining. ("Such quiet fortitude I'll never see again," Spence told me as we sat talking. "It was a great example.") Then he returned to New York to accept a rôle in "The Last Mile," which made him a star; which took him out of Broadway and sent him post haste to Hollywood; which brought him fortune and great fame.

It happened this way:

Spencer had the rôle of "Killer" Mears—a swell part, full of dramatic meat—and the show was one of those desperate affairs about

escape and sirens in the fog and shooting and man hunting.

It was reasonably well-written, nicely produced, and the cast was good. People filled the house for a month or two, and when the take began to dwindle the producer called his angel, discovered the original investment had paid good profits, and proceeded to post a closing notice.

As for Spencer—he shrugged and was content. There was always another job waiting.

Then, a day or two before the closing night, a little group of convicts up at Auburn put their heads together and decided that if others had done it, so could they. That evening a guard was found with his head bashed in, and a few minutes later extras were spread all over New York, shrieking the news of a prison break.

The publicity manager of "The Last Mile" read the story and then ran for a telephone. Because the details of the real-life incident paralleled almost exactly the details of his play.

Notices of shutdown were torn off bulletin boards. The public's attention was relentlessly called, via radio and handbill and newspaper, to the bloody resemblance between the Auburn affair and "The Last Mile." The box office began to sell standing room.

Within a week Spencer Tracy was the glowing star of the most sensational hit in America.

The motion picture industry set its ears to flapping. It made tests of this Tracy guy. And out in Hollywood, in a little projection room, one John Ford (son of Erin and brilliant director) said, "He looks good to me. Let's send for him."

Things happened quickly after that. Spencer rushed to the Coast, made "Up The River,"—his first picture—and then rushed back to New York again to play for two more years in that amazing play.

When it ended its run, at last, in Chicago, Fox sent him a contract to sign. By this time it was 1930, and America was just beginning to understand that the market crash was going to make depression history after all. Spencer sat with Louise in their hotel suite, while little Johnny played quietly by the window, and together they read over the contract.

"So what about it?" he asked her solemnly.

She looked at Johnny. "If it means an opportunity—lots of money—security, peace. . . . I think you should do it." She twinkled at him suddenly. "Are you sure you can trust yourself to live in such a wild place? Hollywood's a crazy town, you know."

He snorted. "What do you think?" he said, with infinite sarcasm.

She nodded, satisfied.

Little did they dream, either of them, that Spencer was to experience a great love, and that the woman involved would not be his wife.

(To be concluded in April Photoplay)

WHY ALL HOLLYWOOD ADORES CLARK GABLE

By Sara Hamilton

Usually when a man is handsome, rich and very appealing to the ladies, other people are jealous of him. But everyone who has ever met him says "He's a great guy!" Why? To learn the secrets of true popularity read about Gable in the April issue of PHOTOPLAY, on the newsstands, March 10th.

We Cover the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

which has more or less of a corner on the comedian market. Paramount has discovered that people want to laugh more. This revival of gaiety also is a symptom of returning prosperity.

When Gene goes into his apoplectic act and Director George Archainbaud calls "Cut!" (ending the scene), the players get their heads together for a bit of harmony. No two manage to hit the same key.

"But if we don't sing, we'll fight," quips Palette. "Nobody likes anybody else. We're here just to get those nickels to give to the government."

WE think of our nickels right then and head for Culver City where M-G-M has another epic in the making in "Parnell," with Clark Gable as the famous Irish Home Rule leader and Myrna Loy as *Kitty O'Shea*.

This is a period picture. The set is crowded with beards. Gable is the only smooth-shaven actor in the crowd. Even he has long sideburns.

The scene for the action we see is a large, gloomy room in a government building in Dublin. Beyond a big window in the rear, snow is falling. (High overhead, outside the window, is a circular sieve resembling a squirrel cage, which revolves, sifting down bleached cornflakes.) Gable, with several other men, sits at a long table in front of the window, with the camera facing him.

As Director John Stahl quietly says "Action!" Gable rises, asks two delegates just returned from England if they have seen Mr. Gladstone. They have. Gable says, "Then we're ready for discussion." Off to his right, a hot-headed Irishman rises angrily, shouts, "Discussion of *what?*"

With his shout, the Kleig lights suddenly go black. Only the dim emergency lights still burn. Everyone laughs at the coincidence of the angry shout and the sudden semi-darkness. Everyone, that is, except the assistant director. To the electricians in general, he calls out, "What's the matter? What's the matter?" He has visions of seeing hundreds of dollars go up the flue, through delay.

When the lights finally come on, and the scene is about to start again, the cameraman discovers that Gable has a patch of hair standing out from the left side of his head. A studio valet, with brush and comb, tries to make it lie down. He has no luck. Stahl tells him to use scissors. He uses scissors. Gable, getting a hair trim in a standing position, says, "He's saving me four bits."

On the set of "Maytime," starring Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, more snow is falling beyond a window in the background. The scene is a small, well-furnished, old-style bedroom. The only player in the scene is John Barrymore, and all of his acting is in pantomime.

Before the scene begins, Director Robert Z. Leonard asks the restlessly-pacing Barrymore, "Are you in the mood, John?" Barrymore nods. Leonard asks the camera crew, "How about it, boys? Are *you* in the mood?" They chorus, grinning, "We are."

Barrymore enters through a door at the right rear, a man in a daze of disillusion. He crosses to a closet, takes out a coat and hat, puts them on, breathing heavily. He is about to go out

when he halts, turns slowly to a bureau, opens the top drawer, slowly takes out a box containing a revolver. (This, by the way, is one of Barrymore's own guns.)

Leonard tells John that he should have paused a little more in one spot. "Oh, nuts," John says. "That's right. I forgot."

Hearing a Barrymore say "Oh, nuts" is not only a privilege; it is a pleasure.

On the set of "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," Joan Crawford is an adventuress, William (Godfrey) Powell is her butler-accomplice, and Robert Montgomery a potential victim. The director of the gaiety was rotund Richard Boleslawski, better known to intimates as "Mr. Boley." His death was a great shock to them.

Outside Joan's portable dressing room (shaped like a New England meetinghouse) a phonograph is playing "mood music." She comes out dressed in something new in negligees—tailored blue taffeta, with leg-o'-mutton sleeves and a row of taffeta buttons from neckline to hem.

The setting is a garden of an English house, late evening. Bob is sitting on a gardener's stepladder, looking upward over the camera, supposedly talking to Joan, who is supposedly in a second-story window. Actually she is standing right beside the camera during this dialogue. And, by the way, trying to make Bob laugh. It's a long standing Crawford-Montgomery game. During *her* close-ups, he'll seek his revenge.

The only time visitors are allowed on the set of "A Day at the Races," starring the Marx Brothers, is when the Marxes aren't working. They have a phobia about joke-snatchers. They don't want any of their gags pre-released, after they have ground out their brains, along with gag-writer Al Boasberg, concocting them.

We see them grinding. They look very depressed, very glum, very gloomy, all concentrating. That's how laugh-lines are born.

It's more fun, on the set, watching Maureen O'Sullivan in a brief close-up—Maureen, who later tells us that working in a Marx Brothers picture is like working in pictures for the first time. She never knows what she'll have to do next.

THE rest of M-G-M being in a post-holiday lull we return Hollywoodward and head in at RKO. Here Joe E. Brown is making "When's Your Birthday?" Joe is a boxer who believes in astrology. According to the stars, he can't win his big bout until the moon rises. Until then, everything is against him.

We see him rehearse for an hour with his "opponent" before he films one brief flash of the fight. He knows where he can get laughs—if the blows are prearranged and timed perfectly. Comedy, in any form, demands perfect timing.

The action starts with Joe on one knee, rising on the count of nine. He and his opponent trade a few blows. Then the other boxer swings his right, then his left. Joe ducks the left, and comes up grinning at his escape, only to get jarred on the chin by another. He falls back against the ropes, wraps both arms about his middle, and emits a blood-curdling "Ow-o-o-o." Again he drops to one knee. The referee starts counting him out. Joe pleads "Foul!" looking around frantically for

COUGHS



TAKE THE SYRUP THAT CLINGS TO THE COUGH ZONE

The right medicine for a cough (due to a cold) is one that does its work where the cough is lodged...that is, in the cough zone. That's why Smith Brothers made their famous cough syrup thick, heavy, clinging. *It clings to the cough zone.* There it does three things: (1) soothes sore membranes, (2) throws a protective film over the irritated area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm. Get Smith Brothers'—it's safe! 35¢ and 60¢.

"IT CONTAINS VITAMIN A"

This vitamin raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.



SMITH BROS. COUGH SYRUP

NOW ON SALE IN CANADA

Lovely BLONDE HAIR Enviied by all

NOW the alluring beauty of blonde stage and screen stars can be yours **INSTANTLY!** Have radiant hair that is natural—soft—fluffy! You can acquire any flattering blonde shade you desire by the new **CREAM WAY in 5 to 15 minutes**—easily, safely—at home with **LECHLER'S INSTANTANEOUS HAIR LIGHTENER.** It is a guaranteed antiseptic white cream that lightens hair only where applied. Unlike liquid preparations, LECHLER'S HAIR LIGHTENER does not run to hair ends and cannot streak. Does not affect permanents. Enthusiastically used and praised for over 20 years by beautiful fascinating blondes everywhere.

FREE with each order, 36-page booklet "The New Art of Lightening Hair."

Send \$1 for outfit complete with Special Application Brush to—

LECHLER LABORATORIES
560 Broadway (Dept. W. M.) New York, N. Y.

Or order C. O. D. — send no money, pay postman \$1 plus small postage charge. Mailed in plain sealed wrapper.





THE bra that lifts the ordinary figure into the sphere of "Stars"!...All Paramount stars wear V-ette*Whirlpool brassieres...Why? Because they ACTUALLY mould, support and firmly hold the breasts as nature intended they should be. Wear a V-ette and see what it does for your figure. On sale at leading department and specialty stores.

SEND FOR FREE STYLE FOLDER

*Whirlpool Stritching Patented

HOLLYWOOD-MAXWELL CO.
6773 Hollywood Blvd.
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA

GET YOUR COPY OF
"NO MORE ALIBIS"

By Sylvia of Hollywood

From Your Book or Department Store NOW



Goodbye
**GRAY
HAIRS!**
(FREE Test
shows way to
end them)

No matter whether your hair is beginning to gray—or is entirely gray, you can bring youthful color to every faded strand. The color will be natural looking. It will match the original shade, whether black, brown, auburn, blonde. Just comb a water-white liquid through hair and gray goes. Leaves hair soft and lustrous—takes curl or wave. Nothing to rub or wash off. This way SAFE.

Test it FREE—We send complete Test Package. Apply to single lock snipped from hair. See results first. No risk. Just mail coupon.



---MARY T. GOLDMAN---
2466 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
Color of your hair?.....

the moon. The referee keeps on counting.

We poke around RKO but nothing else is happening so out to the gas-buggy once more and toward Burbank this time.

Another interesting set is one for "The Toast of New York"—RKO-Radio's picturizing of the life and times of *Gentleman Jim Fisk*. As *Gentleman Jim*, Edward Arnold adds to his biographical portrait gallery. With him are Cary Grant and Frances Farmer, she who made such a hit with Arnold in "Come and Get It."

The scene is a Boston theater in 1860. In a box sits Arnold, watching a French soubrette (Thelma Leeds) dance and sing a catchy little number, with twelve buxom chorus girls stepping behind her.

Hermes Pan, studio dance director, had his troubles, finding weighty chorines in Hollywood. He wanted girls who weighed no less than 160 pounds. When he finally did locate a very round dozen, he had a problem, getting 1860 tights for them. There is only one house in America that still makes theatrical tights; that is in New York. The studio had to send the measurements there and hope for the best. Studio dressmakers, it would seem, don't have the right technique for the manufacturing of tights.

THELMA Leeds is wearing a fluffy pink soubrette costume—very daring (for 1860). Long black silk stockings, with a red garter about one knee, and ruffled pink panties under her fluffy skirt... This is the first time Thelma has danced professionally. She has been a singer on Rudy Vallee's radio hour and in New York night clubs. This, also, is her first screen appearance.

She does all right. In fact, she does the number very persuasively. As Arnold comments later, "That little girl has vivacity and charm and personality. She will bear watching."

Over at Warners, Bette Davis is back from the courtroom wars, playing the title rôle of "Marked Woman." The studio says Bette is being completely cooperative. And the studio, in return, is giving Bette a Class A picture for her homecoming.

The story was inspired by the Lucky Luciano case in New York, which splashed all over the newspapers a few months ago. The details are toned down for the screen. The girls are hostesses in a swank gambling casino.

Bette, looking very trim and pert, also looks like a candidate for a chest cold in a dress made entirely of white glass beads. In this dress, she makes short work of victimizing a young playboy at the gaming tables.

This scene is shot just before lunch on Saturday. As it ends, Bette notices that Director Lloyd Bacon, an harassed looking man, looks more harassed than usual. Her sense of humor goes into action.

"I see there's a notice that the company is working tomorrow. Well, I'm not working—you might as well know that right now."

Bacon's pantomime reaction says, "Don't kid me."

They both grin.

On the set of "The Prince and the Pauper," Mark Twain's classic now in the filming, there is confusion such as there has never been on a movie set before. The title rôles are being

played by the most identical twins Hollywood has ever seen—Billy and Bobby Mauch (pronounced as if the "h" were a "k").

Billy starts as the pauper, and Bobby as the prince; then, in the story, they change clothes and positions in life. Result: Director William Keighley is never positive which one he is working with. Neither is their mother. Everyone has to rely on the boys themselves to tell which is which. And there's even a suspicion that they wonder, sometimes.

We arrive on the set just as Director Keighley calls out, "Simmer down to a whisper, folks. This is a rehearsal."

The scene is a small anteroom in a palace. Billy (at least, it is supposed to be Billy), dressed in the prince's costume, falls on his knees before four noblemen, dressed in doublets and hose, trying to convince them that he is really a beggar boy.

Billy is a fine-looking boy, with a sensitive, expressive face and a fine voice. Later, we learn from his mother that neither boy has ever had dramatic or elocution training. She has no explanation for their talent except that "twins are naturally inclined to act."

The luxury set of the month is one for "Pick a Star"—Hal Roach's half-million-dollar musical comedy about Hollywood, with Jack Haley, Patsy Kelly, Mischa Auer, Lyda Roberti, Rosina Lawrence.

In this picture, Roach gives architects a new idea for night club or restaurant decoration. Plate glass walls, painted in mural style, and lighted from behind. This set is supposed to be a Hollywood night club. No Hollywood night club ever had this glamour—or this size.

The plot of the comedy revolves around Haley's efforts to get Patsy's sister, Rosina, a screen test. In order to get near producers, he wangles a job as a bus-boy in the night-club. Mischa enters the picture as *Renaldo Lopez*, great screen lover, who goes "on the make" for Rosina.

We see a scene in which Jack and Patsy break into Mischa's sumptuous apartment to rescue Rosina. Jack, taking a running leap, lands on Mischa; both fall to the floor, quickly disentangle, rise, and square off for fisticuffs. Mischa lands a haymaker on Jack's chin, and Jack goes out like the lights on the "Parnell" set. Patsy then picks up a supposedly antique vase and breaks it over Mischa's head. He joins Jack for the count of ten.

THE prop man is very proud of the vases used for this scene. They are not made of plaster, like most "breakaway" crockery—but of wax, which holds water better. Patsy finds one thing wrong with them, however. Two of them crumble when she grasps them by the top. Finally, she lifts one with both hands, holding it by the sides, and brings it down end-wise on Mischa's noggin.

He comes out of the scene, gingerly rubbing the back of his head. "I wanted comedy," he says sadly to Director Edward Sedgwick. "And I'm certainly getting it."

Haley has an amusing description of what movie-acting is like. "It's a constant dress rehearsal. You keep wondering when you're going to 'open.' But you never even get to New Haven for the tryout."

Carolyn Van Wyck's Free Beauty Service

Have you a hair problem? Suggestions for hair health and new ways to give glamour and lustre to your tresses are contained in our new leaflet "A Queenly Crown." Send your inquiries with a stamped self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City

Three Cornered Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

driving in Jimmy's convertible along Sunset Boulevard toward Santa Monica. They slipped past you night after night through preview crowds, with Jimmy elbowing ahead and Virginia following lazily through the path he made. Sometimes they were in the next seat on a roller coaster.

Then Metro announced it had chosen "Born To Dance" as the next production for light-footed Eleanor Powell, and that Jimmy would play the male lead opposite her.

I talked with Eleanor a few days after the picture had started. Only that morning the local gossip columns had carried a squib mentioning that she had lunched with young Stewart the day before ("Looks like romance!" the columns had yelped coyly) and Hollywood had shrugged, remembering that it was nothing new for co-stars in a picture to reach the same table in the same commissary at the same time.

BUT throughout my interview with Eleanor the name "Jimmy" kept popping up an unreasonable number of times—until eventually I recalled the item.

"Jimmy Stewart, you mean," I said. "Swell guy."

She pirouetted twice. "Is he!" she said emphatically. "He's so darling—"

I came away an hour later with one third of the original story I had set out to get, and enough about Jimmy and how nice he was to write a book.

They met, she told me, on the set; or rather Jimmy stood rather shyly near a pile of props and allowed Eleanor to meet him. The director of the piece brought her up and made the introduction. It always takes a little while for Jimmy to find his way through the ice of a first meeting, but not the Powell girl—she is congenitally unaware that any ice exists. Wherefore one is, and Jimmy was, immediately on the plane of long-established friendship with her.

So they had lunch that day, and over the indifferent commissary food discovered they had many things in common: love of new music, laughter, the insouciance that is youth. Besides—Eleanor is as different from Virginia Bruce as bread-and-butter is from brandy chocolates. Eleanor is like a new breeze tap-dancing across spring, very young and uninhibited and ingenuously, frankly happy. She shouts when she likes, sings the rest of the time. She's utterly alive, utterly unstatic.

Virginia is young but a thorough sophisticate. The electric quality of awareness is there but subdued, hidden by a chromium finish. After all, she was married to Jack Gilbert. After all, she has lived a long time in Hollywood.

To Jimmy, Eleanor must have been the other quantity necessary for his happiness. Besides she was incapable of concealing the fact that she liked him immensely, whereas Virginia was.

Open admiration will always catch a third of any man's heart. And I have never seen a girl so completely in love as Eleanor on the day when she first told me about him—about the little tricks they played on each other on the set, about the way they went dancing together, about the way they had grown to know each other.

When the new dressing rooms at Metro were finished Eleanor and Jimmy moved on the same day into their respective sanctums. I wandered into hers during the afternoon and found her dispatching by messenger, with much excited laughter, a huge package bought and prepared for Jimmy. It was a silver statue of a tennis player, and on the top of the box she had tied a little artificial dog with an absurd lopsided face.

She pointed to her own dressing table, where the tiny dog's twin stood among the bottles. "There was a pair of them," Eleanor told me, "so I think I'll keep one—"

She taught him to tap after hours in a rehearsal hall, and later they would go dancing at the many and various ballrooms and night clubs in Hollywood. They followed the intricate, mad African rhythms of Les Hite and his black boys at the Cotton Club, and at the Grove the softer, sharper sentiments in music of Eddy Duchin and Jan Garber.

In the interim, whenever he could get a date, Jimmy went out with Virginia. Whenever, that is, she was free from engagements with Cesar Romero, or the artist, or all the countless other men who also had discovered how beautiful she is.

I talked with Virginia Bruce not long ago, curious to know the attitudes of this girl who has everything and yet so little, who should be the happiest woman in Hollywood and yet, according to her closest friends, is a little wretched most of the time. I arranged to see her remembering that she has the beauty all women want, the fortune (left her by Gilbert) that everyone wants, the fame and success people only dream of, intense popularity.

She has told her friends: "All these things I have, yes. But I want to fall in love again, I want marriage and a home. I want a man with the color and the excitement and the *mmf* Jack had. But then I guess America just doesn't produce them anymore."

She told me how much she liked Jimmy. But in the same breath she remarked how much she adored Cesar Romero. And others.

THE account of her experiences in running about Hollywood was as cold, as detached, as unemotional as if she were telling me of the way she had redecorated her living room. "My idea is to be frank with men," she said, lounging in magazine-cover fashion in a picturesque chair; "I run away and let them chase me. If they chase too much I get bored—if only one of them would stop suddenly, and tell me to go to the dickens, I'd be fascinated. Only they never do."

I thought, "That's a tough assignment for Jimmy. He loves you too much, apparently, even to slow down to a trot, much less tell you off. Ah well."

Eleanor, "Born To Dance" finished at last, had a contract calling her to New York and went there, saying goodbye to Hollywood and to Jimmy for a little time.

Then the gossip columns noted that young Mr. Stewart had been seen dining with Ginger Rogers at a famous restaurant ("Looks like romance!" the gossip columns said); and although it was authoritatively remarked that the dinner was for business reasons, nevertheless Ginger and Jimmy appeared together at the "After the Thin Man" preview. Ginger,



There's Nothing Quite Like...

Alka-Seltzer

for
Relief of
HEADACHES
SOUR STOMACH
DISTRESS AFTER
MEALS
COLDS. . . .

Listen to the
Alka-Seltzer
National Barn Dance
Every Sat. Night, NBC

An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a pleasant-tasting, alkalizing solution which contains an analgesic (sodium acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it does two important things. First, because of the analgesic, it brings quick, welcome relief from your discomfort—and then because it is also alkalizing in its nature Alka-Seltzer helps correct the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition.

AT ALL DRUG STORES—30c and 60c Packages
Slightly Higher in Canada



MARRIAGE HYGIENE

SANEX

The two great problems confronting modern married women need not trouble you. There is a more positive, easy, safe, convenient way of enjoying married happiness.

For Intimate Personal Cleanliness, to aid nature in checking inflammation, use SANEX HYGIENIC DOUCHE POWDER. Mild, gentle, deodorizing, yet most effective. 4½ oz. box 50c.

For More Easy Marriage Hygiene wives use dependable SANEX CONES. Dainty, stainless, odorless. Convenient. Harmless. Box of 12 individually wrapped SANEX CONES only \$1.

FREE

Every married woman should read Margaret Whyte's booklet, "Today's Hygiene." Write for it today. Address MARGARET WHYTE, c/o SANEX CO., Dept. A-7, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

You can obtain SANEX HYGIENIC DOUCHE POWDER and SANEX CONES

Without embarrassment from good Drug Stores and Department Stores everywhere.

SANEX Company
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN

NEW YORK'S BEST HOTEL VALUE



Here you may enjoy a comfortable 2-room suite at the price of most single rooms

PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH
\$5⁰⁰ UP PER DAY 1 or 2 PERSONS

LARGEST SINGLE ROOMS IN NEW YORK
with bath

\$3⁵⁰ up per day

Radio, combination tub and shower,
circulating ice water, swimming
pool and gymnasium free to guests.

★ ★ ★

Dining—Dancing—Smart Entertainment

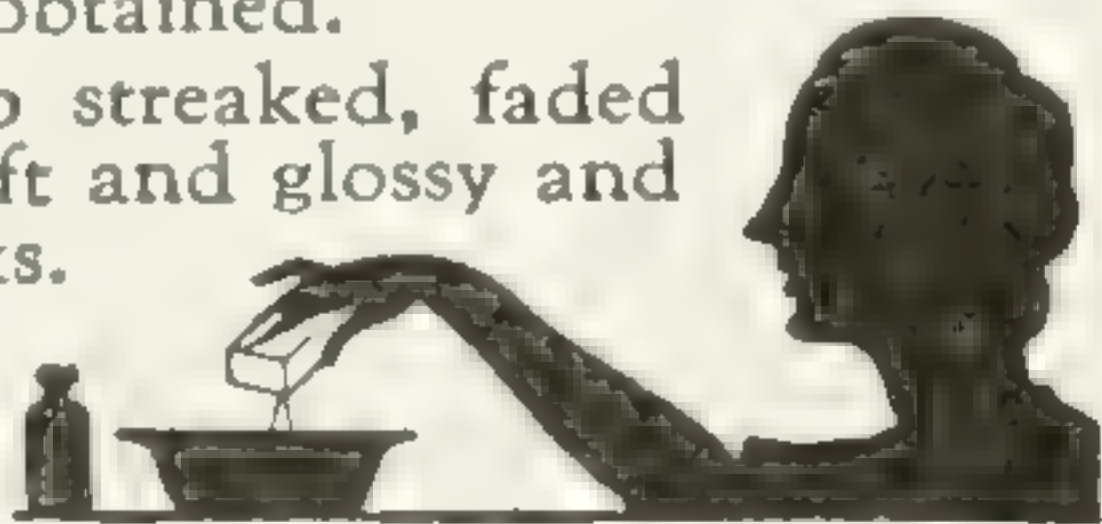
Cocoanut Grove
NEW YORK'S FAVORITE RENDEZVOUS

The Park Central
56th STREET at 7th AVENUE

The Best GRAY HAIR Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



SKIN
Beauty
WITH

Mercolized Wax

● Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment.

Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.

Just pat Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

USE Saxolite Astringent — a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

powdering her nose as she came out, managed somehow to look as if she had been going places with him for centuries.

A week after that somebody gave a party, and at it Stewart discovered Anita Louise ("In such a big way," the gossip columns suggested, "that it looks like romance!") In the meantime, when he could, Jimmy dated Virginia Bruce.

And that's almost all of the story. Be a little cynical, if you like; say that these people, particularly Jimmy and Eleanor, are very young, and that young love has a way of taking care of itself. Say that probably all of them are merely fond of each other, all of them want only a good time and amusing companionship, all of them are too busy with

career and success to care, really, about anyone else.

But I was at Metro the day Jimmy returned from his recent trip home, and it was eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and he had just barged in from the train. The first thing he said, not bothering or at least not able to be casual about it, was, "Where's Virginia? I want to see her—"

And he saw her, a little later, and with a pencil began to fill in all the blank spaces in her appointment book.

If this story were set to music it would possess a fast gay rhythm, with quick downbeat and sharp anti-climaxes. But underneath there would have to be a slender, almost imperceptible, thread of sadness.

Cutting a Figure for Yourself

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

slowly to the left, keeping the knees stiff. As you continue to bend down, twist the upper body from the waistline. Keep the lower body facing forward and do not move the position of the feet. Continue to bend down, reaching with your arms until you can touch the back of the left heel with the fingertips of both hands. This will break up any fatty deposits on the sides and to the rear of the hips, but you must do it correctly. You'll know if you're hitting the spot when you feel the pull and see those muscles flattening out. Do this exercise at least five times on each side every morning when you get up. And you office workers, sneak it in a couple of times during the day.

Simple ordinary stretching seems so trivial that few people consider bothering with it. But let me tell you it is extremely valuable in keeping your muscles flexible. It's so easy to do and can be done any time, any where and in any position. See that you do a lot of it, will you? And here's a little stretching stunt that is used by dancers. It will iron out the kinks in your upper thighs: Stand on one leg and place the back of the other foot over the back of a low chair. You should be far enough away from the chair so that both legs will be stiff . . . and incidentally *keep* them stiff while you do this exercise. Now bend the upper part of your body forward. If you can, go down until your chest is lying along the top of that leg on the top of the chair, swell. If you can't it's swell anyway. Just do the best you can. A few times on each side.

Few homes are equipped for indoor sports but you can get all you want at your local gymnasium. But remember, be a little choosy about what you do for exercise. No heavy muscular bar work, please. Occasionally a snappy game of basket ball or volley ball is O. K. Bowling is another good indoor game for the winter months. That long stretch that you get through the upper arms and thighs after you have released the ball will do wonders in breaking down the pudginess and tightening that flabbiness on the under part of the arm.

FOR those of you who don't know how to bowl or don't know the form that is used, I'm giving it to you here as an exercise. You can do this in your own home or in a small room, but of course without the ball. Stand straight with both arms raised overhead. Make believe that you have a large wooden ball in your right

hand and that you're going to throw it with an underhand swing, through the open window. Let that right arm be fully outstretched at all times, never bent at the elbow. From the arm-high position, swing the arm down in front of you and let it continue on through and up in back. Be sure you stretch it well back. The entire arm should move from the shoulder, pendulum like. Of course this exercise must be done in one graceful uninterrupted movement, but I'm breaking it up into the several positions, to make it easier for you to follow. Now bring the arm under and forward. As you do so, simultaneously step forward with the left foot, placing it flat on the floor. The left knee bent. Step far enough forward so that the right leg is perfectly straight. The heel of the right foot should be off the floor, but the toes should never move out of their original position. Remember, let that right arm fly out in front of you and think of tossing that ball, forcefully. Come back to starting position and repeat on the other side. Do this exercise at least ten times

NOW just a word of warning about your food and I'll let you go. Naturally, in cold weather you need more heat producing foods. Starches, sugars and fats come under this heading. Unfortunately these foods produce fat as well as heat. Most of you eat too much of these foods anyway, even in milder weather, but in winter, when fresh fruits and vegetables are not so plentiful, you go for the starches more than ever. That's another reason why your figures look soggy to you. Don't be so finicky about having a variety. If lettuce is the only vegetable you can get and apples the only fruit, at least eat those and don't complain. They're good for you. Would you rather eat the same fruit or vegetable every day for a few winter weeks as part of your diet, and protect your figure, or continue to overload on starches and fats and be miserable over your looks and even desperate later when you see yourself in a bathing suit? Don't tell me . . . I know the answer!

Did you get your weight control chart? Be sure to enclose a self-addressed envelope, won't you? If you need any help, address: Madame Sylvia, c/o Photoplay Magazine, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

Unloved I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face...unloved...discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids...even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. MyFREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P.O.Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 344, Chicago.

Famous ANSONIA
HAND TURNED

Operas

New York's
Favorite Footwear
is now available to Women
Everywhere, through our
NEW MAIL ORDER SERVICE.

\$5.98
Plus
Postage
ORNAMENTS
INCLUDED

Outstanding beauty, grace and perfect fit have made Ansonia Famous Operas the rage among New York's Smartly Dressed Women.

They are made on five exclusive lasts with five New Heel Heights. They will not gape at the sides or chafe the heels.

Every wanted material and shade.

SIZES TO 10 AAAA TO C
(Please state size, color, material and "last" desired.)

ANSONIA MAIL ORDER DEPT.
25 WEST 34TH ST.
NEW YORK CITY

COLOR YOUR HAIR THE NEW
SHAMPO-KOLOR won't rub off.
Colors roots; leaves hair soft, natural; permits perm, wave. Free Book. Monsieur Valligny, Dpt. 43-A, 254 W. 31 St., N. Y.

TYPEWRITER 1/2 Price

Easy Terms
Only 10c a Day

Save over 1/2 on all standard office models. Also portables at reduced prices.

SEND NO MONEY
All late models completely refinished like brand new. **FULLY GUARANTEED.** Big free catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Lowest prices. Send at once. Free course in typing included.

10-day Trial

International Typewriter Exch. 231 W. Monroe St. Dept. 362, Chicago

Her EYES Won Him

CLEAR..MILKY WHITE..LUSTROUS

THOUSANDS CLEAR EYES..In Seconds..New Easy Way

EYES reddened or prominently veined by late hours or over-indulgence—thousands of girls now clear them in seconds. With new scientific EYE-GENE. And what a difference when whites are clear—sparkling white! Money back if it fails. Refreshes, soothes tired eyes like magic. Stainless—safe. Get EYE-GENE at any drug or department store.

EYE-GENE

ROSE BOWL—Paramount.—A nice little picture about grid heroes and their loves passing between a Midwest University and Pasadena's famous stadium. It gains romantic yardage in the love scenes between Eleanor Whitney and Tom Brown, goes for a touchdown with Benny Baker's comedy. (Dec.)

SING ME A LOVE SONG—Warners.—Pleasant fun with singer James Melton, heir to a bankrupt department store becoming a music clerk, falling in love with Pat Ellis. Tuneful songs. Hugh Herbert is grand. You'll probably like it. (Dec.)

SINNER TAKE ALL—M-G-M.—Three murders in three days fail to add necessary excitement to this dull story. Margaret Lindsay is around, trusting in lawyer Bruce Cabot's efforts to save her from more of the same. Brittle acting, poor dialogue. Stay away. (Feb.)

SMART BLONDE—Warners.—Glenda Farrell as a smart reporter and Barton MacLane as a detective are a sleuthing combination, with romance on the side, who solve two murders—the outcome of a night club operator's desire to retire. Entertaining. (Feb.)

STAR SMARTEST GIRL IN TOWN—RKO-Radio.—A sparkling little comedy with Ann Southern a very dressy Cinderella and Prince Charming a freshly scrubbed Gene Raymond. He's a playboy; she's a photographer's model. Helen Broderick is swell. (Jan.)

STAR STOLEN HOLIDAY—Warners.—Kay Francis, as a swank couturiere, lives up to her reputation as the screen's best-dressed woman, gets involved through friendship with Claude Rains in a big time swindle though her heart calls for Ian Hunter. Women will love it. (Feb.)

STRANGERS ON A HONEYMOON—GB.—Based on Edgar Wallace's "The Northing Tramp" this harum scarum semi-mystery involves an unknown hobo's (Hugh Sinclair) efforts to prove his blue-blooded right to millions. Constance Cummings promises to help him spend it. Beatrice Lehmann Noah Beery and a fine cast. Fair. (Feb.)

STAR TARZAN ESCAPES—M-G-M.—Another thrilling episode in the life of the Ape-man and his Jane. Cousins Benita Hume and William Henry are captured by savages, rescued by Tarzan and his elephants. Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan in the leading rôles are splendid. (Jan.)

STAR THAT GIRL FROM PARIS—RKO-Radio.—Lily Pons sings and acts divinely through escapades which take her as a stowaway to America, unwillingly aided by four members of an orchestra, Gene Raymond, Jack Oakie, Frank Jenks, Mischa Auer. Everyone has music and lots of fun. So will you. (Feb.)

STAR THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1937—Paramount.—A smash hit offering the best radio talent of today, grand music and a convincing love story set in the background of a broadcasting station. Jack Benny, Burns and Allen, Stokowski's conducting, Frank Forrest singing, Benny Goodman swinging, Martha Raye, Bob Burns, and many more. You'll chuckle for days. (Dec.)

THE BIG GAME—RKO-Radio.—Filled with ex-coal mining football stars, a few All-Americans and a lot of intrigue between the team and gamblers, this should entertain the sports minded. Andy Devine, Phil Huston, Jimmie Gleason, Bruce Cabot and June Travis divide honors. (Dec.)

STAR THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE—Warners.—Based on Tennyson's poem this has adventure, tenderness, pageantry and stirring action to make it the most exciting picture of the season. Errol Flynn is Captain of the 27th; Patric Knowles his brother; Olivia de Havilland the girl they both love. Superb production, direction and cast. Don't miss this for any reason. (Dec.)

STAR THE GAY DESPERADO—Pickford-Lasky-United Artists.—A satirical, gay and melodious farce with Nino Martini in the rôle of a Mexican bandit who sings his way out of a kidnapping and a firing squad. Leo Carrillo splendid as the head bad man, Ida Lupino, nice as Martini's lady love. Be sure to see it. (Dec.)

THE GREAT O'MALLEY—Warners.—Pat O'Brien is the hard-boiled Manhattan cop who finds himself sentimentally touched by Sybil Jason, daughter of a man he sent to prison. Frieda Inescort, Ann Sheridan, Humphrey Bogart and a fine cast. Better go. (Feb.)

THE JUNGLE PRINCESS—Paramount.—Lots of swell animal shots keep your interest alive in this improbable story. Newcomer Dorothy Lamour alluring as a native girl who saves the life of big game hunter, Ray Milland. Good cast. (Jan.)

THE MAGNIFICENT BRUTE—Universal.—A typical Victor McLaglen story of a swaggering mill hand with a heart of gold, set in the background of flowing steel, brutal rivalries and quick passions. Binnie Barnes, Jean Dixon and William Hall provide capable aid. (Dec.)

THE MANDARIN MYSTERY—Republic.—It's a mystery why this confused play about a young detective's (Eddie Quillan) efforts to locate a valuable stamp was ever filmed. Charlotte Henry has the unimportant feminine lead. (Jan.)

THE MAN I MARRY—Universal.—Light, frothy and witty story of a girl who runs from marriage into

the arms of a grouchy playwright. Newcomer Doris Nolan is very promising. Michael Whalen, Marjorie Gateson, Cliff Edwards and Skeets Gallagher help in the gaiety. (Dec.)

THE MAN WHO LIVED AGAIN—GB.—Boris Karloff up to his old tricks as a sinister scientist obsessed with the power of transferring human brains hither and yon. Frank Cellier is splendid, the rest of the cast unreal. Dull. (Dec.)

★ THEODORA GOES WILD—Columbia.—Irene Dunne in a knockout story of a small town girl, who writes a best seller, gets in wrong with the local gentry, falls in love with Melvyn Douglas. "goes wild" when his wife won't divorce him. Exceptional. (Dec.)

★ THE PLAINSMAN—Paramount.—C. B. DeMille's forceful and thrilling historical drama of the wild and woolly West with not a cow in the carload. Gary Cooper at his finest as *Wild Bill Hickok*; Jean Arthur superb as *Calamity Jane*; James Ellison a handsome *Cody* and John Miljan an ideal *Custer*. A wallowing picture! (Feb.)

THE PLOT THICKENS—RKO-Radio.—A bang-up mystery with fluttery ZaSu Pitts as a school marm who aids police inspector Jimmie Gleason locate criminals, but not before everyone has plenty of laughs. Owen Davis Jr. and Louise Latimer furnish romance. (Jan.)

THE PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY—Republic.—Conceived by President Roosevelt, published by Liberty Magazine, this tells of a lawyer who fakes his own death to right the wrongs he did in the name of Big Business. Henry Wilcoxon and Betty Furness are fine. Recommended. (Dec.)

THREE MEN ON A HORSE—Warners.—A racy raucous comedy with Frank McHugh as the dim wit who picks winning horses out of the blue. Joan Blondell vamps, Guy Kibbee grouches throughout. McHugh piles up laughs. Lots of fun. (Dec.)

★ THREE SMART GIRLS—Universal.—A delightfully clever and intelligent story marking thirteen year old Deanna Durbin's screen debut as a singer. It involves the efforts of three sisters to win daddy Charles Winninger from gold digger Binnie Barnes. A knockout! (Feb.)

UNDER YOUR SPELL—20th Century-Fox.—the superb singing of Lawrence Tibbett will delight you despite the weak story. It involves an opera star and a spoiled society girl, Wendy Barrie. Gregory Ratoff and Arthur Treacher are good comedy relief. (Jan.)

WANTED! JANE TURNER—RKO-Radio.—Lee Tracy's comeback in a melodrama of the postal service offers you murders and some amusing comedy. Tracy gallops heartily after bandits, but lacks his usual polish. Gloria Stuart is appealing. (Jan.)

WAY OUT WEST—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—Laurel and Hardy rollick their way west with a mining deed, deliver it to the wrong person, and spend the rest of the picture avenging their error with slapstick antics that will make you howl. A riot. (Feb.)

WEDDING PRESENT—Paramount.—A laddy farce of two gag loving reporters, Cary Grant and Joan Bennett who clown their way out of love and joke their way into marriage with the aid of William Demarest. George Bancroft, Gene Lockhart, Conrad Nagel add to the goofiness. (Dec.)

★ WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE—RKO-Radio.—Based on David Lamson's book written in the death house, this is a powerful indictment against capital punishment. John Beal is the young man framed by bandits; Preston Foster, the prosecuting attorney; Ann Dvorak is Beal's sweetheart. Authentic and provocative. You should see it. (Dec.)

WHITE HUNTER—20th Century-Fox.—A painfully thin story of a wronged man's desire to revenge himself when his one time nemesis turns up on safari in Africa. Warner Baxter, June Lang, Gail Patrick and Wilfred Lawson are the principals. Pretty weak. (Feb.)

WILD BRIAN KENT—Principal-20th Century-Fox.—Ralph Bellamy, in the title rôle, is tamed by Mae Clark, rescues her farm from Stanley Andrews who is addicted to poisoning cattle and sundry crooked things. A knickknack for the kiddies. (Jan.)

★ WINTERSET—RKO-Radio.—Maxwell Anderson's tragic, bitter, prize play is artistically produced, superbly cast. It concerns a young man's battle against the hidden treachery and gangsterdom which sent his father to death. Burgess Meredith (in his original Broadway rôle), Margo, and Eduardo Ciannelli are splendid. (Jan.)

WITH LOVE AND KISSES—Melody Pictures.—An unpretentious comedy played ingratiatingly by Pinky Tomlin. When he gets the run around by crooks who steal his songs, Toby Wing and Arthur Houseman help him out. Trite, but Pinky's singing is inimitable. (Feb.)

WITHOUT ORDERS—RKO-Radio.—Another well-told tale of commercial aviation with villain Vinton Haworth winning Sally Eilers from Robert Armstrong; later he proves his cowardice at her expense. Plenty of action. (Dec.)

Casts of Current Pictures

"BLACK LEGION"—WARNERS.—From an original story by Robert Lord. Screen play by Abem Finkel and William Haines. Directed by Archie Mayo. The Cast: *Frank Taylor*, Humphrey Bogart; *Ruth Taylor*, Erin O'Brien-Moore; *Pearl Davis*, Helen Flint; *Mike Grogan*, Clifford Soubier; *Billings*, Paul Harvey; *Judge*, Samuel Hinds; *Metcalfe*, Eddie Acuff; *Tommy Smith*, John Littel; *Osgood*, Charles Halton; *Charlie*, Francis Sayles; *Jones*, Harry Hayden; *Ed Jackson*, Dick Foran; *Betty Grogan*, Ann Sheridan; *Cliff Moore*, Joseph Sawyer; *Alf Hargrave*, Alonzo Price; *Buddy Taylor*, Dickie Jones; *Prosecuting Atty.*, Addison Richards; *Mrs. Grogan*, Dorothy Vaughan; *Joe Dombrowski*, Henry Brandon; *Nick Strumpas*, Pat C. Flick; *Barham*, Paul Stanton; *Old Man Dombrowski*, Egon Brecher.

"FIRE OVER ENGLAND"—LONDON FILMS-UNITED ARTISTS.—From an original story by A. E. W. Mason. Screen play by Clemence Dane and Sergei Nolbandov. Directed by William K. Howard. The Cast: *Queen Elizabeth*, Flora Robson; *Philip of Spain*, Raymond Massey; *Leicester*, Leslie Banks; *Michael*, Laurence Olivier; *Cynthia*, Vivien Leigh; *Burleigh*, Morton Salten; *Elena*, Tamara Desni; *Sir Richard*, Lyn Harding; *Gregory*, George Thirlwell; *Spanish Ambassador*, Henry Oscar; *Don Miguel*, Robert Rendell; *Don Pedro*, Robert Newton; *Don Escobal*, Donald Calthrop; *Admiral Valdez*, Charles Carson.

"GOOD EARTH"—M-G-M.—From the novel by Pearl S. Buck. Screen play by Talbot Jennings, Marc Connelly and Frances Marion. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The Cast: *Wang*, Paul Muni; *O-Lan*, Luise Rainer; *Uncle*, Walter Connolly; *Lotus*, Tilly Losch; *Old Father*, Charley Grapewin; *Cuckoo*, Jessie Ralph; *Aunt*, Soo Yong; *Elder Son*, Keye Luke; *Younger Son*, Roland Lui; *Little Fool*, Suzanna Kim; *Ching*, Chingwah Lee; *Cousin*, Harold Huber; *Liu*, Grain Merchant; *Olaf Hytten*; *Galeman*, William Law; *Little Bride*, Mary Wong.

"GREEN LIGHT"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Lloyd C. Douglas. Screen play by Milton Krims. Directed by Frank Borzage. The Cast: *Dr. Newell Paige*, Errol Flynn; *Dean Harcourt*, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; *Dr. Endicott*, Henry O'Neill; *Dr. Booth*, Pierre Watkin; *A Nurse*, Myrtle Stedman; *Pat*, Erin O'Brien-Moore; *Sheep Man*, Russell Simpson; *Phyllis Dexter*, Anita Louise; *Frances Ogilvie*, Margaret Lindsay; *Dr. Lane*, Henry Kolker; *Mrs. Dexter*, Spring Byington; *John Slafford*, Walter Abel; *Sheriff*, Granville Bates; *St. Luke's Choristers*.

"THE HOLY TERROR"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play by Lou Breslow and John Patrick. Directed by James Tinling. The Cast: *"Corky" Wallace*, Jane Withers; *Danny Walker*, Anthony Martin; *Marjorie Dean*, Leah Ray; *Pelican Beek*, Joe Lewis; *Axel Svenson*, El Brendel; *Lieut. Commander Wallace*, John Eldredge; *Maria Blair*, Gloria Roy; *Captain Otis*, Andrew Tombes; *Lil*, Joan Davis; *Redman*, Gavin Muir; *Carson*, Fred Kohler, Jr.; *Flandro*, Victor Adams; *Hon. H. D. Phelps*, Raymond Brown; *Chuck*, Max Wagner; *Ben*, Ben Hendricks.

"THE HOUSE OF SECRETS"—CHESTERFIELD.—From an original story and play by Sidney Horler. Screen play by John Kraft. Directed by Roland D. Reed. The Cast: *Barry Wilding*, Leslie Fenton; *Julie Kenmore*, Muriel Evans; *Dan Wharton*, Noel Madison; *Tom Starr*, Sidney Blackmer; *Dr. Kenmore*, Morgan Wallace; *Sir Beltram Evans*, Holmes Herbert; *Commissioner Cross*, Ian MacLaren; *Covenry*, Jameson Thomas; *Jumpy*, Matty Fain; *Ed*, Syd Saylor; *Hector Munson*, George Rosener; *Mrs. Shippam*, Rita Carlyle; *Peters*, Tom Ricketts; *Man on Ship*, Matty Kemp; *Gregory*, David Thursby; *English Policeman*, R. Lancaster; *Police Inspector*, Ramsey Hill.

"JOIN THE MARINES"—REPUBLIC.—From an original story by Karl Brown. Screen play by Joseph Krumgold and Olive Cooper. Directed by Ralph Staub. The Cast: *Phil Donlan*, Paul Kelly; *Paula Denbrough*, June Travis; *Colonel Denbrough*, Purnell Pratt; *Steve*, Reginald Denny; *Hoi-man*, Warren Hymer; *Colonel Leonard*, Irving Pichel; *Steward*, Sterling Holloway; *Lt. Hodge*, Ray Corrigan; *Lieutenant*, John Holland; *Corporal*, Carleton Young; *O'Day*, John Sheehan; *Captain James*, Arthur Hoyt; *Marine*, Richard Beach; *Pruitt*, Howard Hickman; *Chinese Bartender*, Val Duran; *McCullough*, Landers Stevens.

"LARCENY ON THE AIR"—REPUBLIC.—From the original story by Richard English. Screen play by Endre Bohem and Richard English. Directed by Irving Pichel. The Cast: *Lawrence Baxter*, Robert Livingston; *Jean Sterling*, Grace Bradley; *W. MacDonald*, Willard Robertson; *Kennedy*, Pierre Watkin; *Jimmy*, Smiley Burnette; *Professor Sterling*, Granville Bates; *Andrews*, William Newell; *Pete*, Byron Foulger; *F. J. Thompson*, Wilbur Mack; *Burke*, Matty Fain; *Miss Nelson*, Josephine Whittell; *Swain*, Charles Timblin; *Kellog*, William Griffith;

Announcer, De Wolf Hopper; *Golden*, Frank Du Frane; *Spinster*, Florence Gill.

"LAUGHING AT TROUBLE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on a play by Adelyn Bushnell. Screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Directed by Frank R. Strayer. The Cast: *Glory Bradford*, Jane Darwell; *Jennie Nevins*, Sara Haden; *Alice Mathews*, Lois Wilson; *Lizzie Beadle*, Margaret Hamilton; *Mary Bradford*, Delma Byron; *John Campbell*, Allan Lane; *Ella McShane*, Pert Kelton; *Alec Brady*, John Carradine; *Bill Norton*, James Burke; *Cyrus Hall*, Russell Hicks; *Jamie Bradford*, Edward Acuff; *Dr. Larson*, Frank Reicher; *Wilbur*, William Benedict; *Harvey*, Edward McWade.

"MAID OF SALEM"—PARAMOUNT.—From an original story by Bradley King. Screen play by Walter Ferris, Bradley King and Durward Grinstead. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The Cast: *Barbara Clarke*, Claudette Colbert; *Roger Coverman*, Fred MacMurray; *Dr. John Harding*, Harvey Stephens; *Martha Harding*, Gale Sondergaard; *Ellen Clarke (Barbara's Aunt)*, Louise Dresser; *Jeremiah Adams*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Nathaniel Goode*, Edward Ellis; *Mrs. Abigail Goode*, Beulah Bondi; *Tituba*, Madame Sultewon; *Rebecca Nurse*, Lucy Beaumont; *Mr. Cheeves*, Donald Meek; *Mrs. Cheeves*, Kathryn Sheldon; *Rev. Samuel Parris*, Ivan Simpson; *Thomas Ezekiel Bilge*, E. E. Clive; *Goody Sarah Osborn*, Zeffie Tilbury; *Giles Cory*, Tom Ricketts; *Ann Goode*, Bonita Granville; *Timothy Clarke*, Bennie Bartlett; *Nabby Goode*, Virginia Weidler; *Mercy Cheeves*, Barbara Nelson; *Mary Watkins*, Rosita Butler; *Miles Corbin*, Sterling Holloway; *Tilting-Man*, Brandon Hurst; *Village Marshal*, Russell Simpson.

"MAN OF AFFAIRS"—GB.—Screen play by L. du Garde Peach. Directed by Herbert Mason. The Cast: *Richard*, George Arliss; *Lord Dunchester*, George Arliss; *Bill Howard*, Romilly Lunge; *Vera*, Rene Ray; *Lady Dunchester*, Jessie Winter; *Ibrahim*, John Ford; *Barak*, Allan Jeayes; *Nahil*, Lawrence Anderson; *Phillipotts*, Bernard Merefield; *Stevenson*, John Turnbull; *Abdullah*, Basil Gill.

"MELODY FOR TWO"—WARNERS.—From an original story by Richard Macauley. Screen play by George Bricker. Directed by Louis King. The Cast: *Tod Weaver*, James Melton; *Mel Lynch*, Dick Purcell; *Camille Casey*, Marie Wilson; *Scoop Trotter*, Charles Foy; *Wilson*, Gordon Elliott; *Exodus Johnson*, Eddie Anderson; *Woodruff*, Gordon Hart; *Gale Starr*, Patricia Ellis; *Lorna Wray*, Wini Shaw; *Remorse Rumson*, Fred Keating; *Bill Hallam*, Craig Reynolds; *Alex Montrose*, Eddie Kane; *Armstrong*, Harry Hayden; *Dancer*, Mildred Law.

"THE MIGHTY TREVE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Albert Payson Terhune. Screen play by Albert R. Perkins and Marcus Goodrich. Directed by Lew Collins. The Cast: *Bud McClelland*, Noah Beery, Jr.; *Aileen Fenno*, Barbara Read; *Uncle Joel Fenno*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Mr. Davis*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Mrs. Davis*, Alma Kruger; *Pepe*, Julian Rivero; *Sligo*, Edmond Cobb; *Chang*, Chester Gan; *Treve*, Tuffy.

"MYSTERIOUS CROSSING"—UNIVERSAL.—From an original story by Fred MacIsaacs. Screen play by Jefferson Parker and John Gray. Directed by Arthur Lubin. The Cast: *Murphy*, James Dunn; *Yvonne Fontaine*, Jean Rogers; *Carolina*, Andy Devine; *Paul Briand*, John Eldredge; *Stebbins*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *District Attorney*, Herbert Rawlinson; *Chief Bullock*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Lincoln*, Clarence Muse; *Garland*, Johnathan Hale; *Wilson (reporter)*, Lorin Raker; *Conductor*, Harry Hayden; *Porter*, Eddie Anderson; *Hattie*, Libby Taylor; *Plainclothesman*, James Flavin; *Sergeant*, Pat O'Mally; *Cook*, Etta McDaniels.

"OFF TO THE RACES"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original story and screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Directed by Frank R. Strayer. The Cast: *Uncle George Baxter*, Slim Summerville; *John Jones*, Jed Prouty; *Bonnie Jones*, Shirley Deane; *Mrs. John Jones*, Spring Byington; *Herbert Simpson*, Russell Gleason; *Jack Jones*, Kenneth Howell; *Roger Jones*, George Ernest; *Lucy Jones*, June Carlson; *Granny Jones*, Florence Roberts; *Bobby Jones*, Billy Mahan; *Winnie Mae Baxter*, Ann Gillis; *Ebbie*, Fred Toones; *Spike*, Chick Chandler; *Rosabelle*, Ruth Gillette.

"ONE IN A MILLION"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Story and screen play by Leonard Praskins and Mark Kelly. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The Cast: *Greta Muller*, Sonja Henie; *Tad Spencer*, Adolphe Menjou; *Heinrich Muller*, Jean Hersholt; *Danny Simpson*, Ned Sparks; *Bob Harris*, Don Ameche; *Ritz Brothers*, Themselves; *Billie Spencer*, Arline Judge; *Adolphe*, Borrah Minevitch; *Goldie*, Dixie Dunbar; *Girl in Band*, Leah Ray; *Girl in Band*, Shirley Deane; *Ratoffsky*, Montagu Love; *Hotel Manager*, Albert Conti; *Chapelle*, Julius Tannen.

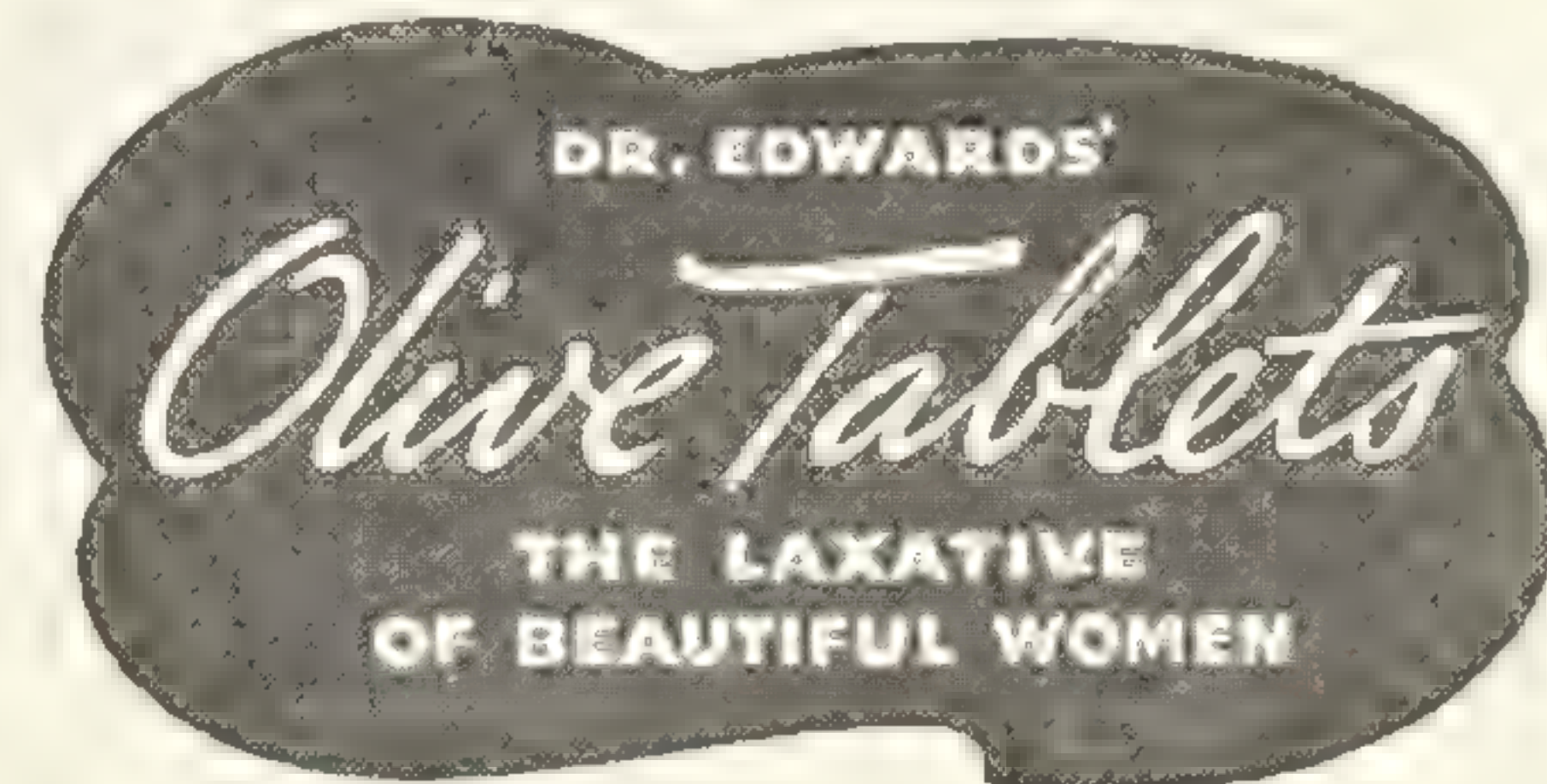


Years ago her mother taught her the importance of regular elimination.

Ever since she can remember, there has been a box of Olive Tablets on the bathroom shelf just as a reminder not to let more than one day go by without doing something to assist Nature.

Originally the formula of an Ohio physician, Dr. Edwards, Olive Tablets are now widely recognized as a standard proprietary.

Mild and gentle in their action, one little pellet is usually all you need to take to get desired results. Thousands of women have made Olive Tablets their favorite laxative. Three sizes: 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.



The MODERN MISS

PAULA STONE
★ Star of ★
"TRAILIN' WEST"
A Warner Bros. Production

PROTECTS her COIFFURE with

DON-A-CAP

The Original PATENTED FORM-FITTING WAVE PROTECTOR

★ SMARTER TO WEAR
★ BETTER PROTECTION FOR YOUR WAVE

Look neat and trim while you protect your wave! Don-a-Caps fit snugly and becomingly. They're sold 'round the world. Millions of users prove they have no equal. Insist on the Original!

Special model at Ten Cent Stores only.

At Stores and Beauty Shops everywhere. If not obtainable, write . . .

DONA MANUFACTURING CO
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Don-A-Maid 25c
No. 300
Don-A-Cap 25c
No. 500
Don-A-Ban 50c

Brush Away GRAY HAIR AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER



NOW, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-four years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

BROWNATONE—only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee, or—

SEND FOR TEST BOTTLE—

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.

294 Brownatone Bldg., Covington, Kentucky
Please send me Test Bottle of BROWNATONE and interesting booklet. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover partly, cost of packing and mailing

State shade wanted.....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Print Your Name and Address

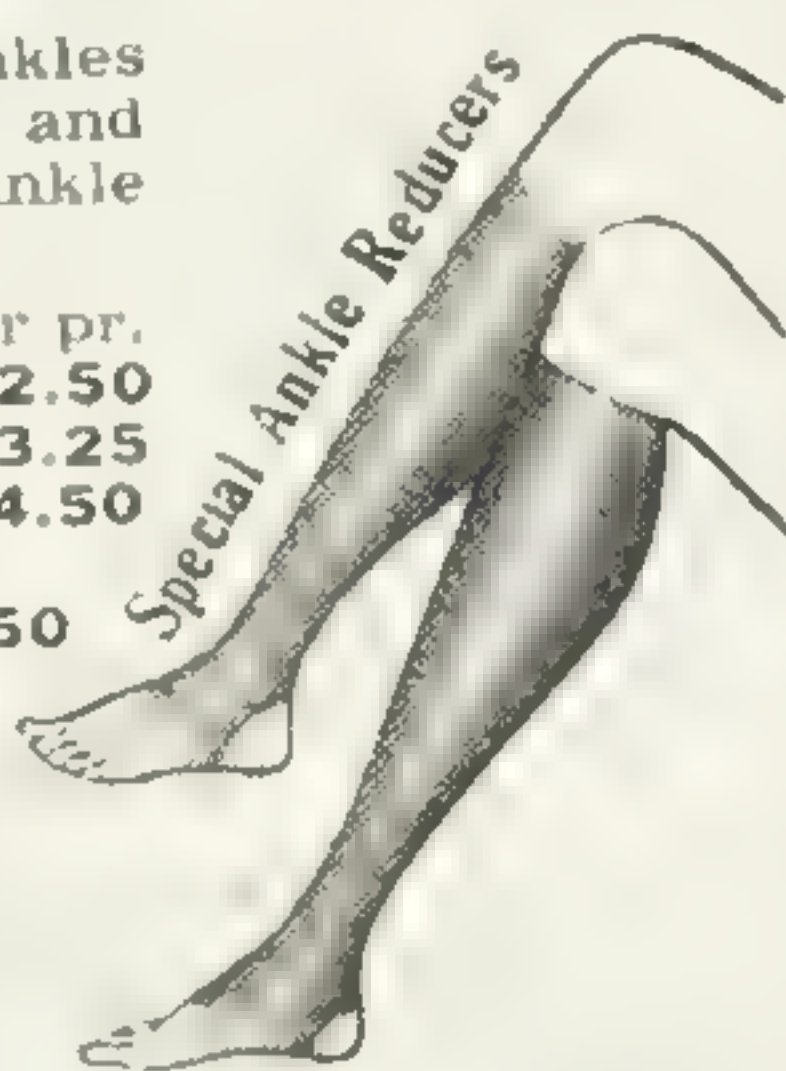
DR. WALTER'S

Quick Reducing Gum Rubber Garments

Obtain trim and slender ankles at once. Relieve swelling and varicose veins with Special Ankle Reducers, \$3.00 per pr.
Stockings\$3.75 per pr.
Bust Reducer\$2.50
Uplift Brassiere\$3.25
Girdle (laced up back).....\$4.50
Abdominal Reducer for men and women.....\$3.50

Send measures. Pay by check or money order—no cash. Write for literature.

DR. JEANNE P. H. WALTER,
389 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



SPARKLING EYES HYPNOTIZE A MAN!



Eyes that hold a man entranced must be clear, brilliant! Men are disillusioned when your eyes look tired, drawn, dull. Use *Ibath* (a physician's formula) to step up brilliance! It helps to clear, soothe, deepen that starry luster! Your eyes feel younger...instantly! At drug stores, 50¢.

McKesson & Robbins

ibath

"PENROD AND SAM"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Booth Tarkington. Directed by William McGann. The Cast: *Penrod*, Billy Mauch; *Mrs. Schofield*, Spring Byington; *Sam*, Harry Watson; *Verman*, Philip Hurlie; *Delia*, Bernice Pilot; *Lefty*, Allan Davis; *Wienie*, Billy Lechner; *Slats Fogarty*, Jerry Madden; *Mrs. Diggs*, Mildred Gover; *Mr. Schofield*, Frank Craven; *Roy (Dude) Hanson*, Craig Reynolds; *Rodney Bilts*, Jackie Morrow; *Mr. Bilts*, Charles Halton; *G-Man*, Kenneth Harlan; *Suds*, Si Wills; *Piggie Nelson*, Billy Wolfstone; *Sheriff*, Robert Homans.

"THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by Sean O'Casey. Screen play by Dudley Nichols. Directed by John Ford. The Cast: *Nora*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Jack*, Preston Foster; *Fluther*, Barry Fitzgerald; *Covey*, Denis O'Dea; *Bessie Burgess*, Eileen Crowe; *Brennan*, F. J. McCormick; *Pearse*, Arthur Shields; *Peter*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Mollser*, Bonita Granville; *Rosie*, Erin O'Brien-Moore; *Mrs. Gogan*, Una O'Connor; *Conolly*, Moroni Olsen; *Langon*, Neil Fitzgerald; *Barman*, Robert Homans; *Tinley*, Brandon Hurst; *Stoddard*, Cyril McLaglen; *I. C. A.*, Gaylord Pendleton; *I. C. A.*, Michael Fitzmaurice; *Englishman*, Lionel Pape; *First Woman*, Mary Gordon; *Second Woman*, Mary Quinn.

"QUALITY STREET"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by Sir James M. Barrie. Screen play by Allan Scott and Mortimer Offner. Directed by George Stevens. The Cast: *Phoebe Throssel*, Katharine Hepburn; *Valentine Brown*, Franchot Tone; *Susan Throssel*, Fay Bainter; *Sergeant*, Eric Blore; *Patty*, Cora Witherspoon; *Miss Mary*, Estelle Winwood; *Miss Henrietta*, Florence Lake; *Miss Fanny*, Helena Grant; *Isabella*, Bonita Granville; *Arthur*, Clifford Severn; *William Smith*, Sherwood Bailey; *Postman*, York Sherwood.

"SHE'S DANGEROUS"—UNIVERSAL.—From an original story by Murray Roth and Ben Ryan. Screen play by Lionel Houser, Lewis R. Foster, Milton Carruth and Albert R. Perkins. Directed by Lewis R. Foster and Milton Carruth. The Cast: *Stephanie*, Tala Birell; *Shelton*, Cesar Romero; *Logan*, Walter Pidgeon; *O'Leary*, Walter Brennan; *Valentz*, Warren Hymer; *Fitzgerald*, Jonathan Hale; *Betty*, June Brewster.

"STOWAWAY"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—From the story by Sam Engel. Screen play by William Conselman, Arthur Sheekman and Nat Perrin. Directed by William A. Seiter. The Cast: *Ching-Ching*, Shirley Temple; *Tommy Randall*, Robert Young; *Susan Parker*, Alice Faye; *The Colonel*, Eugene Pallette; *Mrs. Hope*, Helen Westley; *Atkins*, Arthur Treacher; *Judge Booth*, J. Edward Bromberg; *Kay Swift*, Astrid Allwyn; *Richard Hope*, Allan Lane; *Captain*, Robert Greig; *Dora Day*, Jayne Regan; *1st Mate*, Julius Tannen; *Chang*, Willie Fung; *Sun Lo*, Philip Ahn; *2nd Mate*, Paul McVey; *Mrs*

Kruikshank, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Alfred Kruikshank*, William Stack; *Lalchee Lee*, Honorable Wu.

"UNDER COVER OF NIGHT"—M-G-M.—Original story and screen play by Bertram Millhauser. Directed by George B. Seitz. The Cast: *Christopher Cross*, Edmund Lowe; *Deb*, Florence Rice; *Sergeant Lucks*, Nat Pendleton; *Marvin Griswald*, Henry Deniell; *Janet Griswald*, Sara Haden; *Alan*, Dean Jagger; *Rudolph Brehmer*, Frank Reicher; *Mrs. Nash*, Zeffie Tilbury; *District Attorney Prilchard*, Henry Kolker; *Tonya Van Horne*, Marla Shelton; *John Lamont*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Susan*, Dorothy Peterson; *Dr. Reed*, Harry Davenport.

"WE'RE ON THE JURY"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by John Frederick Ballard. Screen play by Franklin Coen. Directed by Ben Holmes. The Cast: *J. Clarence Beaver*, Victor Moore; *Mrs. Dean*, Helen Broderick; *Steve*, Philip Huston; *Mrs. Clyde*, Louise Latimer; *M. Williams*, Vinton Haworth; *Judge Prime*, Robert McWade; *Clara Simpson*, Maxine Jennings; *D. Van Cobb*, Frank M. Thomas; *Mrs. Patterson*, Colleen Clare; *E. Allen*, Billy Gilbert; *Horace Smith*, Charles Lane; *B. J. Martin*, Charles Middleton; *Marion Gordon*, Jean Howard; *Nicholas Krakin*, Leonid Kinskey; *Evelyn Bottomley*, Sarah Edwards; *J. Weatherman*, Hal K. Dawson; *Clerk of Court*, George Irving; *Officer Clark*, Edward Garagan; *Thomas Jeffreys*, Earle Foxe; *Dr. Fields*, Roy James; *Antoinette*, Georgette Rhodes; *Taxi Driver*, George Cooper; *Radio Cop*, Jack Adair.

"WITHOUT WARNING"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—From a story by Philip Wylie. Screen play by Norman Foster. Directed by Norman Foster. The Cast: *Matthew Jericho*, J. Edward Bromberg; *Kay Farnham*, Betty Furness; *Jim Preston*, John Howard Payne; *Sam*, Victor Kilian; *Malcolm Berkhardt*, Billy Burrud; *Herbert Willett*, Gavin Muir; *Grace Hamilton*, Gloria Roy; *J. C. Farnham*, Andrew Tombes; *Count Andre Lukacha*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Dr. Galt*, John Eldredge; *Mr. Taylor*, Julius Tannen; *Mr. Berkhardt*, Paul McVey; *Mrs. Berkhardt*, Lelah Tyler; *Miss Willoughby*, Lydia Knott.

"THE WOMAN ALONE"—GB.—From the novel by Joseph Conrad. Screen play by Charles Bennett. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. The Cast: *Sylvia Verloc*, Sylvia Sidney; *Verloc*, Oscar Homolka; *Stevie*, Desmond Tester; *Ted*, John Loder; *Renee*, Joyce Barbour; *Superintendent Talbot*, Matthew Boulton; *Hollingshead*, S. J. Warmington; *The Professor*, William Dewhurst.

"WOMAN-WISE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Ben Markson. Directed by Allan Dwan. The Cast: *Alice Fuller*, Rochelle Hudson; *Tracey Browne*, Michael Whalen; *Clint De Witt*, Thomas Beck; *Richards*, Alan Dinehart; *Stevens*, Douglas Fowley; *John De Witt*, George Hassell; *"Bubbles"* Carson, Astrid Allwyn; *Bob Benton*, Chick Chandler; *Duke Fuller*, Pat Flaherty.



Another runner-up in the Cary Grant romance sweepstakes. This is Bobby Cooper, a San Francisco society girl, with Cary at the Lamaze. That same week Mary Brian was discovered dining with Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt

Fashion Letter for March

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79]

Another was big brimmed in palest turquoise rough straw with a dome crown which tapered suddenly to a point. A tiny panache of feathers of the same shade was its only trimming.

I asked Adrian if he thought broad shoulders would "stay in." "I am one of perhaps silly people," he said, "who think they are here to stay, like bobbed hair, you know. They have clicked. They make the hips look so slim. Little narrow shoulders make women sometimes tragically hippy. What started as a fad has become a fashion."

"What about hats?" I queried. "Ups or downs?"

"Whatever you like," he answered. "We have completely broken away from 'what they are wearing,' I think. Buy any hat you want that is becoming, I should say. But I think we shall have wide brimmed hats for summer, with some height in the crown."

"What about flared skirts?" I pursued.

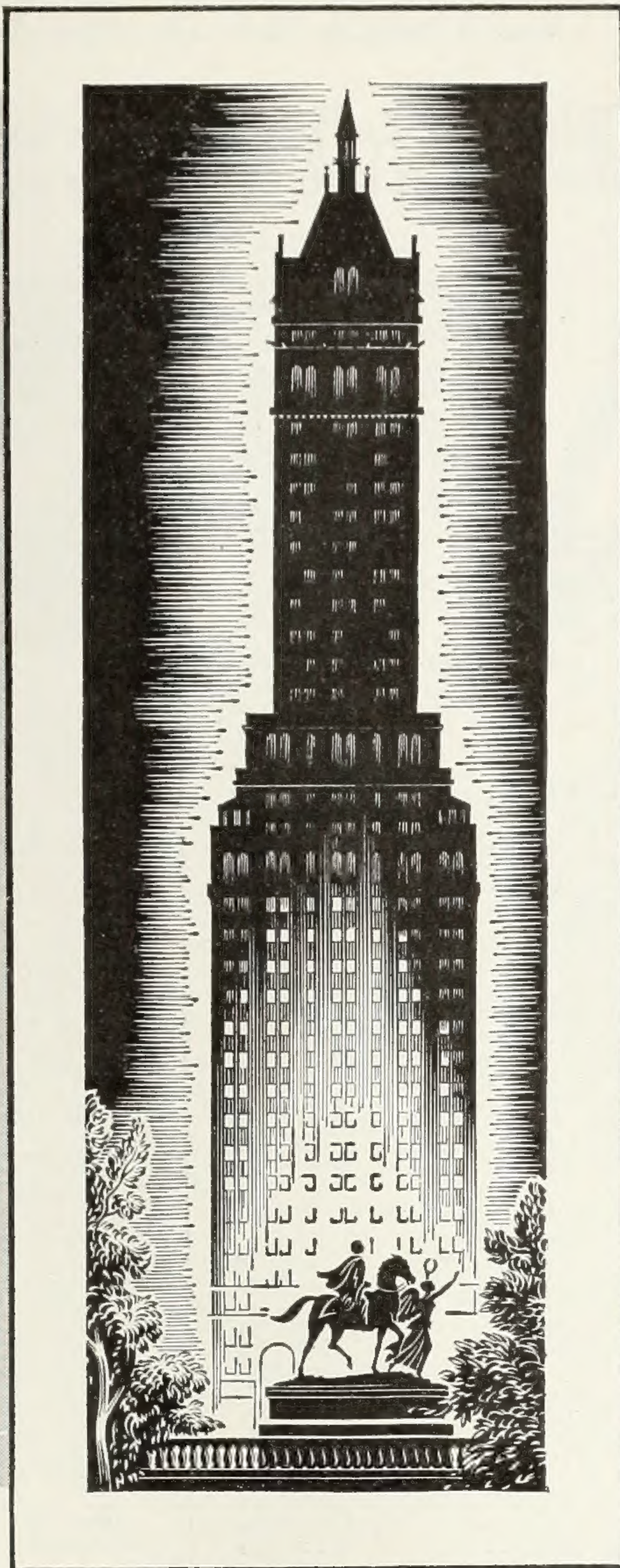
"I don't like them," he said, positively. "They make a woman dumpy unless she is extremely tall and willowy. They shorten a woman on the screen and that is our barometer. I love the pencil silhouette, as you know. I have tried to design clothes for this picture that every woman can wear, not freakish clothes, not dresses made only for the actress. Nowadays women in modern life have caught up with the actress and are as glamorous and courageous as she is."

WHEN Adrian gives a dinner there is always a dash of the unexpected. The other evening he entertained Mary Garden, Miriam Hopkins and a lot of well-known guests. When the pewter finger bowls were brought in the tops of them were smothered with heads of white carnations. The guests removed these for the usual finger dabbing and were surprised to see a grim looking closed oyster at the bottom of the bowl. Politely they looked at Adrian, question in their eyes. Had Ernst, the tried and true butler, made a mistake? Oysters surely came at the beginning of a dinner. Ernst silently handed them sharp knives and Adrian said, "Open them." They did so and each found a sizable Japanese pearl in his or her oyster.

Omar Kiam is making lovely clothes for Janet Gaynor in the new Technicolor picture "A Star is Born." Never has Janet looked so smart. I shall try to grab some of them for you for the next issue. Omar loves to make suit skirts with boxy flares, achieved by pressed edges. He thinks, and he is right, that a succession of classic suits on the screen is rather dull, so he has varied the suit theme in several clever ways. It is safe to say you will see a new Janet in this picture.

Here is what your Fashion Editor thinks about some important style points: that skirts for street wear will remain short for spring.

Hats will be small, I think, for spring, sometimes quite flat. High hats seem to be on the wane; at least if height is demanded it is provided for in the trimming of the hat proper. Upstanding bows, feathers or the manipulated fabric of the hat give that flighty chic look so much more flatteringly than does a high crown. Men don't seem to care for high hats on girls, and you know as well as I do that counts a lot with us.



NIGHT and DAY

By Night... refreshing and tranquil sleep induced by the cool quiet of the Park. By Day... exceptional convenience to shopping, business and theatre districts. At All Times... excellence of service.

Suites of 1 to 5 rooms, each with large serving pantry, by the day, week, month or longer.

The NETHERLAND
CAFE-BAR · Air-Cooled

THE
SHERRY
NETHERLAND

Facing the Park
Fifth Ave. at 59th · New York



START A BUSINESS *at home* ...

—like J. R. Sammons of Billings, Mont. Started a Fyr-Fyter Dealership in his home a few years ago. MADE PROFITS OVER \$6,900 IN 1935. Business in 1936 will exceed 1935 record. Inspect, Service and Refill all types of Approved Fire Extinguishers. Previous experience unnecessary. We train and advance you to Dealership for complete line of Fyr-Fyter Extinguishers. Schools, stores, homes, auto and truck owners, farmers, warehouses, churches, factories, filling stations, public utilities, etc., are your prospects. Use your home as headquarters. No stock investment required. Real opportunity for men past middle age as well as younger men. Write a letter giving full information about yourself and past work to THE FYR-FYTER COMPANY, Dept. 3-15, Dayton, Ohio.

How to Serve Better Meals ...at less cost

Now you can save money on your food bills and at the same time serve delightfully appetizing meals—meals that are not only delicious but healthful and nutritious as well. This is possible by following the expert help and suggestions on selecting and preparing food as described in the Physical Culture Cook Book.

A New Kind of Cook Book

The Physical Culture Cook Book is a new kind of cook book. A Cook book which gives you essential food and diet information in addition to hundreds upon hundreds of new recipes and a wide range of special menus. All the recipes given in this modern cook book have been selected and tested under the immediate supervision of the authors—Bernarr Macfadden and Milo Hastings—by a staff skilled in modern scientific cookery.

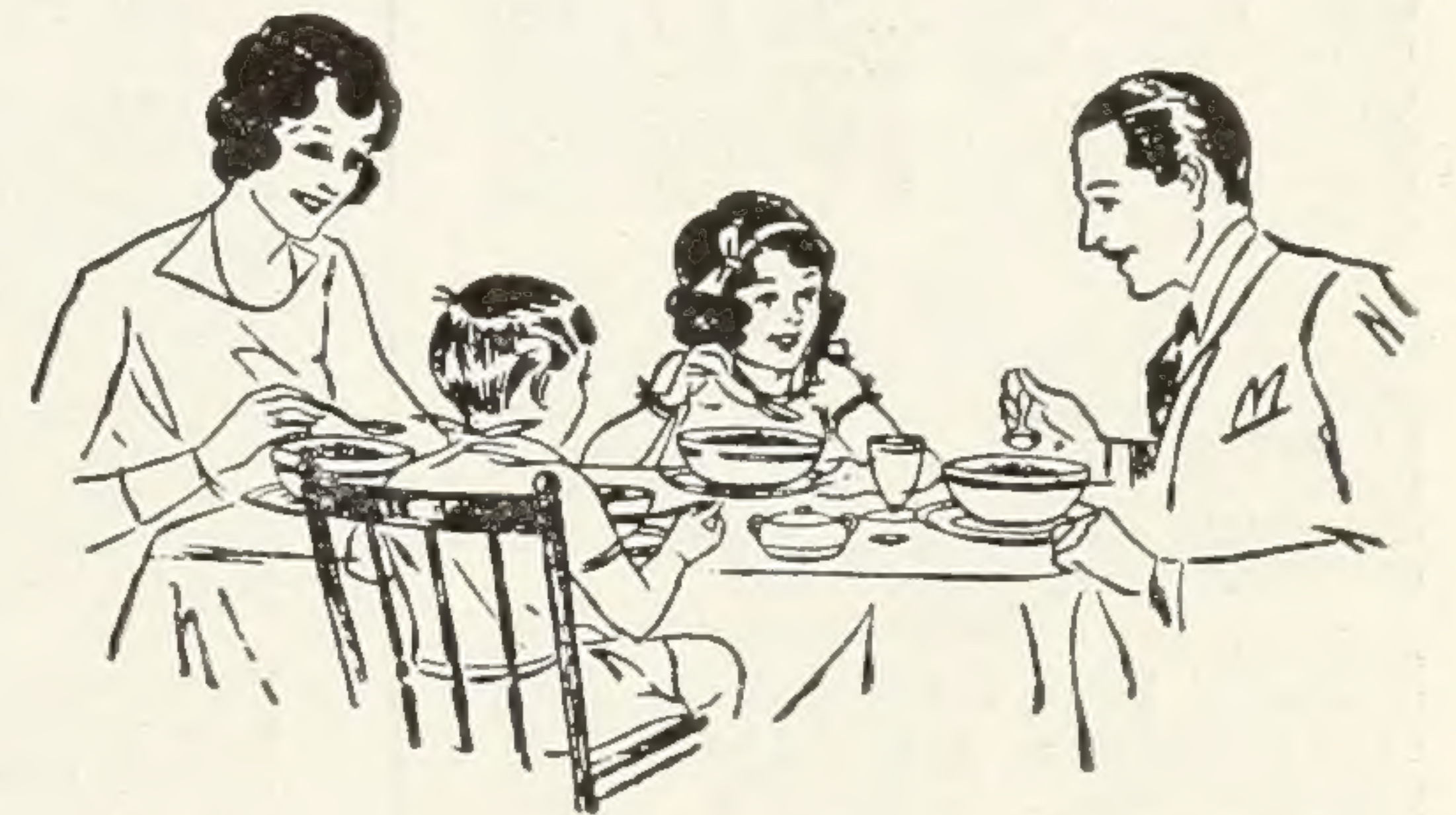
Menus to Suit Every Purpose

Perhaps the greatest feature of this book is the ideal arrangement of menus in well defined groups. For instance, there are ten different types of physical culture menus—ideal menus for families with growing children. Special menus for the manual laborer—others for those in sedentary occupations.

Reduce or Gain Weight Solve Problem of Constipation

Or if yours is a problem of losing weight—this book offers you ideal food combinations for this purpose. If you want

Remember—this is a brand new, up-to-the-minute food and cook book. And not an ordinary one by any means. A real introduction to new, tasty cookery. The whole book is based upon the soundest of ideas. Healthfulness and scientific preparation of foods are not enough—every dish is indeed delightfully inviting—a real adventure in culinary excellence.



to gain weight—you will delight in its effective food suggestions for this purpose. Of especial value are those menus specifically designed to prevent constipation. Indeed here is one book that will solve all your food and diet problems—in a most pleasing and delightful way.

Send No Money Now

This remarkable cook book containing over 800 recipes and 400 pages costs only \$2.00. Moreover, you need send no money for your copy of this book. Merely sign and mail the coupon below and pay postman \$2.00 plus postage. If you are not satisfied with this book return it in 5 days and your \$2.00 will be refunded.

Macfadden Book Company, Inc., Dept. P-3,
205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Send me the Physical Culture Cook Book. I will pay the postman \$2.00 plus postage upon receipt of the book.

Name

Street

City

State

If you send cash with order, we will pay the carrying charges. Canadian and foreign orders cash in advance.

You Need
Send No
Money Now

You Can Pay
Postman
When Book
Is Delivered



THIS TAG IDENTIFIES
AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY
HOLLYWOOD FASHION. LOOK FOR IT

PHOTOPLAY'S RETAIL STORE DIRECTORY

PHOTOPLAY fashions on pages 68 and 69 of the *Fashion* Section in this issue are available to readers at these stores.

Whenever you go shopping consult this list of reliable stores, offering faithful copies of PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS and NATIONALLY KNOWN MERCHANDISE, such as advertised in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. If this list does not include a store in your city, write MODERN MERCHANDISING BUREAU, 36 West 44th St., New York City. Send the name of your leading department store or dress shop. When you shop, please mention PHOTOPLAY.

Aberdeen, Wash. D. Brower
★Abilene, Tex. Grissom's
Akron, Ohio The M. O'Neill Co.
Albany, New York David's
Albermarle, N. C. Chic Dress Shop
Albert Lea, Minn. Stevenson's
Allentown, Pa. Hess Bros.
Alliance, Neb. Reuler's
Alliance, Ohio C. C. Crawford
Alpena, Michigan Thomas Gown Shop
Alton, Illinois The Young D. G. Co.
Altoona, Pa. Brett's
Ames, Iowa The Tilden Store
Amesbury, Mass.
The New York Cloak Co.
Amsterdam, New York Alpert's
Anaconda, Montana Jennie Jacobson
Anderson, Indiana Freund's
Ann Arbor, Mich. Jacobson's
Ashland, Ohio Preis, Inc.
Ashland, Wisconsin Smith Style Shop
Athol, Mass. Bishop-Dodge Co.
Augusta, Maine Chernowsky's

Baltimore, Md. The May Company
Bangor, Maine Freese's
Barnesboro, Pa. H. Shonberg
Barre, Vermont The Fashion Shop
Battle Creek, Mich. Jacobson's
Beckley, West Virginia Rahall's
Bellefontaine, Ohio

Wissler Dry Goods Co.
Bellingham, Wash. Horn-Whitson Co.
Beloit, Wis. A. H. Booth & Co.
Benton Harbor, Mich. The Enders Co.
Bethlehem, Pa. H. B. Sigal & Sons
Billings, Mont. Doyle & Doyle
★Binghamton, N. Y.

Fowler, Dick & Walker
Binghamton, N. Y. McLean's
Bismarck, N. Dak. A. W. Lucas Co.
Black River Falls, Wis.
Chainson Dept. Store
★Bloomington, Ill.

A. Livingston & Sons
Bloomington, Ill. W. H. Roland
Blossberg, Pa. Style Shop
Bluefield, West Virginia Goodwin's
Boise, Idaho Mayfair Shop
Boston, Mass. Jordan Marsh
★Boston, Mass. E. T. Slattery
Boulder, Colorado Brooks & Fauber

Bozeman, Montana Braten's
Braddock, Pa. Sachs Bros.
Bradford, Pa. Yampolski Bros.
Bremerton, Wash. Bremer's
Bridgeport, Conn. Kays
Brooklyn, Mass. Porter's
Brooklyn, N. Y. Martin's

Buffalo, N. Y. J. N. Adams & Co.
Burlington, Vermont
Abernathy, Clarkson & Wright
Butler, Pa. D. Rosenbloom

Cadillac, Mich. J. W. Harvey Co.
Calais, Maine J. Unobsky
Cambridge, Md. J. G. Carton
Canton, Ohio Leikowitz
Cape Girardeau, Mo. Louis Hecht
Carbondale, Pa. Globe Fashion Shop
Caribou, Maine The Pattee Co.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa M. J. Frankel
Centralia, Illinois M. Levine
Charletoi, Pa. J. S. Miller
Charleston, Ill. Dress-Well Shops
Charleston, W. Va. The Famous
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Koblentz Dept. Store
Chester, Pa. Speare Bros.
Cheyenne, Wyoming S. H. Caminsky
★Chicago, Ill. Mandel Bros.
Chisholm, Minn. Raattama's
Cicero, Ill. Meyer De Mar
Cincinnati, Ohio Kline's, Inc.

Clarksburg, W. Va.
Watts-Sartor-Lear Co.
Clearfield, Pa. Wm. Brody
Cleveland, Ohio May Company
Colorado Springs, Colo. Boston Store
Columbia, Mo. Parks D. G. Co.

Columbus, Neb. Levine Brothers
Columbus, Ohio The Fashion
Connellsville, Pa. G. C. Davidson
Corning, New York Rockwell Co.
Council Bluffs, Iowa John Beno Co.
Crawfordsville, Ind.

Golden Rule Store
Cumberland, Md.
Cumberland Cloak & Suit

Danville, Illinois The Fashion
Danville, Pa. Judy Miller
Dayton, Ohio Donenfeld's
★Daytona Beach, Fla.

Yowell-Drew Co.
Decatur, Ill. Hecht's
Decorah, Iowa Decorah C. & S. Co.
★Deland, Fla. G. A. Dreka & Co.
Denver, Colorado May Company
Des Moines, Iowa Wolf's

Detroit, Mich. J. L. Hudson Co.
★Detroit, Mich. Russek's
Du Bois, Pa. Klewan's Dept. Store
Duluth, Minn. Maurice's
Dubuque, Iowa Roshek Bros.
Dunkirk, N. Y. Sideys

East Liverpool, Ohio Stein Dry Goods
Easton, Pa. Groiman Brothers
Eastport, Maine Samuel H. Kramer
Eau Claire, Wisconsin Stevensons

El Campo, Texas Paul's Shop
El Dorado, Ark. Sample's
Elgin, Ill. Ackemann Bros.
Elkhart, Indiana Stephenson's
Elmira, N. Y. Rogers, Inc.
Erie, Pa.

Trask, Prescott & Richardson
Estherville, Iowa L. M. Christensen
Eugene, Oregon F. L. Beard
★Evanston, Ill.
Henry C. Lytton & Sons
★Evansville, Ind. Kohl Hat Shop
Everett, Washington Grand Leader

Fairfield, Iowa Ladies Fashion Shop
Fairmont, West Va. Frances Shop
Findlay, Ohio Simon's
Fitchburg, Mass. The Rogers Co.
Flint, Mich. The Vogue
Fond du Lac, Wis.

Elliott's Ladies Shop
Fort Dodge, Iowa Gates Dry Goods
Fort Fairfield, Maine Ellis Green Co.
Fostoria, Ohio H. O. Ahlenius
Framingham, Mass. Rayfield's

Franklin, New H. Max. Solomon
Franklin, Pa. H. B. Bradley
Frederick, Md. J. D. Hendrickson
Freeport, Ill. Hecht's
Fremont, Ohio A. L. Bintz Co.

Galesburg, Ill. O. T. Johnson
Gardner, Mass. Winchester Spec. Shop
Gary, Ind. Broadway Style Shop
Germantown, Pa. Quality Dress Shop
Glens Falls, N. Y. Hoffman's

Grand Island, Nebraska Reuler's
Grand Rapids, Michigan Houseman's
Greeley, Colorado Greeley, D. G. Co.
Green Bay, Wisconsin Richards, Inc.
Greencastle, Indiana S. C. Prevo Co.
Greensburg, Pa. La Rose Shop

Hamilton, Ohio Robinson-Schwenn
Hamtramck, Michigan The Paris
Hanover, Pa. The Hub
★Harrisburg, Pa. Bowman & Co.
Harrisburg, Pa. Pomeroy's

Harrisburg, Virginia B. Ney & Son
Hartford, Conn. G. Fox & Co.
Hartford, Conn. Sage Allen & Co.
Hazelton, Pa. N. Y. Sample Shop
Herkimer, N. Y. M. Lurie & Co.

Hibbing, Minn. Sapero Brothers
Hickory, N. C. Klein's
Homestead, Pa. Robbins Shop
Honesdale, Pa. Fashion Shoppe
Hoquiam, Wash. Nail's

Hornell, N. Y. Tuttle-Rockwell Co.
Houlton, Maine B. S. Greene & Bros.
★Houston, Tex. The Smart Shop
Howell, Mich. Don W. Goodnow
Hyannis, Mass. A. Pearlstein

Idaho Falls, Idaho Frock & Bonnet
Indiana, Pa. Bon Ton Dept. Store
★Indianapolis, Ind. Wm. H. Block Co.
Indianapolis, Ind. Rink's
Ithaca, N. Y. Holley's

Jackson, Mich. Jacobson Stores
Jackson, Minn. Chosen's
★Jacksonville, Florida Lumar's, Inc.
Jacksonville, Ill. The Emporium
Jamaica, L. I., New York B. Gertz

Jamestown, N. Y. Abrahamson-Bigelow
Janesville, Wisconsin Hagen's
Jeanette, Pa. E. Weiner
Jefferson City, Mo. Peltason's
Johnstown, Pa. Glosser Bros.

★Joliet, Ill. Boston Store
Kalamazoo, Mich. Fred Mahoney's
Kankakee, Ill. Chicago Store
Kansas City, Kansas
Young Dry Goods Co.

Kansas City, Missouri Berkson Bros.
Kenosha, Wis. Segal's
Kewanee, Ill. Kewanee Dry Goods Co.
Kittanning, Pa. Brody's Joanne Shop
Klamath Falls, Oregon Adrienne's
Knoxville, Tenn. Anderson-Dulin-Varnell

Laconia, New Hampshire R. Wein
Lafayette, Ind. Loeb's
Lancaster, Pa. Watt & Shand
Lansford, Pa. J. C. Bright
La Salle, Ill. Hecht's

Lawrence, Mass. Empire Fashion
Lead, S. Dak. Chase's
Lebanon, Pa. Logan's
Leominster, Mass. The Vogue Shop
Lewiston, Idaho Harvey's

Lewiston, Maine Peck's
Lewiston, Montana The Leader
Lewiston, Pa. Danks & Co.
Lexington, Ky. H. C. Shipp
Lexington, N. C. W. G. Perry
Lincoln, Nebraska Ben Simon & Co.

Little Falls, N. Y. Strand Shop
Little Rock, Ark. Gus Blass Co.
Littleton, N. H. MacLeod's
Livingston, Mont. A. W. Miles Co.
Lock Haven, Pa. Grosman's

Logan, Utah Allen, Ladies Store
Los Angeles, Calif. The May Co.
Louisville, Kentucky Beston & Langen
★Louisville, Kentucky Byck's
Lowell, Mass. Bon Marche D. G. Co.
Lynn, Mass. Goddard Erothers

McCook, Nebraska Reuler's
McKeesport, Pa. Cox's
Madison, Wisconsin Woldenberg's
Mahanoy City, Pa. Jo-El Fashion
Malone, New York E. M. McGowan

Manchester, N. H. Levitt's
Manitowoc, Wis. Berk's Apparel
Mankato, Minn. Stevenson's
Mansfield, Ohio R. B. Maxwell
Marquette, Wis. The Bell Store

Marion, Ind. Lauber-Spiegel
Marion, Ohio Uhler-Phillips
Marquette, Mich. Lou's
Marshalltown, Iowa Brintnall's
Marshfield, Wis. McCain-Johnson

Mason City, Iowa Damon's
Massillon, Ohio L. Segal
Meadville, Pa. Crawford County D. G. Co.
Mechanicsville, N. Y. P. H. Pender & Son
★Miami, Fla. Burdine's

Milford, Mass. Louis Fashion Shop
Milwaukee, Wis. Schuster's
Minerva, Ohio Ralph C. Smith Co.
Minneapolis, Minn. John W. Thomas Co.
Mishawaka, Indiana Milady Shop

Missoula, Mont. C. E. Preiss
Mitchell, S. Dak. Feinstein Bros.
Monroe, Wisconsin The Link Store
Morgantown, West Va. Alex Berman
Moscow, Idaho Fashion Shop

Mount Airy, N. C. J. G. Harrison
Mount Holly, N. J. Orchid Shop
Mount Vernon, Ill. Morton's Apparel
Muncie, Indiana Roth's Smart Apparel
Muscatine, Iowa Batterson Store

Muskegon, Mich. Wm. D. Hardy
Nashua, New H. Smart Shop
New Bedford, Mass. C. F. Wing & Co.
Newburyport, Mass. Goldsmith's Style Shop
New Castle, Indiana Morton's Apparel Shop

New Haven, Conn. Morrison's
New Kensington, Pa. Silverman's
Newport, Vermont
Flint's Fashion Shop
Newton, N. J. The Leader

★New York, N. Y. R. H. Macy & Co.
Niagara Falls, N. Y. Bellevue Dress Shop
Niagara Falls, N. Y. Mack-Friedman
Niles, Ohio Lippy's

Norfolk, Va. Rice's
Norwalk, Ohio L. M. Preiss
Norway, Mich. Joseph Ruwitch & Son
Norwich, Conn. Feister & Raucher

Oakland, Cal. Zukor's
Ogden, Utah Brittan's
Oil City, Pa. Edwards Bros.
Olean, N. Y. The Kinter Co.
Olympia, Wash. M. M. Morris

Olyphant, Pa. M. Dolitsky
★Omaha, Nebraska Herzberg's
Oneonta, N. Y. Oneonta Dept. Store
★Orlando, Fla. Yowell-Drew Co.
Oswego, N. Y. M. J. McDonald

Ottawa, Ill. Hecht's
Parkersburg, W. Va. Jeannette's
Passaic, N. J. Montauk Shop
Paterson, N. J. Quackenbush Co.

Peekskill, N. Y. Windsor Dress Shop
Peoria, Ill. Block & Kuhl
Perry, N. Y. Royce & Wright Co.
Petosky, Mich. Welling's D. Store
Philadelphia, Pa. Lit Bros.

Pittsburgh, Pa. Frank & Seder
Pocatello, Idaho Style Shop
★Pontiac, Mich. Arthur's
Pontiac, Mich. Goodwin's
Port Angeles, Wash. Leader Dept. Store

Port Huron, Mich. Ballentine D. G. Store
★Port Huron, Mich. J. B. Sperry
Portland, Maine Porteus, Mitchell, & Braun
★Portland, Oregon Chas. F. Berg
Portland, Oregon Meier & Frank

Port Richmond, S. I., N. Y.
Portsmouth, N. H. Nathan Frankel
Pottsville, Pa. Schwartz Apparel Co.
Presque Isle, Maine Pomeroy's
Princeton, W. Va. B. S. Greene

Nelson's Ladies Shop
Providence, R. I. The Outlet Company
Racine, Wis. Avenue Shop
Reading, Pa. Pomeroy's
Ridgway, Pa. Ladies Bazaar

Roanoke, Virginia Kann's, Inc.
Rochester, Minn. Stevenson's, Inc.

Rochester, N. Y. Sibley, Lindsay & Curr
Rockford, Illinois Chas. V. Weise
Rock Island, Ill. McCabe, D. G. Co.
Rockland, Maine Senter-Crane
Rumford, Maine E. K. Day Co.
Rutland, Vermont Wolk's Style Shop

Saginaw, Michigan Esther Shop
St. Johnsbury, Vermont Berry-Ball
Saint Louis, Mo. Sonnenfeld's
Saint Paul, Minn. Schunemann's & Mannheimers
★St. Petersburg, Fla. Rutland Bros.

Salamanca, N. Y. Fitzgerald Bros.
Salem, Mass. Empire Clothing
Salina, Kansas Shelton's
Salt Lake City, Utah Boston Store
Sandstone, Minnesota Klein's Dept. Store

Sandusky, Ohio Wm. S. Frankel Co.
Sanford, Maine J. Papas
★San Francisco, California O'Connor Moffatt & Co.
San Jose, California Zukor's
Schenectady, N. Y. Wallace Co.

Scottsbluff, Nebraska Reuler's
Scranton, Pa. Scranton D. G. Co.
Seattle, Washington Frederick & Nelson
Sharon, Pa. Routman Co.

Shelbysville, Ind. Mary Lou Shop
Sheldon, Iowa Grey Shop
Shenandoah, Pa. Goldberg's
Sioux Falls, S. Dakota B. Kopel
South Bend, Indiana Worth's

South Norwalk, Conn. Gross's Inc.
Spencer, Iowa T. H. Jones & Sons, Inc.
★Spokane, Washington The Vogue
Spokane, Washington Zukor's

Springfield, Mass. Forbes & Wallace
Springfield, Ohio The Ed. Wren Co.
Starkville, Miss. Rosoff's
Steubenville, Ohio Reiner's
Streator, Illinois Paris Cloak Co.

Sumter, S. Carolina Ben E. Ness
Sunbury, Pa. Fehr's
Syracuse, N. Y. The Addis Co.
Tamaqua, Pa. Scheid's Dept. Store
★Tampa, Fla. O'Falk's Dept. Store

Tarentum, Pa. Charles Miller
Taunton, Mass. Goldstein & Antine
Terre Haute, Ind. Silver's Specialty
Titusville, Pa. Bennett Davis
★Toledo, Ohio Lamson's

Toledo, Ohio La Salle & Koch
Topeka, Kansas Berkson Bros.
Traverse City, Mich. J. W. Millikan
Trenton, N. J. S. P. Dunham Co.
Troy, N. Y. B. Weinberg

Twin Falls, Idaho Cummings, Inc.
Uniontown, Pa. Kaufman's
Upper Darby, Pa. N. Y. Cloak Shop
Utica, N. Y. D. Price & Co.

Vineland, N. J. Shore's
Virginia, Minn. Sapero Bros.
Walla Walla, Washington Bergman's
Warren, Ohio House of Fashion

Warsaw, Indiana G. M. Stephenson
Waseca, Minn. Herter's
★Washington, D. C. S. Kann Sons Co.
Washington, D. C. Lansburgh's
Washington, Ind. Reinsel's

Washington, Iowa I. Rothschild
Washington, Pa. Lang's Fur Shop
Waterloo, Iowa N. Y. Fashion Shop
Watertown, N. Y. Globe Store
Watertown, Wis. Elliotts

Waukegan, Ill. Rubin's
Waukon, Iowa Hale & Sons
Welch, W. Va. The Beryl Shop
Wellsville, N. Y. Rockwell Bros.
Wenatchee, Washington Wenatchee D. Store

★West Palm Beach, Fla. Anthony & Son, Inc.
Wheeling, W. Va. Geo. R. Taylor Co.
Whitewater, Wis. Whitewater Dept. Store
Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Fowler, Dick & Walker
Williamsport, Pa. L. L. Stearns & Sons

Winona, Minn. Stevenson's
Woonsocket, R. I. McCarthy D. G. Co.
Worcester, Mass. Sol & S. Marcus
Worthington, Minn. Gray Shop

Yakima, Washington Hal H. Bowen
Yonkers, N. Y. Bertha Merrill
York, Pa. Chas. H. Bear
★Youngstown, O. Strauss-Hirschberg

Zanesville, Ohio A. E. Starr
★ PHOTOPLAY Hollywood hats can be purchased in these stores, but not PHOTOPLAY Hollywood dress, coat or suit fashions.

She's Not a Glamorous Beauty, Yet Dozens of Men Whisper

"I Adore You"

Into Her Attentive Ear

This girl is no stranger to you. She's the center of attraction in any group. But she's not a raving beauty . . . she's not expensively dressed . . . and she's not brimful of brains or wit. And yet, when she arrives at any gathering, every man in the place starts straightening his tie and immediately strives for her attention.



The prettier girls ask, "What do they see in her?" The answer is obvious. For the popular girl has mastered the simple secrets of charm . . . allure . . . glamour. She has a radiant, magnetic personality—one which draws people to her and incites men to whisper, "I Adore You" into her attentive ear.

Fortunately, her charms can now be acquired by any woman. You can quickly learn the secrets of a captivating personality in the privacy of your own room. For Madame Sylvia, the famous beauty adviser to the Hollywood stars, describes hundreds of ways to develop charm and personality in her new book. This book, *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!* contains all the secrets on glamour that Madame Sylvia has gleaned from studying the most dynamic personalities of the stage and screen.



and poise. Tips on how to act in the company of strangers. New ways to develop a graceful supple figure. These and hundreds of other personality hints are completely discussed in Sylvia of Hollywood's new book.

A Guide Book to Popularity

Make no mistake about personality . . . you can acquire it . . . you can develop it. Not by acting giddy, or by acquiring any foolish frill or mannerisms. But by following the secrets of glamour as described in Sylvia's new book. And if you think you must be as beautiful as the Hollywood stars or you can't win the admiration of others—forget it! You can build up charm just as surely as you can build up a thin body.

The tricks and stunts that you can use to send your popularity stock skyrocketing are endless. Such simple things as a proper diet or a stimulating exercise will help tremendously. Then there are many tricks in make-up that you should know. New stunts on hair grooming. Ways of getting personality into your clothes without spending a fortune. Simple ways to acquire self-assurance

Make A New Start

If you're dissatisfied with your looks, your sex appeal, your popularity, don't sit back and accept yourself the way you are. Read Sylvia's new book . . . apply her secrets of charm and you'll be a changed person within a short time.

Book reviewers are enthusiastic in their praise about *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!* And you'll prize this book for years and years to come. It's inspiring . . . brimful of amusing incidents . . . and illustrated with many pointed cartoons. The price is only \$1.00. Get your copy today. If unobtainable at your department or book store, sign and mail the coupon below.

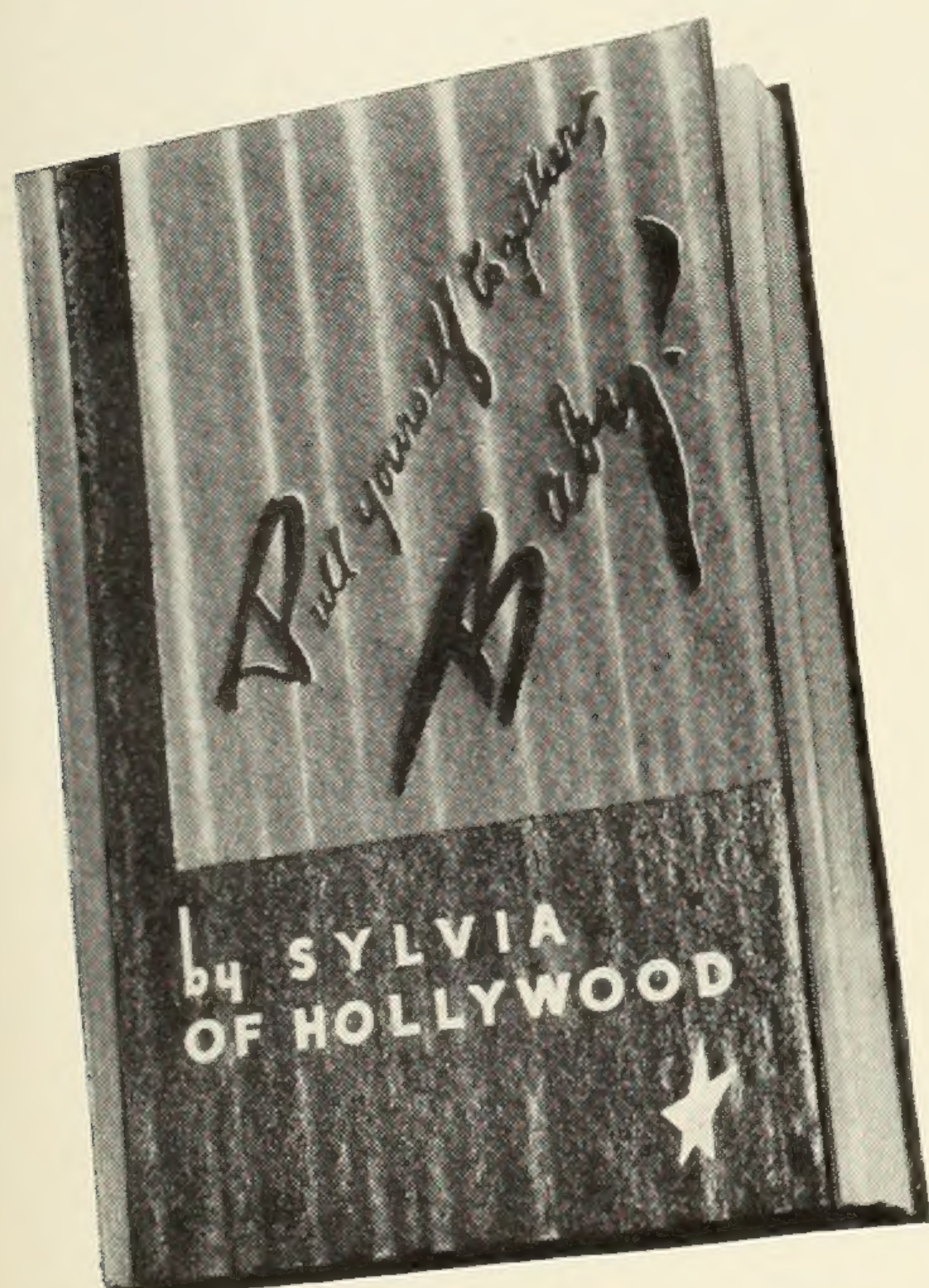


Table of Contents

The Personality Diet; The Personality Figure; Forget Thy Neighbor; Glamour is Glandular; From the Neck Up; The Personality Wardrobe; The Step-Children of Personality; How Are Your Company Manners?; Poise Under Pressure; The Art of Being a Good Sport; This Thing Called Love; Cure-For-The-Blues Department; Take a Chance!

Madame Sylvia's Other Book

If you haven't read *No More Alibis* by Madame Sylvia, get a copy of this national best-seller at once. This book contains all the beauty treatments which have made Sylvia a power in Hollywood. Price \$1.00, postpaid.



Macfadden Book Company, Inc.
Dept. P-3, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Send me, postage prepaid, Sylvia of Hollywood's new book, *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!* I enclose \$1.00.

Name

Address

City State

☐ Check here if you are also enclosing \$1.00 for a copy of *No More Alibis* by Sylvia of Hollywood.



Gentle on Your Throat

ONE REASON A LIGHT SMOKE IS BETTER FOR YOU

Keep your throat clear... your voice clear. Choose the smoke that treats you right... the light smoke of Luckies. Lucky Strike is the one cigarette to benefit from the famous process, "It's Toasted." And "Toasting" removes certain harsh irritants naturally present in even the finest tobacco. That's why Lucky Strike—a light smoke—is kind to your throat, gentle when you inhale, better for you in every way.



a light smoke
OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO — "IT'S TOASTED"